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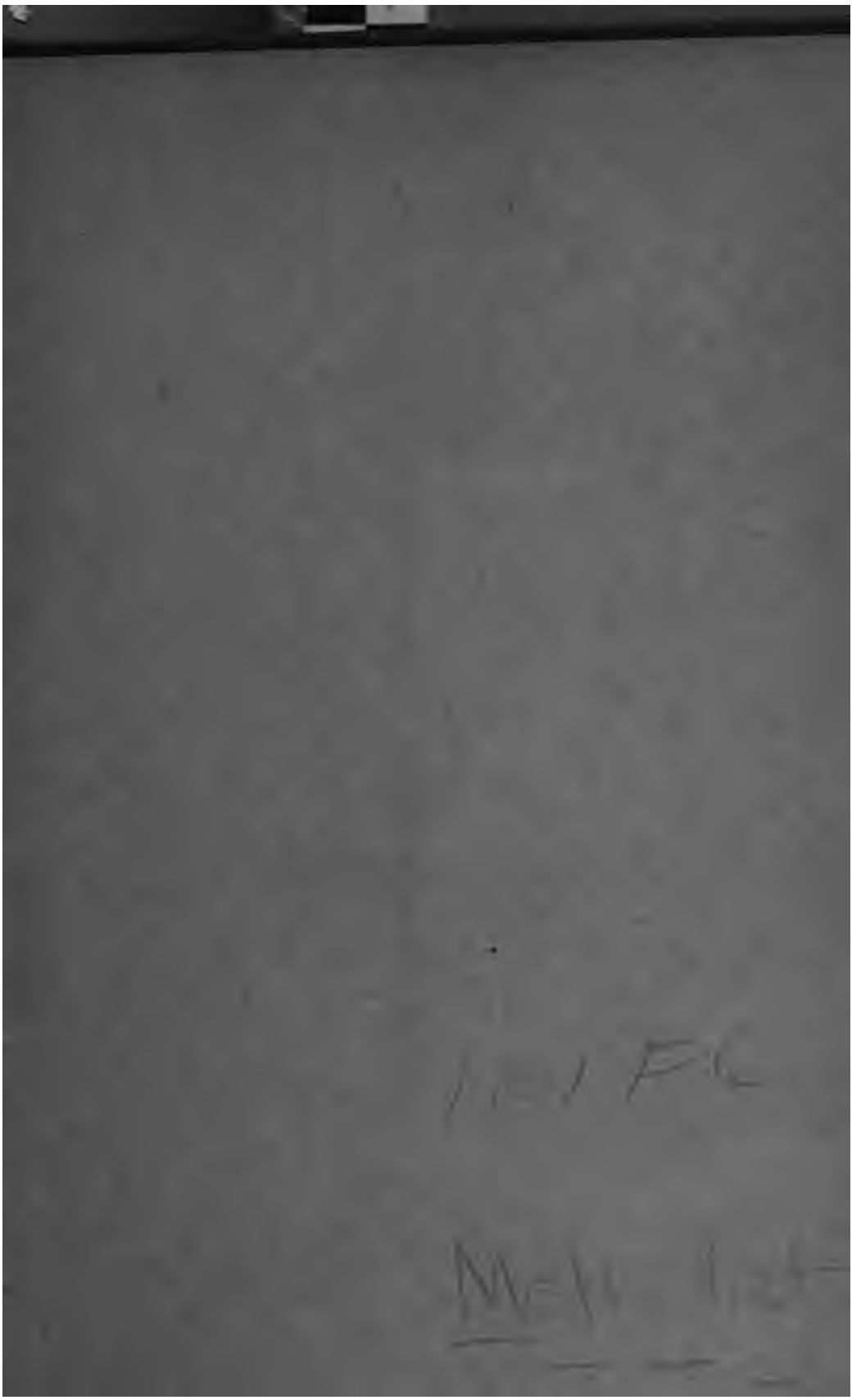

THE

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Afterwards. Ian Maclaren	52
Airlie's Mission. Annie S. Swan	57, 144, 219, 295
Alaska	243
Am I My Brother's Keeper? Ven. F. W. Farrar, D.D.	205
An Old Salt's Yarn. Rev. Jos. G. Angwin	48
Beyrout to Smyrna. Editor	3
Book Notices	80, 160, 319, 399, 483
Britain's Keys of Empire—Gibraltar	412
British and Foreign Bible Society, The. W. J. Gordon	332
Canoeing on the Columbia. Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph.D.	101
Cause and Effect in Religion. Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.	455
Christianity and the Poor. Rev. Mark Guy Pearse	126
Christianity and Woman. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A.	132
Church of the Future, The. Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., LL.D.	135
City, Rice Swamp and Hill. Rev. Joseph G. Angwin	178
Congo and Its Missions, The. Adelina M. Teskey	259
Day in the Asylum for the Insane, A. Ezra Hurlburt Stafford, M.B.	351
Dominion of Canada, The. Rev. Robert Wilson, D.D.	31
Early English Drama, The. Editor	196
Elder's Sin, The. Amelia E. Barr	379, 457
Enthusiasm of God's Kingdom, The. Rev. John Watson	120
Every-day Life in Bible Lands. Editor	323
Florence Nightingale. Marie A. Belloc	211
Foot-prints of Luther. Rev. J. Stoughton, D.D.	420
Forty Years Among the Eskimo. Rev. Charles H. Paisley, M.A.	340
Gladstone's Latest Tribute to the Bible.	472
Great Dominion, The.	394
Honey of God's Word, The. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.	392
House on the Beach, The. Julia M'Nair Wright	66, 148, 226, 303, 366
Hypnotism. F. Tracy, B.A., Ph.D.	346
Impressions of a Recent Visit to England. Editor	314
In the Levant. Editor	3, 83
James Clerk Maxwell. C. A. Chant, B.A.	361
Jane Clement Jones. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.	37
Jesus Christ and the Masses. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A.	452
John Wesley's Work and Influence. Rev. James W. Lee, D.D.	45
Latter-Day Prophet, A. Rev. W. S. Blackstock	427
Light in Dark Places—The Flower Mission. Helen Campbell	469
Mars and the Moon	267
Methodism: A Layman's Movement. Rev. E. A. Schell, D.D.	280
Methodist Conferences	237
Mexico in Transition. Francis Huston Wallace, M.A., D.D.	116
Minister's Wife, The. R. Murray Gilchrist	285
Mission Work in Labrador. Rev. J. Newman	270
New Astronomy, The	216, 265
New Japan	20
Notable Scholar, A.	479
Our Own Country	13, 99
Petra, the Rock City of Edom	403

PAGE

Planets, The - 265
Political Federation of the Empire. Sir George Baden-Powell, K.C.M.G., M.P. - - 478
Pulpit and Press - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 141

Religious and Missionary Intelligence. Rev. E. Barrass, D.D. - 77, 156, 237, 316, 396, 480
Return of the Tide, The. John A. Freeman, B.A. - - - - - - - - - - 138
Rev. Dr. Thompson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 75
Rum's Arraignment. Bishop Foster - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 446

Salvation Army at Work, The. Edmund K. Alden - - - - - - - - - - 253
Savonarola, the Martyr Monk of Florence. Editor - - - - - - - - - 163
Smyrna to Constantinople. Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 83
Social Work at Mildmay - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 436
Splendid Pause, A. Rev. W. Harrison - - - - - - - - - - - - - 450
Story of Ashanti, The. Lucy Warden Brooking - - - - - - - - - - - 107

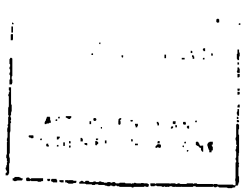
Through Famished Russia, In a Sledge. E. W. Cares Brooke - - - - - - 191
Time. Bishop H. W. Warren - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 448
Toronto and its Vicinity - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 13, 93
Two Noble Lives - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 442

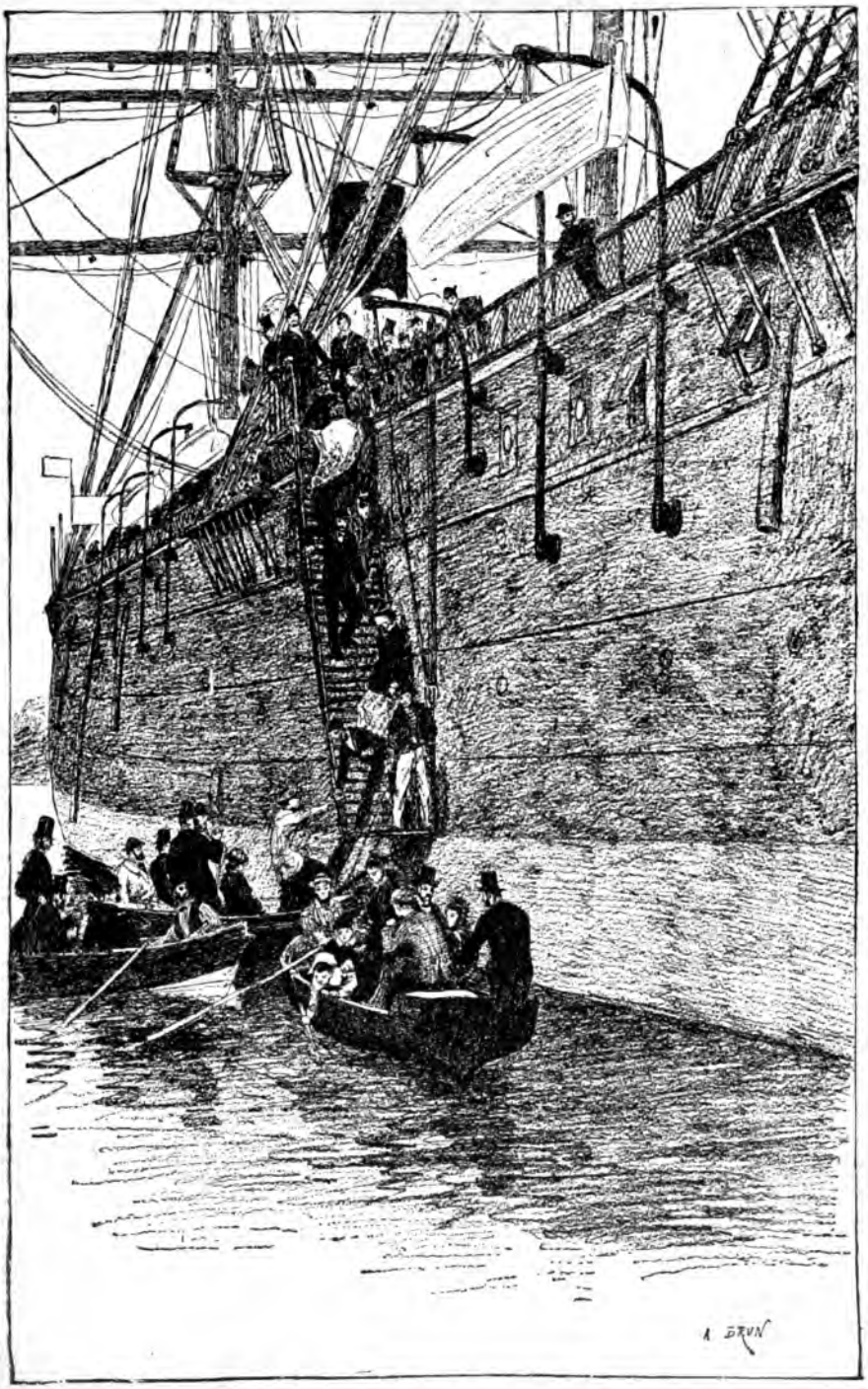
Unity of the Empire, The - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 474
Unscientific Science. Right Hon. A. J. Balfour - - - - - - - - - - 476

Walks in London. Rev. W. Harrison - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 187
Why Jim Didn't Go to the Show. J. Edwin Fletcher - - - - - - - - - 289
Woman in the East. Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 323

POETRY.

Apart With Christ - 190
Christmas Prayer, A. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward - - - - - - - - - 426
Christmas Song - 477
Coming of His Feet, The - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 236
Home. Longfellow - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 119
Incompleteness. James Clarence Harvey - - - - - - - - - - - - - 284
In Part. Annie Clarke - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 56
Is Peace on Earth? - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 441
Lines in Methodist Magazine. Lucy Smith - - - - - - - - - - - - - 47
Listening. Amy Parkinson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 65
"My Father is the Husbandman." Rev. Mark Guy Pearse - - - - - - - - 51
Near Home. Annie Clarke - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 74
Night. Annie Clarke - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 331
Onward. Marian Norma Brock - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 339
Pilgrim Song. Robert Winton - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 106
Power for Victory - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 264
Prayer - 186
Retrospect - 284
Retrospection. Amy Parkinson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 345
Service. Amy Parkinson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 131
The Pirate. R. Walter Wright, B.D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 36
There Is But One Book - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 125
Through Death to Life - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 177
Triumph Song, The. Amy Parkinson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 30
Tryste Noel. Louise Imogen Guiney - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 468
Unchanging. Annie Clarke - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 143
"Unto the Desired Haven." Amy Parkinson - - - - - - - - - - - - - 195
Waiting. - 79
Wait. J. B. B. - 76
White Stone, The - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 155
Why. Amy Parkinson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 378
Ye Are My Witnesses - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 258
Yonder - 225





EMBARKING AT MEDITERRANEAN PORT WITH CALM SEA.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1895.

IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

BEYROUT TO SMYRNA.

HAMAL, TURKISH PORTER.

FOR two days the sea had been so rough in the open roadstead of Beyrout that no attempt could be made to embark. The great steamers, rolling and pitching at their moorings, were very suggestive of the treatment that their passengers would receive. It was with difficulty that freight could be either discharged or received. Indeed, one of the lighters, by which the cargo was brought ashore, was capsized, and all its freight sank in the sea. At length it calmed sufficiently to permit going on shipboard. Our baggage was carried down on the backs of sturdy porters, through the narrow streets, to the tiny harbour for small boats.

Before embarking, Madame was made the recipient of the biggest bouquet of lovely flowers I think I ever saw, almost as large as a parasol. It was the final *souvenir* of our faithful dragoman, Mr. Abdallah B. Kayat, to whose thoughtful attention, during our month's journey through Palestine, our comfort and pleasure were so largely due. The sturdy strokes of our boat's crew urged us over the long rolling waves. We were heaved up, up, on the top of a billow, and then slid down, down, down, till ship and shore were alike concealed from view, and it seemed as if we would never emerge again. As we approached the steamship it seemed impossible to climb the steep ladder to her deck. Around were crowding boats and yelling boat-

REW THEOL SEM LIB

men; high above us sheered the vessel's side. As our boat rose on the wave, at the moment it reached the right height we had to leap to the ladder and climb up to the deck. How the porters got our baggage on board I don't know.

In a few minutes some of our party (but I shall not divulge their names) had to take refuge in their berths, and the rest of us could hardly keep our feet as our ship tugged at the anchor chains and danced like a cork on the waves. Amid the clank of machinery and rattling of chains the cargo was still being discharged, the lighters heaving and tumbling on the waves far below. It seemed only by good luck that the bales and boxes fell upon their decks instead of into the water. At length the anchor was weighed, the screw began to revolve, and the ship with its crowded living freight glided from the land.

The view shoreward was magnificent. On all sides rose the stately terraced hills which form the background of Beyrout, covered with vines and olives to the very top. On some I counted one hundred terraces, one above the other. In the background rose the snowy range of Lebanon. The many villages on the mountain sides glowed in the sunset light, and from windows miles away flashed a parting gleam as if to bid us good-bye. It was our last look on Palestine — land of such holy memories, of such thrilling history, of such tragic events. There can be no farewell to scenes like these.

The vessel's deck was crowded with about six hundred Cypriote, Smyrniote and Greek pilgrims returning from the pilgrimage to the sacred places of Jerusalem and the Jordan. The deck was covered with their rugs and mats, on which they slept beneath the open sky. It was with difficulty that one could make his way about the ship without stepping upon them. Many of them had tin cylinders about five feet long and six inches through, containing palm branches plaited into graceful shapes, large religious pictures, and other *souvenirs*. Many of the pilgrims were exceedingly bright and handsome people. Among

PALESTINE—A BIT OF COAST.

KYRENIA, CYPRUS.

them were a number of Greek priests, some of them good-looking young fellows, whose long black hair, arranged in a Greek knot at the back of their heads, and black robes, gave them a very girlish look. There were old men and old women in fur-lined cloaks carrying their belongings and provisions in large round baskets. Some of the men wore baggy Turkish trousers, red fez and girdle and bright embroidered jackets. Mothers were nursing their infants, clucking over their wandering children like a hen over its brood, lugging their beds around the deck. Some were eating their evening meal of coarse bread in great hunks, with a bit of cheese or a few onions. Some were clothed in ragged embroidered finery and adorned with cheap jewellery; others had good gold watches.

SALAMIS, CYPRUS, A TYPICAL SCENE IN CYPRIOTE WATERS.

A handsome, bejewelled woman

was gossiping with several other well-dressed pilgrims of her own sex, all smoking cigarettes. One venerable figure mounted guard over his wife and a large family of children. Another made a very comfortable nest for his young wife and was keeping vigil at her side whenever I passed. The pilgrims beguiled the tedium of the voyage with a strange variety of singing, mostly of a plaintive, monotonous character, accompanied by odd-looking string or percussion instruments. Between decks was equally crowded. A couple of monkeys, a brown bear, parrots and other live stock added to the confusion. I thought I was a lover of my kind, but the crowded, sordid and often squalid groups and vile smells made me doubt it.

Our voyage to Constantinople covered about a week, in which time we became quite well acquainted with our very interesting fellow-travellers. Quite a number of distinct languages were spoken and a great variety of costumes worn. A magnificently dressed Egyptian dragoman, a very accomplished Greek gentleman, a German physician, who had spent some years in Persia, with two charming ladies of his family, a half-dozen post-graduate students from Berlin University, and a number of American and English travellers, made a very agreeable party.

The day after leaving Beyrout the outline of Cyprus came into view. We skirted all day its rather barren and arid coast, with quaint old fortresses, as at Kyrenia, and picturesque mountain background, over-arched by a bright blue sky.

But nothing can describe the intense ultramarine of the waves, nor the vivid contrast presented by the snowy lace-work where they broke into foam. This is an ever-present source of astonishment and delight in all these Levantine waters. The purple waves, the azure mountains and the ethereal sky present the loveliest symphony in blues that can be conceived.

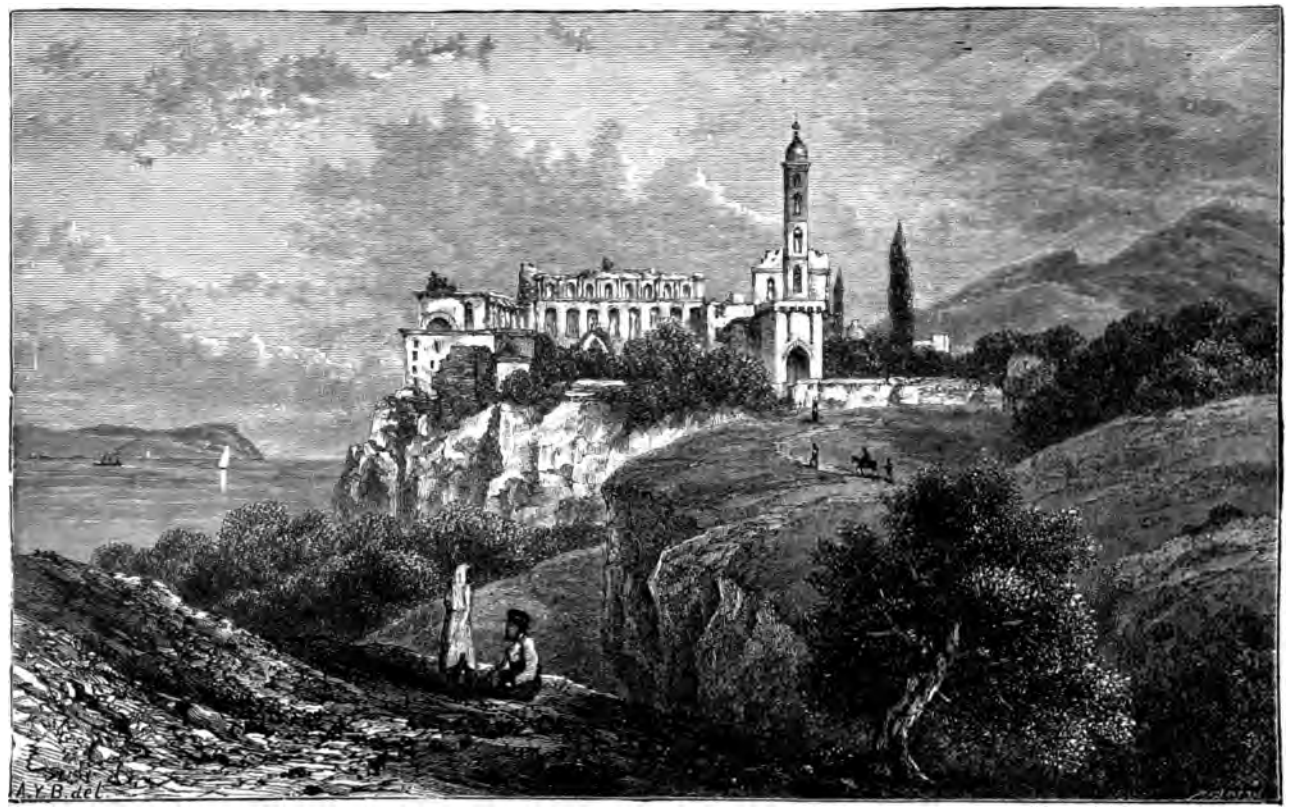
It did our hearts good to see the red-cross flag floating from the fort at Larnica and from the British ships anchored in the harbour.

> "It seemed like a friendly hand
> Stretched out from one's native land."

A number of British red-coats came aboard, including a magnificent band. They were going to Limasol to play at that British institution, the races. They furnished us some good music while on board, and a very companionable lot of men they were. There are five hundred troops in Cyprus, we were told, but they find it very dull camping and drilling on that hot and arid country. Most of them are from the larger cities of England, and they do not like the isolation of the island. The old Gothic convent of La Pais is grandly situated on a bluff five hundred feet above the sea. The ancient cloisters and vast halls, with their Gothic tracery, are noteworthy reminders of the gallant crusaders.

Our word "copper" (Latin, *cuprum*) comes from the name Cyprus, because its chief source of wealth in former times was its mines of copper. Its cedars are said to have surpassed those of Lebanon, but its forests have almost entirely disappeared. As a consequence the rainfall has been greatly lessened, and what does fall flows rapidly away, carrying with it the fertile soil into the sea. Cyprus is in all probability the Chittim or Kittim of the Bible mentioned in Genesis x. 4. Baalam in his prophecy (Numbers xxiv. 24) speaks of the ships of Chittim attacking Assyria; and in Isaiah xxxi. 13 Chittim is represented among the fleets of Tyre. Its chief town is yet called Citium, or Chittim, as well as Larnica.

Here is shown the grave of Lazarus, who, having been raised from the dead, for fear of the Jews fled to Cyprus and became bishop of Citium.



CONVENT OF LA PAIS, CYPRUS.

Barnabas and St. Catharine are also said to be buried on this island. Here General Cesnola discovered a vast quantity of precious relics of ancient art, glass and pottery, which may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The present population is about 180,000, of whom one-third are Greek Christians and the rest Moslems. In ancient times the population is said to have been one million, and under British rule it may be expected to increase. Its exports are wine, silk, olive oil, madder and fruit.

The sunset view of Limasol, with its fine mountain background in the afterglow of the crimson light on wave and shore, was exceedingly impressive. In the foreground lay the pleasant villas and commercial buildings of the pretty town, white-sailed vessels skimmed to and fro. Our British red-coats, being rowed ashore in large open boats, accentuated the beauty of the scene by the bright colour of their tunics.

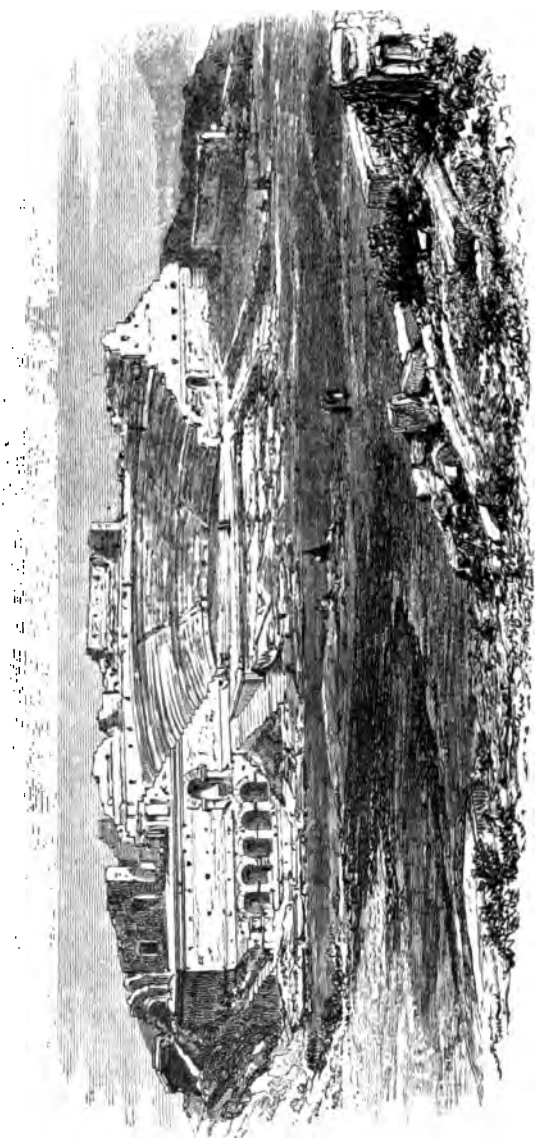
Salamis, another port in the island of Cyprus, is mentioned in Acts xiii. 5, as the scene of the preaching of Paul, as shown in our cut on page 6. It presents a typical example of the lovely water vistas, often seen among the isles of Greece.

Next night we reached the famous island of Rhodes, or "the land of roses." This is one of the most beautiful and picturesque isles of the Levant. It is famous as the stronghold for two centuries of the Knights of St. John, and is the scene of one of the most heroic defences on record.

STREET OF THE KNIGHTS, RHODES.

The city of Rhodes has an imposing appearance when viewed from the sea. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre on ground rising from the water, and has a moat and castle of great size and strength, and is surrounded by a wall and towers. Some of the old stone houses of the Knights are still to be seen in what is known as "The Street of the Knights," bearing their armorial

shields sculptured on the walls. As there is not a single inn on the island, travellers are recommended to take up their abode in the village



GREEK AMPHITHEATRE, MILETUS.

churches, which are described as much cleaner than the Greek convents. The famous Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world — a statue of bronze, one hundred and five feet high, used as a lighthouse. It was overthrown by an earthquake fifty-six years after its erection, B.C. 244. The fragments remained on the spot for nine hundred and thirty-three years, and were sold to a Jew, who carried them away on nine hundred camels, A.D. 689.

The siege of Rhodes by Soleiman the Magnificent, in 1523, lasted four months, during which prodigies of valour were manifested by both Turks and Christians. The Knights were compelled to surrender, and to leave the island, which they had held as an outpost of Christendom for two hundred years. "It was," says a historian of the event, "an hour of woe; but the wanderers departed not unsolaced. They looked their last on the shattered towers from which the fate of war had driven them, supported by the consciousness that, though Rhodes had passed from under their sway, their protracted resistance had conferred the fame of victory even on defeat. They transferred their rule to Malta, and there made an impregnable defence against assault."

Our view of Rhodes in the splendid moonlight of the Levant was exceedingly impressive. A great square tower rose like a cliff, making a deeper darkness in the shade. The lights of the town twinkled far and wide

over the hills. A bright revolving light, like the glaring eye of Cyclops, seemed to guard the coast. Boats gliding silently by seemed like spectre barques. The myriad stars were reflected on the placid waves. The scene was of remarkable beauty and tranquillity.

We have entered now those scattered islands known as the Sporades. They recall the stirring lines of Byron—

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung.
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
And all except their sun is set.

"The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' islands of the blest."

On our right rise the high serrated mountains of Asia Minor, jutting out in bold promontories far into the sea. Pretty white villages lie in the green valleys among the folded hills, looking in the distance like a flock of sheep at rest. In the evening light masses of cumulus clouds rise, golden and snowy, in the crimson light; the great orb of the sun sinks slowly into the halcyon sea of deepest, intensest blue. One cannot help thinking of the stirring history of that same Asia Minor, with its great cities of renown as marts of trade throughout the world—now a solitude, where, as Disraeli says, the tinkling bell of the armed and wandering caravan alone breaks the silence of the scene. Around us spread the sunny Cyclades, whose very names—Telos, Kos, Kalymos, Lero, Patmos, Samos, Kios, Lesbos, Tenedos, Imbros, Nasos, Nyseros—call to mind many stirring classic memories.

In the Gulf of Kos is situated the ancient port of Miletus, once a busy city with its "four harbours," now a silent waste. The ruins of its stately amphitheatre no longer ring with the applause of the lyric or the tragic muse. Lithe lizards crawl over the marble seats where sat the magistrates in state, and the wild goat crops the scanty herbage of the arena. This else forgotten name is cherished in the hearts of millions from its associations with one of the most touching incidents in the ministry of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, an incident which it is scarce possible to read without tears. See Acts xx. 17–38.

"The ship in which St. Paul was

ON THE ROAD TO MILETUS.

speeding to Jerusalem," says Dr. Green, "did not touch, it appears, at Ephesus, but had to call at Miletus doubtless for some reason connected with the voyage; and so the port becomes memorable to all time for the simplest, noblest, tenderest pastoral address ever uttered. The place is silent, desolate now; long reeds and coarse grass are growing, amid undistinguishable ruins, where that weeping company once descended to the beach, 'and they all wept sore and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no

more. And they accompanied him to the ship.'"

The mainland of the Gulf of Kos awakes our keenest interest as we watch it with eagerness through a glass, for there is the ancient Helicarnassus where Herodotus, the father of history, first saw the light, and where stood the famous temple of Mausolus, one of the seven wonders of the world, which has given us the English word "mausoleum." The site of the famous temple has been discovered, and much of its noble architecture found, although in a ruinous condition. Kos is one of the most picturesque of the Sporades, and one of the most renowned.

Day after day we glide amongst these lovely islands—green near the shore, but grey on the bold and rocky heights. Far up on the slope of the hills nestle the villages, or spread around the placid bay, snow-white amid the green, while exquisite soft opalescent hues suffuse the scene. White sails gleam as the swift feluccas glide across the purple waves, recalling Tennyson's words, "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of seas."

At Chios the air was fragrant with orange blossoms and rose hedges. In such profusion do the roses abound that a specialty of the island is its rose-flavoured marmalade. Earthquake and war have done their best, or worst, to despoil this lovely isle. At Kastia the old Genoese walls and towers line the shore in green and melancholy desolation. Chios is one of the cities which claim to be the birthplace of Homer, "the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle." It has a stirring history, but no more tragic episode than the grim disaster by which it was overtaken some seventy years ago. The island had a population of 110,000, nearly all Greeks—a mild, gay, lively, industrious, peaceful population. The women were especially celebrated for their charms and grace. In an evil hour they were hurried into insurrection against their Turkish masters. An army of fanatical Moslems descended upon the island, which was given up to pillage and massacre. The archbishop and the heads of the Church were hanged with every mark of ignominy and their heads thrown into the sea. In two months twenty thousand Chiotes fell by the sword and forty-five thousand were dragged into slavery. A few months later only two thousand Greeks remained on the whole island.

While the Turks were triumphing, the Greeks prepared their reprisal. "Then ensued," writes Gen. Gordon, "one of the most extraordinary military exploits recorded in history. Constantine Canaris and thirty-three brave comrades volunteered their services; taking advantage of a dark night, they ran into the midst of the Turkish fleet, anchored in the channel of Scio, and grappled their fire-ship to the huge vessel of Captain Pasha, which instantly caught the flames, and in a few hours blew up with the crew of two thousand men. The Greeks meanwhile stepped into a large launch which they had in tow, shouting 'Victory to the Cross!'—the ancient war-cry of the imperial armies of Byzantium—and made good their escape to Syra without the loss of a single man."

The island is now recovering its prosperity, and the dark green foliage of the olive groves and gardens make a beautiful background to the town of Scio, seen from the sea. Threading the channel between the island and the mainland, there opened to our view the splendid harbour and stately city of Smyrna, which for two thousand years has been the most important seaport of Asia Minor.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

*TORONTO AND ITS VICINITY.**

I.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

THERE are few cities in the world that are more admirably situated or more naturally adapted for an all-the-year-round residence than Toronto, the Queen City of the Lakes. Situated as it is, in the heart of the temperate zone, its climate tempered and made equable by the broad waters of Lake Ontario, with a beautiful harbour which renders boating and bathing safe and pleasant pastimes during the summer months, together with many other advantages, Ontario's capital can hold her own against the world as an ideal home.

The summer climate of Toronto is remarkably healthful and equable, and is one of the finest in the world. The days are bright and sunny. There is almost invariably a cool breeze from some quarter, and the nights and mornings are cool and delightful. There are no diseases due to climatic influences, such as malaria or hayfever. Sunstroke is almost unknown in this region. The rainfall is not excessive, an occasional thunderstorm only serving to cool the atmosphere and refresh the foliage. The average summer humidity is about 71°. The streets are well shaded by luxuriant and ornamental shade trees. There are no cyclones, hurricanes, or very high winds. Wild flowers in endless variety bloom in the parks and neighbouring woods and ravines from May to October. Almost every plant that requires a hot summer can thrive in Ontario. The proximity of such a large body of fresh water as that of Lake Ontario undoubtedly assists largely in equalizing the temperature.

The area within the city limits is

* For the admirable illustrations which accompany this article, and for much of the text, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Fred Smily, publisher of "Toronto and Adjacent Summer Resorts," of "Canadian Summer Resorts," and other art publications.

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION, TORONTO.

about 10,391 acres. In this area there is a population of about 200,000. There are about 250 miles of streets of which over one-half are paved. There are 83 miles of lanes and 430 miles of sidewalks. There are 78¼ miles of steam railway track and 68½ miles of street railway track. Of overhead electric wires there are 4,300 miles, together with an additional 30 miles of underground electric conduit. The city is situated on a plateau gently ascending north for a distance of three miles, where an altitude of 220 feet above the lake is reached.

Except on the main business thoroughfares most of the streets have boulevards of well-kept lawns and shade trees. Many of the residential districts present on each side of the avenue a regular forest line of chestnuts, elms and maples. The residential portion of the city is to the stranger one of the most pleasing features of the town, for Toronto is a veritable "City of Homes," and its citizens vie with one another in the artistic appearance and conveniences of their home-life. There are no flats as in New York and some other cities, and almost every head of a family, no matter how poor, has a house to himself which he rents or owns. Perhaps nowhere else will be found more unique and artistic architectural designs for private residences than along some of the fashionable residential thoroughfares of Toronto. Delightful glimpses of lawn, flowers and shrubbery are exceedingly common around the homes of the better classes, and even the poorer people often boast their little strip of lawn or modest flower-garden.

Many of the stores are large and commodious, and in some of them, which are conducted on similar lines

TYPICAL TORONTO HOMES.

to the Bon Marché, of Paris, and Wannamaker's, of Philadelphia, you can buy anything, from a lunch to a piano, or from a straw hat to a furnished house. When we state that one of these establishments has in regular employment about seven hundred clerks, some idea will be obtained of the immensity of the business done.

Queen Street Avenue is one of the finest on the continent. With its double row of luxuriant shade trees on either side, it is almost a park in itself.

At the head of Queen's Avenue, and situated in Queen's Park, the handsome and massive brown stone front of the Provincial Parliament Buildings meets the eye, its huge portals protected by two large Russian cannon, taken by the British at Sebastopol, and presented by Queen Victoria to Toronto citizens, which have for years guarded the entrance to the park.

The Parliament Buildings will well repay a visit. Here are enacted the laws which govern this fair Province. Here reigns an honest and capable man, Sir Oliver Mowat, who for twenty-three consecutive years has held the reins of government in the Province.

Opposite the north-western angle of the Parliament Buildings is the fine bronze statue of the Hon. George Brown, journalist, patriot and politician, whose name and influence will long live on Canadian soil. Near by, and surrounded by a fence of artificial muskets, swords and cannon balls, is the artistic monument which commemorates the gallant members of the Queen's Own Rifles who fell in defence of their country in the Fenian raid of 1866. And at the entrance of the Park facing Queen's Avenue, is the fine bronze statue of the veteran premier of the Dominion Parliament, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B.

Clustered around Queen's Park, and in sight of the Provincial Parliament, are a number of handsome and well-equipped educational buildings which justify Toronto's claim of being one of the great centres of education. Nowhere in America, within such a small radius, is to be found such a handsome group of educational buildings, and yet these are but a part of the great educational institutions of the city.

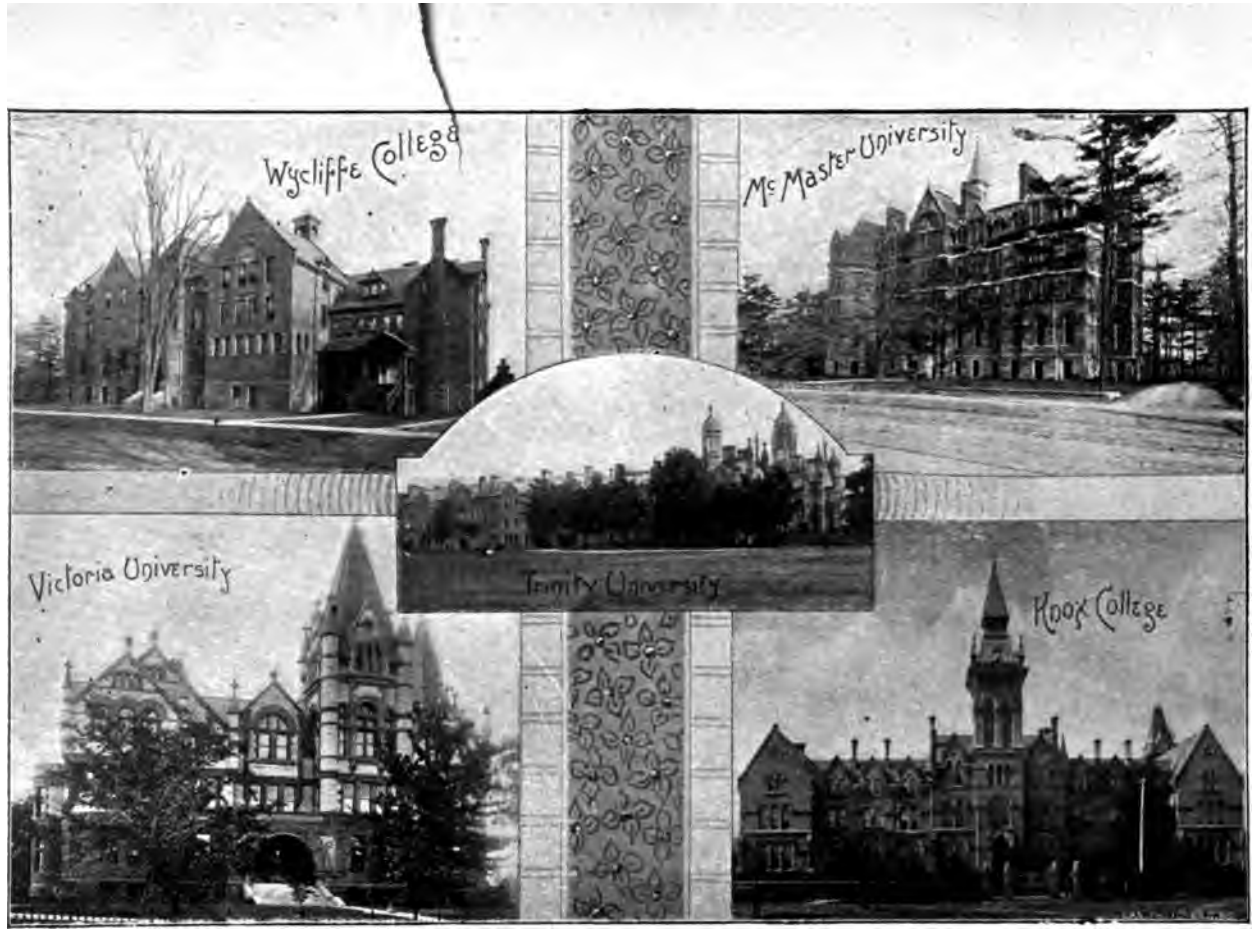
University College is the central figure, both as to extent and beauty of architecture. Fronted by a spacious lawn, and surrounded by beautiful ravines and trees and shrubbery, this massive and handsome grey stone

VOLUNTEER MONUMENT, TORONTO.

building of Norman architecture looks like some baronial castle of by-gone days.

The endowment of the University of Toronto is $1,042,000, and the value of the property owned is $1,800,000. It has an annual income of $85,000, and has about 800 students.

To the south of the University College is the new library building, the College Y. M. C. A., the Biological building, which has no su-



TORONTO COLLEGES.

rior of its kind on the continent, ıd the School of Science, an im- ense red brick building which ntrasts strangely with the sur- unding structures of grey stone. Behind University College is the ew Wycliffe College, and north of is, and separated from it by forest ees, is McMaster Hall. Near the rthern entrance of Queen's Park Victoria College, a handsome own stone building which, under e popular name of "Old Vic," is e pride of Methodism throughout e Province. The new Upper

TORONTO UNIVERSITY GROUP.

ınada College at the head of venue Road, near the northern nit of the city, is a magnificent stimonial of the esteem and in- ience of its old graduates, for a w years ago the Government had out decided to abolish the old pper Canada College, considering an unnecessary adjunct to the esent educational system; but the old boys," who are now some of the ost influential men of the country, llied around their Alma Mater, ıd the present new and beautiful ilding is the result. It has students from all parts of America and other countries.

There are over fifty public schools in Toronto, not including a large number of separate schools. There are also three collegiate institutes and a number of kindergarten schools. The public-school system of Toronto has admittedly no superior anywhere. Education is compulsory for all, and as text-books are free the poorest children can attend. The schools are so excellent, however, that the wealthiest classes find them the best place to send their children for an all-round education.

Of medical colleges there are three; the University Medical College, Trinity Medical College and the Woman's Medical College. They are all well conducted and scientifically equipped. The standard for matriculation and other examinations in these colleges is much higher than in most medical colleges of the United States. A five years' course is compulsory. There are over five hundred medical students in the city, and these, together with

about five thousand students attending the various other schools and colleges, form quite a feature in this busy metropolis.

Osgoode Hall, of which we give an engraving, commemorates by its name the first Chief Justice, and one of the ablest jurists of Upper Canada. The building has undergone remarkable vicissitudes of fortune, having been at one time employed as barracks for soldiers—and the sharp challenge of the sentry and the loud word of command of the drill-sergeant were heard in the precincts where now learned barristers plead and begowned judges dispense justice. The building, however, has undergone such changes that its *quondam* military occupants would no longer recognize it.

OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

Toronto is admittedly the great musical centre of the Dominion, many of the leading events of the season being held here. Notably amongst those of 1894 may be mentioned the Massey Musical Festival to inaugurate the opening of the Massey Music Hall, the erection of which is due to the munificent gift of its founder, Mr. H. A. Massey, of $160,000 for this purpose, and students from far and near annually attend the two splendidly equipped Musical Institutions, viz: the Toronto College of Music, and the Toronto Conservatory of Music, besides many lesser musical schools and colleges.

Who has not heard of the sanctity of the Toronto Sabbath! Where is to be found its counterpart among the large cities of the new world! It is the embodiment of peace, quiet and repose, a "Day of Rest" in its truest sense. No trolley car can rush o'er its business thoroughfares or residential avenues. The places of worship are conveniently located in all parts of the city, and there is no necessity for anyone to walk far without being able to attend some church. There are over 170 churches embracing all denominations and creeds, with seating capacity for over 100,000 persons; and as a rule, even in summer time, most of the churches are comfortably filled both at morning and evening service.

The roads around Toronto are good for riding, driving and bicycling, and innumerable short and pleasant trips can be taken to the north, east and west. The scenery, too in many places is very picturesque and the roads delightfully shaded. During the nutting season the spreading beech-trees, the gnarled and knotty oaks and the old hickory and butternut trees prove very attractive to squirrels and small boys.

To the north the ravines of Rosedale, the side-roads around Moore Park and the reservoir, and the winding roads along the banks of the Don, are very attractive for riding or driving. High Park contains 375 acres and has many natural advantages and attractions.

Toronto is fast becoming a great industrial and manufacturing centre. Within the last twenty years there

NEW UNION STATION, TORONTO.

has been a large increase in this respect. Many manufacturers throughout the Province have found it to their interest to have their main establishments in the Provincial capital. Many proprietors of the large industries in the United States have found it necessary in order to successfully compete for the Canadian trade, to have branch establishments in this country where they can manufacture their goods, and have located in Toronto.

The largest deposit of nickel in the world is situated in the Sudbury region north of Toronto. There is no nickel in the United States, and the possibilities in connection with the nickel industry as far as Toronto is concerned are very great.

The Union Station is a very imposing specimen of architecture, and furnishes ample facilities for the convenience and comfort of travellers, In this respect the old station was very defective. Travellers used to complain that they had to go to each of three or four baggage rooms before they could find their luggage.

The street-car system in Toronto is one of the finest on the North American continent, from a standpoint of speed, utility and comfort. During the year 1893, over 21,000,000 of people were carried.

There is no city in the world where more pastime and enjoyment can be had, and is participated in by its citizens than Toronto. The almost unrivalled advantages of harbour, bay, lake and river have given an unusual zest to aquatic sports, such as boating, bathing, yachting, etc.

The Toronto island is the summer home of hundreds of its citizens, and is daily visited by thousands more.

THE LAGOON, TORONTO ISLAND.

NEW JAPAN.

INTERIOR OF ASAKUSA TEMPLE, JAPAN.

THE wonderful change which has in the last few months taken place under our very eyes in the status of Japan has excited the wonder of the world. That a plucky little nation, which only yesterday, as it were, emerged from a mediæval feudalism, should challenge the oldest and most populous Empire in the world, with a population ten times its own, and in a few weeks, by an unbroken succession of victories, capture its strongest fortresses and many of its great cities, has excited the astonishment of mankind. We purpose giving a *resumé* of the opinions of expert authorities on this remarkable phenomenon and some of its probable consequences.

In an article on "New Power in the East," the New York *Outlook* says: "The most remarkable event of this end of the century has been the agreement upon terms of peace between Japan and China. The result of this event is not only to open China to commerce and civilization, but also to establish Japan as the leader of Asia, and on a par with any European State. Never in the world's history has there been such a sudden and satisfying manifestation of a new power.

"After the first encounters the low organization of the forces on the one side was convincingly contrasted with the high organization of those on the other: the resistance was but

that of the mollusk to the mammal. The Chinese have therefore suffered an unbroken succession of defeats. We have come to the end of the war only to find that China lies prostrate, an invertebrate mass—a weak and vitiated dynasty, a corrupt and tyrannical mandarinate, and a leaderless and peculating people. The humiliation of China is a matter which no one except a partisan of savagery can for a moment regret. China now enters upon a far greater future for herself, with greater profit to England.

"It may be said that the Chinese are cowardly as well as corrupt; but it must be remembered, after all, that the dominance of Confucianism has something to do with the matter, and Confucius held all violence to be unbecoming. To this must be added the power of disintegration. The Chinese are not one people, but a collection of peoples. The people in the south cannot understand the speech of those in the north. Every province is independent, and its only real connection with its neighbour lies in a common submission to the Emperor. There has thus been no real, united, virile China. When Talleyrand said that Italy was only a geographical expression, he might have applied that saying with greater force to the Flowery Kingdom.

"The crushing of China and the rise of Japan have not been exactly simultaneous events. The one has occupied a few months, the other a number of years, but an incredibly small number; for the steps to this eminence have all been taken within the life of the present Mikado. It is a wonderful history, that of less than fifty years. Following Commodore Perry's expedition came the realization in Japan itself that feudalism must be broken down. With it were also broken down those inveterate superstitions which surrounded the person of the Mikado. To his credit be it said that in this respect the present Mikado has done everything to show that he is infinitely more worthy of his rank than any of his predecessors. His steps, and those of his accomplished ministers, have ever been upward. These steps have been the humbling of insolent and grasping viceroys, the reduction of the rebellious Samurai, the establishment of a representative government and of a constitution, and, generally, the introduction of foreign methods of life and progress. Within the past year we have seen a semi-official recognition of Christianity, the abolition of extra-territoriality, and the assertion of Japan's right to regulate her own tariffs ratified by treaties, and now comes the conquest of China.

"This last event is far greater and more significant than one country's mere triumph over another. For the first time since the decline of Tamerlane's power we see an Oriental State rise to hegemony in Asia. This is accomplished without any intervention or assistance from Europe or America. A year ago such a transformation—above all, such an unaided transformation—would have been deemed impossible. We find, nevertheless, that the new power which has thus suddenly dazzled the world proposes to be not only conqueror but leader, that it will undertake single-handed the reconstruction of eastern Asia, and thus become a propaganda of what has already been attained by Japanese progress. Should this propaganda succeed, a whole hemisphere will arise out of the sloth of ages. As has been shown in Japan, so in Chinese countries Confucian civilization alone will be no match for a combination of that civilization with the broader, more practical, more intelligent, more moral progress of Christian nations. Yet, while paying full credit to everything gained from outside, the Japanese yield to none in self-respect

and self-reliance; indeed, Count Okuma has said:

"'The next century will see the resources of the European powers exhausted in unsuccessful attempts at colonization. Therefore, who expect to be their proper successors if not ourselves? As to intellectual power, the Japanese mind is in every way equal to the European mind. More than this, have not the Japanese opened a way to the perfection of a discovery in which foreigners have not succeeded even after years of labour? Our people astonish even the French, who are the most skilful among artisans, by the cleverness of their work. It is true the Japanese are small of stature, but the superiority of the body depends more on its constitution than on its size. If treaty revision were completed, and Japan completely victorious over China, we should become one of the chief powers of the world, and no power could engage in any movement without first consulting us. Japan could then enter into competition with Europe as the representative of the Oriental nations.'

"Japan, well named the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' is now that representative, and bids fair to become the leader of an entire hemisphere."

In an article on "Non-Christian First-Class Power," the New York *Independent* speaks as follows: "There is one phase of the emergence of Japan which has not received the attention which it deserves. It is that now for the first time since the fall of the Saracen Empire, the world sees a first-class power asserting itself in the sisterhood of great nations which is not Christian.

"Nevertheless the civilization which Japan has accepted is wholly the product of Christianity. It has been produced and perfected by Christian nations. When, in 1853, Commodore Perry opened Japan, that Empire was an absolute nonentity among the nations of the earth. Its people had never before seen a ship-of-war.

GREAT BELL AT SEOUL, COREA.

Commodore Perry emptied on his ship-load of presents, and ɛ them the miniature railroad in their delight the people straddle across the cars and wn on them, crazy to get a n the train, where they could et in, along the little track. came a craze for everything n; they called for teachers America and Europe; they heir young men and young n by the scores to be educated and did not stop in affright na did after making the same ning. It is amazing what a ıtion has been made in the habit of the thoughts of the in a generation. It is enough ve serious thought to people ıake so much of the influence edity on habits of thought.

a few years we have seen old lices dissolved, old civilization y discarded, and a Christian ɜation adopted in its place. has a constitutional monarch, a parliament and representa- ıinistry like Great Britain. It s large a railroad system in rtion to its territory as the d States; it has quite as good ɔol system, reaching from the rgarten to the university; its ffice department is admirably cted, and everybody now knows ɜs military affairs are managed great wisdom and patriotism onesty. If ever there was a ı enthusiastically patriotic it is . It has the Red Cross attach- to its military service under eneva rules and under the on of the laws of the Empire ething that we cannot boast he United States. Its students losophy and science and medi- ank with the best, and we see ıe enthusiasm and devotion belong to the birth of a new ı.

ıt not a Christian nation. Ten ago our missionaries were ɛ that it looked as if Japan would become Christian before the end of the century. But there came a chilling frost; and for the last two or three years there has been very little advance in the number of converts. They have done well that they have held their own. There has grown up with the patriotism a feeling of pride, not to say vanity, which has made the Japanese say that now they have learned all the West has to teach, and that they will develop hereafter along their own lines; that if they can they will reform the old Buddhism of their common people or the Confucianism or Shintoism of the upper classes, making of it a purer and a better faith which shall absorb all the ethical teachings of Christianity, very much as the Brahmo-Somaj has attempted to reform the old Brahminism of India.

"What the result will be we cannot yet tell, except that we believe that our Christian faith has the Spirit of God with it and will prevail. But, meanwhile, for some years to come we shall see the great experiment tried of a great nation which does not profess to be Christian, whose religion is becoming simply a system of ethics. We shall learn how thoroughly a Christian civilization can be ingrafted on a non-Christian or a pagan faith. And if, as now seems probable, China shall feel the impulse which Japan has given to her, and shall herself speedily accept the Christian civilization of the West, there may be two such powers a generation hence.

"We believe that our Christian missionaries have for the most part acted very wisely in Japan in that they have taken pains not to antagonize the Japanese national feeling; and it may even be a question now, or very soon, whether in the interests of Christianity itself the foreign missionary force there should not be reduced. It is greatly to be hoped that Japan, which has thus

far shown itself so tolerant of Christianity, even if it has not seized it with the eagerness with which it has adopted our civilization, may not league patriotism with its native faiths in opposition to the faith of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Leonard, a missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes thus of Corea, now virtually a dependency of Japan:

"Seoul, the capital of Corea, contains a population of 250,000, and is much the largest city in the kingdom. It is situated about thirty miles from Chemulpo, the nearest seaport, and is surrounded by volcanic mountains, some of which are quite Alpine in outline and altitude, and some are nude of vegetable life from summit almost to base. The roads leading from the city are over mountain passes or through narrow defiles, the widest of which leads to the river Han.

"Corea has been known for centuries as the 'Hermit Kingdom,' because she has until recently refused to have any relations with foreign nations. During much of her history she has been tributary to, if not a vassal of, the Chinese Empire, and in her subordinate condition necessarily had political relations with her superior. But with Western nations she had no intercourse, until forced to open her doors by the arbitrament of war, less than a quarter of a century ago. In harmony with her policy of seclusion she built all her cities inland, including her capital. Until since she has been holding some commercial intercourse with the outside world, there were no towns on her extended sea-coast, and even now there are but few.

"So far from building cities on her coast or northern boundary, a policy of desolation has been pursued on all her borders. Along the sea-coast no sign of life was allowed for centuries, lest seafarers might be tempted to land and enter the country. Along the northern boundary a wide stretch of land was proscribed, and no one was permitted to make permanent settlement upon it, and it became a hiding-place for criminals and outlaws from both Corea and Manchuria, her northern neighbour. The seclusion policy led not only to the building of the capital city inland and amid mountain fastnesses, but also surrounding it with a substantial granite wall.

"About five hundred years ago, when the city was supposed to be in danger from a foreign foe, a wall six miles in circumference, running in a zigzag line up and over the mountains on the north and south, and across the narrow valley on the east and west, was erected. The wall is from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and was completed in the short space of nine months. It was doubtless a formidable defence when only bows and arrows were used in warfare, but in these days of heavy projectiles is utterly valueless. As no repairs have been put upon it for many years, it is becoming quite dilapidated at some points, and will ultimately disappear. The material in it will go far in rebuilding the city in 'the good time coming,' when through the Gospel of Christ the Coreans shall be happily elevated to the plane of a Christian civilization.

"It is quite impossible to give to one who has never seen this city a just idea of either its plan or architecture. Except some of the principal streets, that seem to have been originally intended to follow straight lines, the city seems to have been built without a plan. Boston, it is said, was originally built along cow-paths, which accounts for the tangle of streets in its older parts that so confuse the uninstructed stranger. But Seoul did not have the advantage of even the cowpath, with its graceful curves, as a guide, and so the streets run every whither, with sharp angles, abrupt endings and irregular widths. The streets, except

the two principal ones that cross the city with the four gates as their terminals, are usually no more than from six to ten feet in width, and all are without gutters, sewers or sidewalks. Along these streets the daylight only old or lower class women appear on the streets at all. At eight o'clock in the evening the great bell rings, when the gates of the city are closed and men hie to their places of shelter. Then the

TYPICAL BUDDHIST TEMPLE, JAPAN.

Corean gentleman in white costume promenades, elevated some four or five inches upon wooden clogs, which keep his white-stockinged feet out of the filth that everywhere abounds. Men and women never walk the streets together, and in women betake themselves to the streets and spend their time until one o'clock in the morning, visiting their friends and indulging in such pastimes as may suit their fancy. The seclusion of women in Corea saves them from being the beasts of

burden, to which their sex is doomed in Japan and many other Oriental and even some Occidental countries

"The best dwellings are built around a court upon which all the rooms open. This court is sometimes ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and some of them are said to be very pretty. The average house is composed of small rooms, four in number, and destitute of anything that we would call furniture, while the poorest, which far outnumber all the others, are hovels of the worst class.

"As to public buildings, as the term is usually employed, there are none. The palace of the king, enclosed within a stone wall that separates it from the city, though built at public expense, is the most private and exclusive of all, as only those who are connected with the reigning dynasty in an official capacity, or such as are favoured with a special permit, can enter its portals.

"Though a heathen city, Seoul has no temple of idolatrous worship. The State religion, if any exists, is Confucian, and there is a shrine to which the king resorts at stated times to make offerings to his ancestors. Though Buddhism is more prevalent than any other form of religion, there is not a Buddhist temple in the city. They have temples just outside the city walls, and in many places all through the country, but none in the capital. For some offence committed long ago the Buddhist temples were destroyed and the priests were driven out of the city, since which time they have not been permitted to enter its gates unless in disguise.

"But in the midst of this desert of human habitations there are a few oases. The several nations that have entered into treaty relations with Corea have established legations and erected suitable buildings, and the Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Anglican, and Roman Catholic Churches have established compounds and erected residences for missionaries, houses of worship, school buildings, chapels and hospitals. These are all bright spots in the midst of surrounding gloom and a prophecy of what this mountain-environed city will be when Christianity has accomplished its beneficent mission to the Corean people." Dr. Avison and his wife, from Toronto, are conducting a successful mission in Seoul.

Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has just returned from an extensive visit in China and Japan, writes thus:

"People in middle life can remember when foreigners were totally excluded from the islands of the Japanese Archipelago. By a strange series of events, to the Christian view strikingly providential, the traditional exclusiveness was relaxed at last, and half a dozen of the principal ports were thrown open for foreign trade and residence.

"It was not long before the whole policy of this sequestered Empire regarding things foreign underwent a remarkable transformation. The Japanese were ready to throw overboard almost everything national and adopt Western ideas and institutions with rash impetuosity. Foreigners were welcomed, praised and imitated. In the course of the years, however, the nation's self-respect has grown. Western ideas are still dominant, but the Japanese have proved quick learners and feel now quite able to cut loose from dependence on the foreigner. Perhaps the highest ambition of the nation to-day is 'to beat the foreigner on his own ground.' The various branches of the public service have almost entirely dispensed with their foreign helpers. The chairs in the Imperial University are now chiefly occupied by natives. The Japanese manage their own postal service, operate their railways and tele-

graphs, train their soldiers and collect their customs. The Japanese own fine steamers, but to gain and keep their share of the carrying trade in the face of strong and keen competition they must continue to employ largely English and American captains.

JAPANESE INFANTRY, SOUTHERN MANCHURIA.

"With the growth of their self-reliance, alongside the development of an intense national spirit, which is one of the prodigies of their new era, the foreigner has become less needed and consequently less respected. There is reason for believing that leading minds among them, if not the body of the more thoughtful and ambitious Japanese, regard the European nations as becoming effete and themselves destined to take their place as the future leaders of the world's advance.

"But while the foreigner in Japan has dropped somewhat from the height of esteem in which he was once held, he nowhere meets with

the contemptuous dislike so often found in China. There is just now a great amount of national vanity in the Mikado's empire. The public feeling is extremely sensitive. The Japanese regard their pupilage as past and will not allow themselves to be loftily patronized. They demand to be considered the equals of the most favoured nations, and certainly with a show of reason.

"No doubt there are scores of unfriendly critics who will brand the new civilization of Japan as a mere varnish which scraped with a pen-knife will reveal unmollified rawness and aboriginal barbarism. But this is an altogether cynical view which will not harmonize with a wise induction of facts. The Japanese have no doubt many and grave faults. They are very far from political or social perfection. In some important regards they are as yet far behind what we call the Christian commonwealths. If this were not so we should have little warrant for sending hither hundreds of missionaries at great expense and other costly sacrifices; nevertheless the sympathetic observer will not fail to regard the new civilization of this island empire as a vigorous and substantial growth which deserves hearty recognition and generous confidence. Seriously faulty as Japanese morality in many of its phases undoubtedly is, the best minds of the nation are alive to the value of *character*. The Japanese are not only the politest of people but are humane as well. They are seeking to remodel their jurisprudence and bring it into harmony with the best modern standards. They have proved their bravery in the field, yet shown themselves merciful to a fallen foe. They have not only been faithful to their treaty obligations, but capable of generous interpretations and gratuitous favours."

Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, thus describes his visit to the Mikado's capital:

"Tokyo, the Mikado's capital, a city of many conflagrations and destructive earthquakes, the centre of the Empire, where old and new Japan meet together, and which every patriotic Japanese hopes to see before he dies, is the commercial, industrial, and political metropolis of the country. It has a population of nearly 1,500,000, unusually wide streets, electric lights, tramways and stone bridges, and some very handsome public buildings. Long the headquarters of the Shoguns, Tokyo is intimately associated with the most brilliant military history of this island kingdom.

"Our first day in the capital was the holy Sabbath. We went out, not 'for to see' old Buddhist and Shinto temples, but to attend service in Christian churches. First we stopped at the Greek cathedral, one of the most imposing buildings in all Japan. Built by Bishop Nicolai —who has been the most successful missionary in the country—it occupies a commanding position, and is really a gem of architecture. The service, attended by about 150 persons, was elaborate and very ritualistic, but to me rather impressive. The venerable bishop and his ten or twelve native priests were clad in gorgeous vestments. They swung incense until the clouds were dense and the odours intense, while intoning prayers and chanting psalms to the congregation which stood or sat or bowed on the floor.

"I learned much of Bishop Nicolai's work—unique and in some respects unequalled. He has about twenty thousand members, and all these have been gathered with the aid of but one other foreign missionary. With a genius for leadership of the highest order, he has organized an army from among the people for the conquest of their own country. While not accepting his doctrines, and having no toleration for his

ritualistic practices, no one can properly study the religious forces of Japan without taking this remarkable man and his great cathedral into account.

"Leaving the cathedral we visited the Methodist Tabernacle, a large modern brick structure, built by Dr. Eby, of the Canadian Methodist Mission. The doctor is now absent in Canada, and the congregation is not so large as formerly. Instead of a sermon that morning, some good, orthodox brother was conducting a class-meeting. Both the building and the service gave me a genuine Methodist home feeling, although I understood not the testimonies given, and only the tunes that were sung. Thank God, we are a witnessing people, whether in America or in the isles of the sea—whether in the Queen's dominions or the Mikado's Empire.

"We visited the Imperial University—the Daigaku, founded in 1856, and already the educational pride of Japan. Some of the buildings are modelled after those at Oxford University, England, including those beautiful quadrangles. There are twenty schools in the university, embracing everything from law to veterinary medicine. The calendar, a stout volume in English of 214 pages, reads very much as do the annuals of American universities, except as to degrees conferred. If this university, with its 1,500 students, were brought under Christian influence, the day of Japan's redemption would be near at hand. Though not positively Christian, it is the product of Western thought. Such an organization, and such a national spirit to sustain it, were not possible before Commodore Perry anchored his flagship in Yokohama bay.

"Near the university is the large Tokyo Library, with over three hundred thousand volumes. I noticed that the large and well-regulated reading-rooms were crowded with quiet, eager students. Many young men, in their native dress and undress, looked very much like the coolies pulling our jinrikshas; but they had English, German, and Japanese books on science, engineering, political economy, etc., in their hands, and were diligently making notes. May be some of these blowzy-headed fellows will yet be counsellors of the Mikado, or historic names in the world's literature. These young Japanese are diligent and critical readers.

"The National Museum—the Smithsonian Institute of Japan—contains a large and creditable collection, illustrating very strikingly the natural, national, and industrial history of the Empire. Hours could be spent there to profit.

"At Aoyama (Green Mountain), a beautiful suburb of Tokyo, is located the Anglo-Japanese College of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The grounds comprise twenty-five acres, and are quite elevated—overlooking the city and the sea for a great distance. I very much regretted to see the large brick dormitory and Goucher Hall so badly wrecked by the recent earthquake. Over twenty thousand dollars will be necessary to repair the damage. Our brethren have here a fine plant, and are doing good work.

"Returning to the city, we called at the Canadian Methodist schools, and found that the earthquake had shaken the foundations there also. To Mr. Crummy, the president, whom I afterward met, and from whom I received much valuable information, a debt of gratitude is hereby acknowledged. All these and other buildings and institutions are the representatives of new Japan. Their architecture, together with the dress of the better classes, the width of the streets, and the construction of the business houses, indicate an evolution from the old Japan which lived a hermit, went naked, and beheaded foreigners. The average

street in a typical old Japanese city is about thirteen feet wide, and well filled with happy people unencumbered with excessive raiment. Of the old temples, dingy and dilapidated, where pigeons roost and money changers sell their little wares, where the ignorant clap their hands to wake a sleeping god and repeat their meaningless prayers, where the Shoguns are buried and the old idols are daubed with paper balls, the prayers of the superstitious, others have written so much and so well, that I must forbear. Besides, I prefer progress, and delight in the things that prophesy better days.

"In Tokyo, by agreement and appointment, I attended an informal conference of representatives of the five branches of Methodism engaged in mission work in Japan. Bishop Ninde was also present. The questions of special discussion was the unification of Methodist educational interests. There was a free interchange of fraternal opinion, and the whole matter referred to the several Conferences and missions for official action. Some plan of federation is a growing necessity."

THE TRIUMPH SONG.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

WHAT sea is this from shore to furthest shore
That all unruffled spreads its broad expanse:
That knows not, nor can know, the sombre shade
Of threatening storm-cloud; but whose surface clear
Mirrors such fervent hues of rose and gold,
Amber and amethyst—as it doth seem
A sea of crystal intermixed with fire?
What sounds are these that o'er the glowing tide
Harmonious float? What thrilling symphonies
From golden harpstrings? What entrancing notes
From voices dulcet pure, and rich in power
As sweetness,—like the mighty music of
Rejoicing water-floods?

This is the sea,
The calm and peaceful sea, encompassed by
Heaven's bright eternal shores. These lofty strains
Exultant rise from the vast victor throng
Who safe those shores have gained,—sin, sorrow and
The grave forever vanquished. In His praise,
Their Leader and their Sovereign, Who, alone,
Hath made them conquerors, the chorus swells:
And this the song which gladsome voices raise
While harp-tones ring responsive: O how great
And wondrous are Thy works, Almighty Lord;
How just and true Thy ways, Thou King supreme
From age to age. Who shall not bow before Thee
And render to Thy name adoring laud?
For only Thou art holy. Worlds on worlds
Shall come and worship Thee, the righteousness
Of all Whose actions is made manifest.

'Tis but by faith's quick sight and sentient hearing,
In the dim distance we do now discern
That radiant scene—and catch the far-off echo
Of triumph's pealing strains.
But sweetly near
The longed-for day approaches when our feet
Shall tread those sun-bright strands,—our eyes behold,
In very truth, the glories of the waters,—
While our glad voices join the chorus grand
Of the majestic Paean.

TORONTO.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA—ITS EXTENT AND RESOURCES.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT WILSON, D.D.

TERRITORIALLY Canada is a great country; extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the United States boundary to the Arctic Ocean, and embracing within these limits about one-sixteenth of the whole earth. The historian Robertson's remarks about America as a whole are equally true of Canada. He speaks of Nature here carrying on her work on a scale of peculiar grandeur. Contrasted with her mighty streams, the rivers of Europe are mere brooks. Were her great lakes found in the Old World they would be dignified with the name of seas, and were her vast and varied resources of river, forest, field and mine located on the other side of the Atlantic, poverty would disappear and the nations would sing for joy of heart.

Many have very inaccurate ideas on this subject, for accustomed to think and speak of the continental nations the average European is unable to realize the vastness of the Canadian domain. To illustrate. The united duchies of Brunswick and Saxe-Coburg Gotha, which have given sovereigns to the proudest empires of modern times, are only equal in size to little Prince Edward Island. Denmark and Switzerland combined, each rich in the traditions of a glorious past, possess no more acres than are found in New Brunswick. Greece, the land of Marathon and Thermopylæ, is no larger than Nova Scotia. France, chivalrous, heroic France, the empire of Charlemagne, St. Louis and Napoleon, is smaller than Quebec. Great Britain, the land of heroes and historians, of poets and of sages, whose names and deeds are embalmed in deathless song, would require Holland and Saxony to make her the equal of Ontario. Austria and Belgium would be dwarfed if placed beside British Columbia. Scotland, which has given to the world a Knox and a Chalmers, a Scott and a Burns, a Watt and a Stevenson, a Bruce, a Wallace and a Clyde, is not half the size of Manitoba. Ireland, upon whose glory-roll are the names of Wellington, Burke, Curran, Dufferin, and scores of others scarcely less distinguished, is very little larger than New Brunswick. And a dozen countries as large as Spain could be carved out of the territories of Alberta, Athabasca, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan.

Or, to make comparisons nearer home, take the provinces of the Dominion in detail, and we find that Prince Edward Island is about as large as Delaware; Nova Scotia owns more acres than Massachusetts and Vermont combined; New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island rolled into one would only equal New Brunswick. It would take New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland to make a Quebec; Ontario is more than two and a half times larger than New York; Manitoba is twice

* Reprinted from *Southern Methodist Review*.

the size of Massachusetts; British Columbia embraces a wider extent of territory than is found in all the above named States.

Here, then, is "ample room and verge enough" to satisfy the most ambitious, and within which to achieve the greatest triumphs in the different departments of human effort. Here, unencumbered on the one hand by many of the laws and usages of the Old World, and on the other free from the perpetual excitement and revolutionary tendencies of republicanism, the loyal sons of Britain have had committed to them the great problem of constitutional government. As the British is considered the model government of the Eastern Hemisphere, as the only safe and efficient system at all compatible with extended dominion, it is the object of the Canadian people to reproduce its counterpart in the Western.

Canadian history is not very richly adorned with the names of those who have won immortal fame on the ensanguined field of war, not because her sons are destitute of the material out of which heroes are made, but because, fortunately, opportunities for thus distinguishing themselves have rarely been afforded. But there are other victories than those won "amid the groans, the cries, the dying strife." The axe and the hoe have wrought mightier triumphs than the rifle and the sword. The whistle of the locomotive is a much more agreeable sound than the strains of martial music. The conversion of the dreary woodland into a fruitful field, and the building of towns and cities in the once untrodden wilds, are achievements of far greater value than any won in war. The church and the schoolhouse, the reading-room and the lecture-hall, are truer signs of progress than the most formidable ironclad or fortress.

The history of Canada, however, is neither dull nor uninteresting. Connected therewith is many an incident of wild adventure and deadly encounter; of patient endurance and heroic daring; of perilous enterprises and marvellous escapes, and of scenes and circumstances to which attach a most romantic interest, and which have again and again been made "to point a moral or adorn a tale." From its pages we learn how the dusky savage was wont to surprise and scalp the unsuspecting paleface; how the Frank and Saxon struggled for the supremacy; how the patriotic colonist sought to lay broad and deep the foundations of a new empire; and how the pious missionary of the Cross endeavoured to Christianize the native races. It tells also how, on several occasions, her sturdy sons, though few in number, rose in their might and repelled the attacks of those who, first by honeyed words and then by force of arms, had sought to separate her from the grand old Motherland. With all this the intelligent reader is already familiar.

The climate of Canada has been greatly misrepresented and the severity of its winters unduly exaggerated. True, she has not the soft and sunny skies nor the balmy breezes of more southern climes, but these are more than compensated for by a happy immunity from many of the diseases indigenous to other lands. Epidemics, so destructive elsewhere, are of rare occurrence, are comparatively light and confined within narrow limits, while the general healthfulness and longevity of the people prove the climate to be an exceptionally good one. As a whole it is dry, healthy, and invigorating; in the North-West cattle graze at large all winter, while along the Canadian shores of the Pacific the Japanese current produces the same effects as the Gulf Stream does in England.

Canada is very largely an agricultural country, considerably more

than half the whole population being engaged in farming operations. Up to a comparatively recent date the aid of science was but little sought for in this important field of effort, and nature was allowed to work out her processes as best she could. But things are different to-day. Science has joined hands with nature and their combined forces have been pressed into the service of the farmer. As a consequence the products of the field have become richer in variety and larger in volume.

In every province there are large areas now under cultivation and still larger ones awaiting cultivation. Almost every acre of Prince Edward Island can be farmed to profit. Various fruits and every kind of cereal grain and grass are raised in immense quantities in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. There is an abundance of excellent land in Quebec yet unoccupied. Ontario is an annual exporter of enormous supplies of food products. Manitoba was well and truly described by Lord Dufferin as, "a land of magnificent distances and unlimited possibilities." Hon. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Lincoln, after a tour through these then newly opened up regions, declared them to be the greatest bread-producing countries in the world.

That declaration is being verified by the logic of events. Each year sees a heavier yield than the one preceding it, and the resources of the regions referred to are such as to defy all calculation as to what may be produced. In the Budget speech of Mr. Foster, the Finance Minister, during a late session of Parliament the gratifying statement was made that the value of the farm products exported during the last fiscal year amounted to over $50,000,000, being an increase of more than $6,000,000 over the year before. Mr. Wiman, who is extremely anxious that Canada should cast in her lot with the United States, says: "Here is room for future millions that must from Europe come. The United States have nearly exhausted their arable soils and a land hunger has set in that only in Canada can be appeased. . . . Canada must be relied upon as the granary from whence must come the future food supply of the world."

The forest has always furnished profitable employment to a large portion of the population. The principal woods are pine, spruce, cedar, birch and maple. While by reason of fires and reckless cutting the sources of supply are being constantly diminished yet such is the vastness of the supply yet untouched that many a long year must pass away ere any want will be felt or inconvenience experienced. We have no means of ascertaining the amount produced for home use, but the value of the exports for last year ran up to about $26,000,000.

The mineral wealth of the Dominion is as yet an unknown quantity. From Cape Breton to British Columbia valuable deposits of various kinds are known to exist, but to what extent has not been determined. This much, however, is certain, that the supply is practically inexhaustible, at least in the more useful kinds. Until quite recently the immense coal-fields of the North-West were comparatively valueless on account of their remoteness from the sea and the lack of facilities for transportation. But the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its numerous branches, has made them available, not only for the furnishing of fuel for the prairie regions but for export as well. The value of the exports last year amounted to over $5,800,000. What the developments of the future along this line may be it is impossible to determine, but that they will be of a gigantic character no prophet's eye is needed to foresee.

Of the value and extent of the Canadian fisheries it is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms. From Hudson's Bay to the Bay of Fundy, embracing some ten thousand miles of broken and indented coast, with harbours, bays, inlets and rivers innumerable, are to be found the richest fisheries in the world. Here a good and beneficent Creator annually provides for the use of man an abundance of the most valuable of the finny tribes, and to these waters for more than two centuries have the hardy fishermen of Britain, France and the United States resorted to share in the profits of the trade. For their possession many a battle has been fought, and when France was finally driven from the American continent, she still clung to a few insignificant islands, and by diplomacy succeeded in obtaining from her victorious rival certain fishing privileges which have been of incalculable benefit to her people. For the right to fish in these waters American statesmen have written, and threatened, and all but involved the two nations in war. These things speak volumes and show the estimate placed upon this trade by those best competent to judge. About seventy thousand persons are engaged in the business itself, besides those on shore who are employed in the manufacture of boats, nets, barrels, and other requisites. More than thirty-one thousand vessels and boats, valued at $4,840,000, are required to carry it on, and the total value of production of 1894 was in the neighbourhood of $20,700,000—one-half of which was sent to other countries.

But manufactures are indispensable to national greatness. Without them there can be little of private or public wealth, little of civilization, little of independence as a commonwealth, and little of political importance and power. To furnish food for others to live upon, and raw materials for others to work over and grow rich by the application of their skill, art and ingenuity, is a condition of dependence and subserviency both individually and nationally. The power to turn rude materials into things of beauty and usefulness, is a potent means of promoting the public prosperity. Of this we have in Great Britain a most striking example. In her we behold the greatest power on earth, occupying a position of unequalled and unprecedented importance, and holding a recognized supremacy upon the ocean, without any special natural advantages securing to her such an amplitude of power and dominion. So insignificant in size that were she drowned in the depths of the sea she would hardly be missed, with a climate and soil by no means the best, without forests, with comparatively little water power, and rejoicing in but few of Nature's bounties, yet despite all this taking the lead of all the world in activity, power, wealth, influence and splendour, laying every nook and corner of creation under tribute, wielding a sceptre over an empire on which the sun never sets, and giving laws, language and literature to nearly one-fourth of the world's population. To this proud position she has largely been led by the manufacturing skill and genius of her people.

During the last few years Canada has made large advances along this line. Many articles previously brought from abroad have been produced at home, and some of these in such abundance that after supplying domestic needs heavy exportations have been made to the Motherland, the United States and other countries. Looking at her vast and varied resources, the words of Mr. Wiman will scarcely be called extravagant when he says:

"Canada possesses the potentialities of wealth in minerals, in agriculture, in timber and in coal to as great an extent in the Maritime Provinces as New York and Pennsylvania combined . . . Ontario

and Quebec full of possibilities in people, products and latent power. The wonderful region of the North-West, the future granary of the world; and British Columbia, the richest Province under the sun. . . . This huge Samson of strength and power, this sleeping giant of the world, this vigorous, forceful home of a section of the Anglo-Saxon race. What possibilities abroad has this land of raw materials, of cheap food products, of abundant water power, of enormous distributive facilities, and of a brave and patient people."

But in speaking of Canada as a "sleeping giant," Mr. Wiman is neither generous nor just, as the following statistics will fully show. She has 15,020 miles of railway, towards which the Government has contributed about $147,000,000; the earnings of which in 1894 amounted to over $52,000,000, and the profits yielded some $15,000,000. During the year these trains had run over 45,000,000 miles of road, had carried 13,587,265 passengers, and had handled 22,414,357 tons of freight. On her canals there have been expended $68,000,000; to the credit of the people there are deposits in the banks to the amount of something over $225,000,000; the value of life insurance policies run up to $332,000,000; her shipping is estimated at $47,000,000, while the value of the imports and exports amounted last year to $241,000,000.

But there is another class of statistics of equal, if not of even greater importance than these, which require to be referred in order to reach right conclusions concerning the character of the Canadian people. From the report of the Postmaster-General, recently laid before Parliament, we learn that during 1894 there passed through the 8,477 post-offices of the Dominion 106,290,060 letters, 23,000,000 cards, and over 93,000,000 papers and parcels. These were carried over 30,500,000 of miles by steamer, train or stage, at a cost to the country of nearly $5,000,000; over 75,000 miles of wire some 5,000,000 messages were sent; one-fifth of the population attend the public schools, for whose education there is an annual expenditure of upwards of $10,000,000, besides large sums given to support of the universities, colleges and academies; nearly $2,131,000 is required for the maintenance of humane and charitable institutions, and many other things important in their influence but which cannot be reduced to statistical calculation.

But, perhaps, the most important factors in the formation of Canadian character, and those that will most largely affect her future are to be found in language and race. Theoretically it may be true that men are born free and equal, but as a matter of fact it is not so, and what is true of individuals is equally true of nations. As the Hebrew, Greek and Roman races were the leading ones in the olden times, the Anglo-Saxon leads to-day. However modified by circumstances, its great dominant features are the same everywhere—the respecter of law and order, the friend of freedom, the patron of progress, the protector of the home, and the defender of the rights of conscience. To build a home, to establish good government, and to worship his God as he sees fit, is the ambition of the Saxon; and all this he has done wherever he has obtained a foothold. This has been as true of the Canadian branch of the family as of any of its other members, as the foregoing figures clearly show.

"Indeed," says Mr. Wiman, "the force and vigour resulting from the admixture of Celt and Saxon, is found in British North America to be more developed than elsewhere on the globe. They are more assertive, more self-sufficient, more intensely political than their cousins across the border. Comparing the Canadian people with those of any other nation it is impossible not to reach the conclusion that in all the virtues that go to make up a vigorous community they are unequalled. Their ancestry made this al-

most certain. The industry needed to clear the land, the vigorous effort required to bring a living out of the soil or the sea, and the privations endured in subduing the soil, laid the basis for a great people."

When we say the language of the country is the English we are aware that the mother tongue of many is French, but the fact is that a knowledge of the latter is becoming less and less a necessity. While we do not say with some that ours will become the language of mankind, we feel assured the day is at hand when this will be true of every Canadian. And it is right it should be so, not only because it is the language of the majority and the ability to use it is needed by everyone who would intelligently fill any position in Church or State, but also because of the blessings which follow in its train. It is thought freighted with the noblest contributions from every cultured clime, while it bears to other lands native products of its own as rich in the ripened fruits of the loftiest genius as any that it brings home to its Saxon sons. The speech of Greece was more flexile, more euphonious, more elastic and scientific; that of Rome more stately, majestic and philosophic; those of modern Italy and France more soft and flowing and sprightly; but in no speech that ever gave voice to human thought, or an outlet to human passion, is there treasured up for the lover of knowledge a richer endowment of wisdom and truth, of fact and deduction, of what is splendid in imagination and tender in pathos, than in the language in which was sung the lullaby over our cradle, and in which will be sobbed the requiem over our grave.

Such then is the Canada of to-day —young, strong and hopeful, her real strength unknown, her resources undeveloped, her capabilities as yet undreamed of. To those who must leave the Old Land she offers the rarest inducements, her greatest need to-day being honest and industrious settlers. What her future will be time alone will tell, but unless some unforeseen and unavoidable calamities overtake her we are warranted in looking to a career of ever-increasing prosperity and of ever-widening influence and power.

THE PIRATE.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

[The Greek word *πειράζων* (tempter) is from the same root as our word "pirate."]

THE Pirate, with black hulk and murderous crew,
And blood-red flag, on every sea yet sails;
His hellish spoils, dead men that tell no tales,
And ruined souls, are ever victims new;
The fairest shores with blight he still doth strew,
Earth's mightiest mariner before him quails
When eagle-like he swoops, and when he hails
With treacherous truce, earth's wisest can outdo.
O Thou Great Admiral of Love and Light!
Thy blood-red flag floats, too, on every sea,
Beneath its folds for refuge shall we flee.
Thou, mightier than all the corsair's might,
Wiser than all his stratagem and sleight,
Shalt wing each ship of Faith with Victory.

PLATTSVILLE, Ont.

JANE CLEMENT JONES.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

"That also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

THE early years of this century still witnessed the movement of population from the United States to Upper Canada. A few years before the great Loyalist movement had broken in upon the solitude of our primæval forests and had proved that underneath their dark shadows there lay concealed a soil rich in all the resources of a prosperous people. And so for nearly half a century a portion of the stream of young enterprise and ability which was flowing from the rocky hillsides of New England, found its way to our Canadian shores. It would scarcely be fair to think or speak of these early settlers as foreigners or immigrants. They, or their fathers, were born under our British flag; they spoke our language; they were familiar with all the ways of our new country. They were often the old neighbours, sometimes the blood-relations, of the Loyalist founders of Upper Canada, and when they came among us they were at once at home—loyal citizens of the young land and loyal subjects of its King.

Among these incomers, in the year 1811, was a young harness-maker named Clement, from the village of Goffstown, in New Hampshire. There was at that time, tradition says, no one of his trade between Montreal and Kingston, and when he built his little backwoods home, at what is now the town of Brockville, he soon obtained a contract from the Government to refit the cavalry, who then were continually moving from east to west—along the shores of the St. Lawrence and the lakes. Here, in the November of that year, he planted his wife, Elizabeth Bancroft, and two little daughters, Phœbe and Elizabeth. In the course of years the little group grew to seven, Lucy, Martha, Sarah, Jane, and George being born in the Canadian home, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence. Here, by the beginning of the thirties, the two elder daughters, Phœbe and Elizabeth, were married, the first to young Billa Flint, the son of the prosperous merchant of the same name, the second to Rufus Holden, then a young man in mercantile life, and afterwards for long years a prominent citizen and physician of the city of Belleville. Shortly after, in the second cholera year, 1834, the father, who was evidently a man of ability, entrusted by the Canadian Government with important commissions, and who has left behind him a record as a friend of the poor, the sick and the afflicted, was suddenly taken from his household by the fatal epidemic.

The name of the mother, Elizabeth Bancroft, contains a history in itself. We meet it in places of influence far back in English history. In New England it stands on the earliest rolls of the colony, and holds a proud place in American history, for the large number of the name distinguished in literature and in public life. It carries with it many of the best intellectual and religious traditions both of Old England and of New England. Certain it is that Elizabeth Bancroft was not unworthy of her name, and handed down to her children, both in natural endowments and in careful Christian training, those noble traits which have distinguished both the family

nd the race to which they be-onged.

Already, in 1834, they had become connected with Methodism, which, in those early days, gathered to itself through its devoted pioneers all the earnest religious spirits of the land, except those attached to the two established Churches in the centres of population. The Flints, father and son, were both prominent and active Methodists, and it is not yet a year since the son, the Hon. Senator Flint, passed to his rest, in Belleville, at the ripe age of eighty-nine, after more than fifty years of active toil in Sabbath-school, temperance, and general church work. The Holdens were also a family widely influential and honoured, both in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches.

Thus from the very beginning this family became linked with the best elements of our young Canadian life in religion, in commerce, and in public affairs; and when, in 1834, Mrs. Clement was left a widow, she was not without attached and influential friends. In the same year she removed to Belleville, where her son-in-law, Mr. Flint, was now established in business; and from this date her descendants were identified with all that is most important in the history of this city. Here she was again called to drink the cup of sorrow in the sudden death of her only son, and of a loved daughter. And here, in after years, she was permitted to see all her remaining children settled about her in beautiful, prosperous and happy homes. And here, in 1851, surrounded by her children, she died in peace in a good old age.

It is out of such a family history as this that we are introduced to Jane Clement Jones, the youngest surviving member of the household. We first meet her as the bright, happy, beautiful child, full of the energy and spirits of youth, enjoying all life to the full. There comes to us, out of the tradition of childhood, a picture of the playhouse of the children in the shadow of the great rocks, under the overhanging vines, close by the gliding stream of the great St. Lawrence. In such a home as this was imagination quickened and the capacity for the purest enjoyments of life called out in full strength. Another picture sits before us—the round, merry face of the happy child, with basket in hand, tripping her way to the cabin of some poor or sick neighbour with the good things provided by father's and mother's kindness. Nor must we forget the other picture, which fills with beauty the simple furnishings of every Puritan home, of the old Bible, the family altar, the blazing fireside, the sweet songs of Zion, mother's teaching, and the sunny quiet of the chamber where she prayed for and with the children till their hearts were melted into penitence by her tears.

But there were other tearful pictures as well in this young life. In a few short hours the father so kind and loved was stricken with the plague, died and was hurried away to the grave by the trembling neighbours. With almost equal suddenness, if not with equal terror, sister Sarah was taken by the rupture of a blood-vessel, and finally the only little brother she had ever known was carried home from the cold, dark waters of the river, drowned.

It is easy to follow the results of all this on the sensitive, emotional spirit of the child. The unseen world came very near. The conviction of sin under the stern old Puritan teaching was deep and lasting. At ten years of age, just after her father's death, the decision of life appears to have been fully made in a revival which at that time touched the Sunday-school and gathered in many of the children; after earnest, prayerful seeking she found the peace of God. With the

example before them of this one of the noblest Christian lives of our time thus laying its deep foundations of repentance and faith in early childhood, let no one presume to question the reality of childhood piety. But let us lay, as here, the old foundations of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, not trusting to some shadowy modern conception of a universal regeneration.

But with this healthful, moral and religious development there was also the furnishing of education such as the facilities of that day afforded. The elementary schools of the thirties did not offer a very extensive curriculum, and all they could give was soon mastered by a bright young mind; and as yet but few higher schools had been planted in our country, and to these the young ladies were not admitted. But Methodism, both in its laity and ministry, had already appreciated the importance of this problem. The resolution had been taken as early as 1830 to found an academy for the liberal education of the youth of both sexes. After some six years of heroic effort the work was accomplished, and for the next six years the young men and the young women of our best Canadian Methodist families were found in Upper Canada Academy, pursuing studies which would fit them for lives of wider usefulness. Here we next find Jane Clement laying the foundations which enabled her to be the leader and teacher of hundreds of men and women in after days. Very speedily, indeed, did she enter on the employment of her talents, for already at sixteen we find her teaching in the Sabbath-school, a place maintained for fifty years until the last long affliction shut her out from work.

But we have been studying these early years of life as the training-school for her subsequent eminently useful career. Not least important among the influences of this period was her close contact with the active business of life. When left alone with her one child her mother found her home with her elder daughter, Mrs. Flint. Mr. Flint was a practical, energetic and eminently successful merchant. Then other sisters, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Holton, Mrs. Harrison, were all married to young men in Mr. Flint's employ, and who, a little later, founded successful business places of their own. The growing, active young woman was in daily contact with the plans and cares, the difficulties and the success of business, and with the strong, practical genius of her people, drank in its spirit and was familiar with its lessons. In 1847, she linked her life with another of Mr. Flint's assistants, Mr. Nathan Jones, and together they started to push the fortunes of life.

We have often had reason to admire the results of the "business colleges of those olden days." A Flint in Belleville, a Jackson in Hamilton, a Ferrier in Montreal, were typical examples. Their young men were not mere paid underlings or servants. They were rather as younger brothers, or as sons with their father, rendering due reverence and faithful and obedient work, but with nothing of the degradation of servitude, They were members of one household, they worshipped around one family altar. They had common thoughts and ambitions. The younger was impressed by the character of the elder and learned all his methods of business. It was both the ambition and the advantage of the senior to set his boys up for themselves as soon as they had proved their capacity, in branches and extensions of his business.

So was it here, and Belleville has on its roll of successful citizens, who through a long life built up the commercial strength of the Bay City and its back country, no more honoured and successful names than

those of Billa Flint and his brothers-in-law. Not last among these noble men was Nathan Jones, and not least among the elements which from the outset contributed to his success, were the splendid talents of his young wife. No one could select the most attractive goods for the season's trade as could she; and no one could find just what each lady customer required, whether she were the dashing belle of twenty from the town, or the elderly lady of sixty from the farm, as could she. With keen, sympathetic insight she seemed to understand everything; and the spare hours which at their first start in life she gave to helping her husband in his business, were worth more to him than thousands of capital. They grew and prospered rapidly, and soon built the beautiful Bridge Street home which many of us remember for nearly forty years past. Her little family, too, began now to engross her time and strength, and other fields of consecrated work began to open before her, but still for long years her husband enjoyed and prized her company and counsel in the purchase of stock for the ladies' department of his now extensive business. If she shared his wealth she had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had shared the toil by which it was made.

But we now approach a point from which her talents were to find a wider field and accomplish rarely successful work for God and for His Church. In the winter of 1855-6 the Rev. James Caughey visited Belleville, and for several months conducted services in the Pinnacle Street church, the Rev. John Carroll being the superintendent of the circuit. Our older people will well remember the character of the work of this man of God in various parts of our country. It was not merely a large ingathering of the young and the undecided, or the openly ungodly, into the church, though some five hundred of these were added to the membership of our own and other churches. But it was a work which lifted the leaders in the church to a higher plane of Christian life.

For fifteen or twenty years, under the labours of Caughey and the Palmers, the doctrine of entire sanctification was very familiar to our Canadian Methodism. We will not claim that the form of teaching and preaching this doctrine was beyond criticism. Perhaps it made too much of the instantaneous work. Perhaps it tended to undue subjectivity in religion, turned the thoughts too much within and too little to the calls to work without. Perhaps, in its call to work it looked more at the spiritual than at the temporal needs of humanity. Perhaps it exalted simple faith above works, beyond the measure of St. James. But it certainly did this: It aroused the conscience of the Church to a sense of the sin of lukewarmness. It called true followers of Christ up to a far higher consecration and a more earnest perfect Christian life than they had ever attempted before. It brought a baptism of power, of living present joy and peace, of abiding indwelling of the Spirit, unknown before; and certainly John Wesley would have rejoiced over it with great joy.

Mrs. Jones was now thirty years of age, rich in rare gifts temporal and spiritual, physical, intellectual and social, and all were now and forever consecrated to the Master's service, and for forty years her fidelity to that consecration never weakened. During the last five years the consecration was that of the patient sufferer, but for thirty-five it was that of work, amazing in its abundant labours, its energetic zeal, and its triumphant faith. It was this active consecration to work which saved her from that mere subjectivity which has marred the Christian perfection of so many good men, and which in our day has

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class-meeting. 2. The or-
ion of young men for Bible
self-improvement and Chris-
ork. 3. The care of the
ıd the poor. We can give
outline of what she accom-
in each of these important
nents.
class-books, which she care-
reserved, date from 1857, so
the time of her death she had
class-leader for nearly thirty-
years. She began with a
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young ladies. These young
came from all classes of
Rich and poor literally
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ng these years the class-meet-
as frequently on its trial. Discussions arose in the Church again and again which compelled it to vindicate its place in the constitution of the Church by its inherent usefulness, and in few places was that vindication more satisfactory than in the town of Belleville, and in such a class as that of Mrs. Jones. I have before me twelve class-books, each covering a period of about three years, all carefully marked for attendance each week, not merely as present or absent, but as distant or sick, showing that each week she made it a point to know just where each member of this large class was, and the cause of absence when absent. The former pastors of Belleville know well, too, how carefully this accurate bookkeeping was followed up by personal visitation, so that we doubt whether she ever lost a member except where, through some unfortunate influence, there was a wilful determination to give up the Christian life. Those committed to her care did not easily slip away from her. This, of course, implied great watchfulness for souls. Few leaders kept such perfect trace of the spiritual advancement of each individual member from month to month, as she. Each one seemed to lie as a burden on her soul. If any were in danger or difficulty they were always the subject of special prayer. When she felt that the safety of any one of her charge needed special effort she called for the help of the pastor, although few of us felt that we could be successful when she failed.

The intelligent conduct of the class-meeting was with her a matter of special study. Dealing with young people whose experience of the things of God was limited, and many of whom were as yet but in the rudiments of Christian life, it became her special concern to develop a more complete Christianity. As a foundation for this she aimed first of all to bring each one out to the clear, abiding witness of the

Spirit. She never felt that one of her charge was safe until they were sure of sins forgiven. Next to this she inculcated high ideals of Christian duty and consecration. Holiness to the Lord was the motto of her own life, and the standard of life which she constantly and consistently held up before all her class. But in this she was very far from depending on mere emotion. The Word was her touchstone, and few possessed in more eminent degree the power to use the Word to enlarge and enrich the work of the class-meeting hour. While fond of music, and deeply appreciating the power of song in the social means, the precepts and promises of the Word were her sheet-anchor, and her aim was to fashion and perfect both the inner faith and the outer life of her class by the rule of the Word.

The year 1869 marked the commencement of another of Mrs. Jones' distinctive fields of work. She had now been for twenty-eight years a Sabbath-school teacher and a careful Bible student. This experience led her to appreciate fully the importance of a link between the Sabbath-school and the Church, some agency by which the young men trained in the Sabbath-school might be held in touch with the school until they became fully established as members of the Church of Christ. In that year she was placed in charge of the senior Bible-class of boys, which henceforth became one of the most successful agencies of the Belleville church. She immediately estimated at full value the importance and the claims of the task before her. She felt that to hold these young men she must give them work worthy of keen, active, educated young minds. Hence she laid the foundation of her success in careful, thorough, and high-class preparation. Her notes of preparation indicate Biblical scholarship of no mean order. Geography, history, antiquities, books of travel, all contributed their light on the section studied. She possessed that essential requisite of the successful exegete —the historical imagination. She converted brief annals into living pictures filled with real, moving, acting men, and out of these she taught the great lessons of morals and religion with such attractive power that in a short time her class was overflowing.

The situation in Belleville was peculiarly favourable to her work. Two large colleges, Albert and the Ontario Business College, brought young men from all parts of the Dominion and even from beyond the seas. In the course of fourteen years in this work seven hundred and seven young men passed through her class, which often consisted of more than one hundred members. The gathering together of these young men was to her a golden opportunity. Her first thought was the conversion of each one. On the blank page of her roll of members is pasted this verse:

> "My class for Jesus! nothing less
> Can save, can sanctify, can bless,
> All earth-born skill could I convey
> 'Twould perish in the judgment day."

Of the result of her work in this respect we have no exact record, but the belief of some of the old members is that the great majority were led to Christ. Once they were clearly converted, her next effort was to develop and organize their powers of work along lines which would give character to their after life. They formed themselves into a mutual improvement class: "The object the intellectual and moral improvement of those who unite therewith." In the minute-book of this society we find that they collected a library, visited sick members, kept up a weekly programme of discussions and entertainments, organized a temperance society, and organized a band to pray and work for the con-

version of such of their class-mates as were not yet decided for Christ.

In addition to this work, which implied three meetings each week, one for prayer, one for Bible study and one of a literary and social character, a detachment of the class were always ready to assist Mrs. Jones in the cottage prayer-meetings among the poor of the city. Here was certainly the Epworth League in all its essential elements already in operation twenty-five years ago. It will surprise no one to learn that out of this work came eight or nine ministers of the Gospel, besides Sabbath-school teachers and workers beyond our power to number.

This work for young men was just fairly started when, in 1872, a terrible accident opened the door to a new field of work for Mrs. Jones. Through some mistake two trains collided a short distance east of Belleville, and in a moment cars filled with passengers were converted into a mass of mangled and scalded suffering. The wounded and dying were brought to Belleville to be cared for. A building was extemporized for a hospital. The ladies of the city volunteered as nurses, and, with a unanimity which was her most emphatic testimonial, they turned to Mrs. Jones as their leader. The service of mercy was a protracted one, for it was many weeks before all could be removed to their own homes. But it brought to the ladies of Belleville the conviction that permanent provision must be made for the wounded, the sick, and the aged and infirm poor in their young city.

Movements of this kind advance slowly, but in 1879 a Woman's Christian Association was formed for the care of the poor and the building of a home and a hospital. It was organized upon the common basis of Christian charity, without distinction of race or creed. Its first president was Mrs. Jacques, who shortly after passed to her reward and Mrs. Jones took her place, and thus almost from its beginning was the leader of the work. They began by visiting the gaol, where in the severe weather the poor found refuge with the criminals. Their hearts were at once drawn out toward these unfortunates, who for no crime but their poverty and age were driven to find their winter home surrounded by sin. They hired a little house. The furniture was begged from the members from house to house, Mrs. Jones conveying it in her own carriage to the new and humble institution.

Presently their quarters were too small for their work and a larger house was taken. Then the city council transferred to them the entire care of the aged and destitute of the city. This they willingly undertook, combining with it efforts for the salvation of unfortunate young women. In the next twenty years they reduced the expenses to the city of this work by at least one-half, while they far more than doubled its efficiency. For in the meantime they had conceived and carried by faith and prayer to a successful issue a great city charity, an honour and an ornament to their town. They built on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Quinte a group of noble buildings in which the aged and the poor could be sheltered and cared for in comfort both to body and soul and surrounded by pure and holy influences, and in which the sick could be nursed back to health again.

The faith and effort needed to struggle through to the culmination of such a work can scarcely be realized. At one time their treasury was reduced to twenty-seven cents with fifteen people in their home to be fed, when an anonymous letter to Mrs. Jones brought ten dollars to their relief. She lived herself in an atmosphere of wondrous faith in God and in the sure success of His work, and she possessed the rare

gift of inspiring others with a portion of her own gracious spirit. The Hospital and Home for the Friendless, in Belleville, are to-day an imperishable monument of her consecration to duty.

Our sketch of this eminent saint would be imperfect without a glimpse of that inner home-life in which the highest type of womanhood appears in its richest beauty and glory. The faithful, zealous class-leader, the leader and teacher of the young people, and the soul and life and head of large charitable enterprises, was at the same time the centre and soul of a remarkably happy home. Her husband was a man of remarkably quiet, even temperament, refined tastes, and excellent judgment, and the two were united in the tenderest affection. We have already noted the helpful spirit with which she began married life when fortune was still to be made. The memory of those early days of work together seems to have been treasured as a very sacred thing, only referred to once in a long time to most intimate friends. But in after years, when the children were grown up, we find husband and wife repeating the old trip to make purchases together in Montreal or holidays to the seaside, and the little records of those trips are full of the most beautiful spirit of tender wedded love purified and perfected by the sweetest graces of religion. The story of all the little incidents of the way, of the little gifts of husband to wife and wife to husband, of the daily little remembrances of the children, and of the heightened pleasure which came to all their enjoyment of nature and art as they tasted their good things of life together, is told at fifty with the artless simplicity and sweetness of a honeymoon.

In their children also they were greatly blessed. The eldest son became the companion, almost the compeer, of his mother in varied work for the Master. They lived to see their daughters settled in life, united to Christian men of sterling character and ability and growing influence in the country, while to one fell the quiet but blessed portion of tenderly caring for father and mother in the declining years of weakness and suffering, until first one and then the other entered into the rest of God.

For the last four or five years the house which had in days past been bright with the prattle of children, or cheery with the merry voices of young people, or vocal with the sweet sounds of praise and prayer, for father and children were rarely gifted in lute and song and led the devotions of the house of God for many long years, the house thus the brightest with pure joys in all the city was hushed into the saddened quiet of suffering. First father and then mother were called to pass under the rod. The grace which in the toil of life had made them strong to labour now made them patient to suffer, until after some years in this twilight of life Nathan Jones passed to his rest at seventy-six, April 22nd, 1892, and Jane Clement Jones in great peace and child-like faith followed, January 4th, 1895. Their record is well worthy of the study and imitation of coming generations of Methodists.

WHAT though the night of earth be long and drear,
And grief may be your guest its slow hours through;
Think but of Him who left His home of light
To dwell with grief for you—
Then patient bear with the unwelcome guest,
And wile away the weary hours of night
By musings on the joy your Lord will bring
With the sweet morning light.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

JOHN WESLEY'S WORK AND INFLUENCE.

BY REV. JAMES W. LEE, D.D.,

Author of "The Making of a Man."

JOHN WESLEY was the most influential man of the eighteenth century. He had in his veins the best blood in England. On both sides he "belonged to an unbroken ancestral succession of English gentlemen." He was a fellow and Greek lecturer in Lincoln College when he was twenty-three years of age. Zeal and enthusiasm in behalf of men led him into disregard of ecclesiastical rules. He was unsophisticated and simple, and human enough to think that men were so valuable as to be worthy of saving at the cost of precedent. This was too much for the clergy of the time. They closed upon him the door of every church in England. Nothing was left him but the open air, the fields, and the wide encompassing sky. He lost the pious light that comes through stained windows, the soft music from the solemn organ, and the sentiment inspired by the effect of lofty vaultings and exquisitely carved columns, but he gained commerce with nature and the secret of winning men to a better life. His work began to take on something of the immensity of his new surroundings. The world became his parish, and the human race was embraced in the sweep of his sympathy and enthusiasm. But, nevertheless, this radical departure from the prescribed lines ordained by ecclesiastical consensus for the life and work of a clergyman in the Church of England did cut him off from the university and cultivated circles of English social life. Because of this, the prodigious amount of work performed by Wesley between the years 1738 and 1791 was not noticed or considered by the upper and educated circles of Great Britain. He had accomplished more perhaps than any man ever did before in the same number of years, but it was hidden beneath the indifference and conceit and contempt of the ruling and thinking classes of his countrymen.

It may furnish a theme for the speculation of the curious, however, to understand how it were possible for a man like the late Mark Patteson, the distinguished rector of Lincoln College, not to know anything scarcely of Wesley or his work, when Wesley had been a fellow of his own college. This was brought out one day when Hugh Price Hughes expressed his surprise to Mr. Patteson that even his college had no adequate memorial of the most distinguished fellow that ever adorned its common room. "What other fellow of Lincoln," added Mr. Hughes, "or, indeed, of any Oxford college, had twenty millions of avowed disciples in all parts of the world within less than a century after his death." "Twenty millions!" exclaimed Mr. Patteson, with a start, "twenty millions! You mean twenty thousand!" Mr. Hughes had to repeat it three times over to him before he could persuade him that he meant it. "I had not the faintest conception," said the illustrious rector of Lincoln, "that there were so many Methodists." Yet the figures given by Mr. Hughes to Rev. Mark Patteson were really too low. The Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which met in Washington in 1891, developed the fact that Wesley had a constituency in all branches of Methodism throughout the world of twenty-six millions.

Journeying never less than 4,500 miles in any year, and always until his seventieth year on horseback,

before turnpike or macadamized roads were known, we would suppose that Wesley gave himself up to horseback riding. In the fifty years of his ministry he travelled thus 250,000 miles. When we are told that he preached forty thousand sermons in the fifty years of his apostolate—an average of over two each day—we wonder how the man had any time left for anything but preaching. When we take down his works, and see that he wrote an English grammar, a Greek grammar, a French grammar, a Latin grammar, and a Hebrew grammar, we are led to conclude that he must have given his life to the study of the structure of language and the writing of grammars. But, in addition to all this, Wesley wrote a compendium of logic; he prepared extracts for use in Kingswood School and elsewhere from Phædrus, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Martial and Sallust; he wrote an English dictionary; commentaries on the whole of the Old and New Testaments; a history of England from the earliest times to the death of George II.; a short history of Rome; a compendium of social philosophy, in five volumes; a concise ecclesiastical history from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the last century, in four volumes; a Christian library, in fifty volumes, consisting of extracts from all the great theological writers of the universal Church. He prepared also many editions of the "Imitation of Christ," and of the principal works of Bunyan, Law, Baxter, Madame Guyon, Principal Edwards, and Rutherford, besides a great number of short biographies, with an edition of a famous novel of the time, "The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland." He wrote a curious book on medicine, entitled, "Primitive Physic, or an Easy, Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases." He prepared numerous collections of psalms and sacred songs, with works on music and collections of tunes. He published his own sermons and journals, and started, in 1778, one of the first magazines ever published in England, and which continues to this day. Though he wrote in an age when books were not circulated as they are now, he received for his publications not less than $150,000, all of which he distributed in charity during his lifetime. It was his desire, he said, to distribute his money so fast that when he died it would be found he had not left £50 behind.

Yet in this enormous amount of literary work the energy of John Wesley was not exhausted. He founded an orphans' house at Newcastle, charity schools in London, and a dispensary in Bristol. He made experiments in electricity, and believed he had found in it a surprising medicine, and had an hour appointed every day when anyone might try the virtues of it. He established a lending fund, from which many men got the money that enabled them to lay the foundations of vast commercial enterprises. He had a room in connection with one of his preaching places in London where poor women were invited to come and card and spin cotton. He employed women who were out of work in knitting, and also sought to lessen distress by opening workshops.

But with the opening and during the progress of the nineteenth century the Wesleyan movement took on such proportions that the tremendous significance of Wesley and his work could no longer be kept in a corner. Macaulay went so far as to administer a withering rebuke to the literary charlatans of England who proposed to write the history of the eighteenth century without taking notice of Methodism and prophesied that the breed would die out. Mr. Lecky, one of the best English historians, put himself on record as to the Wesleyan move-

ment in the following declaration: "Although the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his Ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episode in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, in real importance to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield."

M. Edmond Scherer was so impressed with the work of Wesley that he wrote to the *Revue Des Deux Mondes* of Paris that Methodism was a religious movement that had changed the face of England, and that "England as we know it to-day is the work of Methodism." A distinguished professor of theology in a German university writes, "Methodism is on the point of becoming in evangelical Christianity practically, if also unknown to many, the ruling power, like Jesuitism in Catholic Christianity." He was by no means a Methodist, for he regarded this fact as in many respects one of the gravest signs of modern Christianity. Hugh Price Hughes quite agrees with the German professor, and declares that all modern religious history is summed up in the two momentous facts that Ignatius Loyola has captured the Catholic churches, and that John Wesley has captured the evangelical churches. John Henry Newman came to the conclusion that there was no middle way some years ago, and became a Catholic. John Wesley, also, in his day, believed there was no middle ground, and became a Methodist. Wesley was afraid of nothing in heaven or in earth but doing wrong.

Orthodoxy, with Wesley, consisted in a holy, consecrated life, and he took delight in quoting a piece of advice which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave him: "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disreputable nature, but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness." Having read the life of Ignatius Loyola, he spoke of him as "one of the greatest men who ever lived." It is reported of him that he quoted with approval the words of an author who said: "What the heathen call reason, Solomon wisdom, St. Paul grace, St. John love, Luther faith, Fenelon virtue, is all one and the same thing—the light of Christ shining in different degrees under different dispensations." — *Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

LINES BY LUCY SMITH IN "THE METHODIST MAGAZINE," APRIL, 1894.

RENDERED INTO LATIN BY ROBERT WINTON.

LORD, in Thy sky of blue
No stain of cloud appears;
Gone all my faithless fears;
Only Thy love seems true.
Help me to thank Thee, then, I pray,
Walk in the light, and cheerfully obey.

Lord, when I look on high,
Clouds only meet my sight;
Fear deepens with the night;
But yet it is Thy sky.
Help me to trust Thee, then, I pray,
Wait in the dark, and tearfully obey.

PATER, in cæruleo cœlo
Nubis umbram non video;
Timor infidelis abest;
Solùm amor verus adest;
Gratum me fecisses precor;
In via lucis gaude sequor.

Quum suspicirem in cœlo
Nihil nisi nubem viso;
In tenebris timor crescit;
Tamen cœlum Pater fecit.
Fidēlem me fecisses precor,
Et per tenebris triste sequor.

"AN OLD SALT'S YARN."

BY REV. JOS. G. ANGWIN.

"YES, sir, I remember that voyage quite well, and if you would like to hear the story, I will try to tell it just how it happened. You see I was only ship's boy in those days. I had signed articles on board the *Hope*, Captain Wardrof, for a trip from Harbour Grace to Liverpool and back. The brig was in the Harbour yonder with her anchor under foot, as we sailors say. Her topsail yards were mastheaded, and the clewlines and buntlines were loose, so that the sails hung in great bags from the yards, all ready to be sheeted home. I was forrard, looking away towards the old home on the hill, that I was a-leavin' for the first time to go on a long trip. I had been used to going to Labrador for the summer, but father and mother went along too. I was standing there, when Mr. Curtis, the mate—isn't it queer, sir, that every one of the officers on board is Mister when he is spoken to, while the crew is 'Bob!' or 'Tom!' or 'You lubber you!'

"As I was a sayin', Mr. Curtis he sung out to me: 'You, Bill Thompson there, come aft here and stand by the gangway, the captain is coming aboard.'

"I jumped as if I was shot, and rubbed the sleeve of my gansey across my eyes, for I had been crying—I was only a boy, sir, you know—and ran aft, and throwed the end of the fore-brace to Pat Cleary, who was pulling the bow-oar of the jolly-boat. Aboard of her was the captain, and another man I had never seen before. The captain helped the strange gentleman up the side-ladder, and showed him the way to the cabin, telling him he would find the steward there to look after him. Turning round to the mate the captain says:

"'Mr. Curtis, you may man the windlass, and get the anchor away, and hoist up the jib to swing her head around.'

"In a minute all hands of us was heaving all we knew on the windlass, while the shanty-man was leading us in a regular sailor's chorus. I never hear the sailors singing their shanty songs now that they heave up their anchors and hoist their heavy sails with them steam-winches. It did not take long, I assure you, to point her head out the harbour. Just after the men had sheeted home the tops'ls, dropped the fore-course, and a man was sent aloft on each top-gallant yard to loose the sails, I heard the captain ask where that lubber of a boy was. Knowin' that it was me he wanted, I went aft and I says:

"'Here I be, sir; did you want me?'

"He told me to go down into the cabin and clear away the everlastin' mess there was there, for, says he:

"'All the cabin stores and everything else is higgledy-piggledy, so there's not floor room enough for a fly to stand on while he kisses his sweetheart.'

"I goes down into the cabin, and it was a funny looking place enough. 'Twas a little box of a concern about ten feet square, with a table against one bulkhead—what you would call a partition, sir. Two benches, one on each side of the table, were lashed to the cabin floor. Everything was chock full of boxes and bags and parcels and bottles of one kind and another, and Jim Jones, the steward, was hard at work in his little pantry trying to

find a place for his dishes, and a locker or some other spot to stow the parcels in.

"I didn't see the strange gentleman for awhile, but by-and-bye I saw him come out of a cubby hole of a state-room on the port side. That cabin and them state-rooms—there was three more like the one he came out of—wasn't a bit like the saloons and state-rooms of the big liners, like the *Etruria*. I was down in her main saloon once, sir, with a passenger. It was a lovely place, all bright with white paint and gold, and cut glass glistening in the racks, and great big looking-glasses—mirrors, I think they called them—here and there, and a beautiful pianny by one of the bulkheads. The state-rooms was nice roomy places, with plenty of light and lots of fresh air, and clean sheets and things in the bunks

"That state-room out of which the parson come—I knew he was a parson by this time from his white choker and black clothes—was a very different kind of place, I can tell you. It was scarcely six feet long, and not more than four feet wide, and was lit by what we call a deck-light—a bit of thick green glass set in the deck planks. The narrow bunk was against the brig's side. There was no side-light nor any other way to let a breath of fresh air into the stuffy little concern unless it came between some slats in the upper part of the door.

"The parson looked as if he had been sick for a long time—pale and kind of weak, you know. I pitied him, he looked so washed-out like, and says I:

"'Can I do anything for to help you, sir?' as I saw him looking around the cabin as though he was searching for something he could not find.

"He smiled at me, and says he: 'Yes, my boy, I'd be glad of a drink of water, if you could get me one, but do not leave your work for it.'

"The steward says to me: 'Go, Bill, and get the parson what he wants. Here's a jug to get some in from the cask by the long-boat.'

"I ran up on deck with the jug—they call them pitchers nowadays, I think—and brought down some fresh water and gave it to the parson, in a white mug the steward passed out to me.

"'Thank you, my boy,' says he, 'we'll know each other better by the time we get to Liverpool.'

"That's the way I began to know parson A——. We soon got fairly to sea; everybody found his place, and we had, first along, a very pleasant time. The brig was just deep enough in the water to sail well, and the old man—that's the captain, sir, begging your pardon—liked to crack on. My eye! how he used to carry sail. The masts would bend like fishin'-poles, and the windward shrouds and backstays would hum like fiddle-strings, they would be so taut. We had mostly fine weather and fair winds till we were halfway across the herring pond. Then the wind chopped round and blew half a gale from the east'ard.

"Every day the parson used to walk up and down the quarter-deck, and in the dog-watch, when all hands would be mostly on deck, he would come forrard and talk to the men and to me. On Sundays he used to get the ensign spread on a quarter-cask, and, with his Bible on that for a pulpit, would preach us a sermon. In those days he taught me to read out of the Testament—a thing I could never do before, having had no chance to go to school when I was a little chap, and not caring to go when I came to be a hunk of a lad. While he was teaching me to read he told me about my sins and my Saviour, and tried hard to get me to be a Christian. He did the same to the men—so they used to tell in the fo'castle. Some of them used to laugh about it, but some was serious like, and two or three times,

when I was lyin' awake, I heard one of them praying. Besides, sir, they almost stopped swearing in the fo'-castle and on deck.

"Well, sir, after our fair winds had turned to foul, we kept the brig close hauled, trying our best to beat to windward. It is hard and tedious kind of work, wanting to get over the road and make a quick run, all the time knowing you are slipping sideways almost as fast as you are going ahead. However, if the wind was ahead the weather was fine, and the nights was just glorious with the moonlight, and the captain, he was carrying all the canvas she would bear.

"One of them nights, during the mate's watch—I was in his watch—we was sailin' along, not minding much of anything. Our lights was up, and it was clear and moonlight. When, all of a sudden the mate sung out:

"'Let go the main braces, and haul your yards flat aback.'

"I looked up, and there was a great big steamer. Her deck was higher than our fore-yard. Then, before I could think or move, came an awful crash that made the brig quiver from stem to stern, and from keelson to truck. Would you believe it, sir? That steamer had run us down, and we close hauled on a wind. She cut right through us just by the cat-heads, carrying away all our head-gear and breaking off our foretopgallant-mast at the cap, and making an ugly hole in our bow. In a minute everyone was on deck, and everyone thought we must go right to the bottom.

"The people of the steamer did not stop to see how much damage they had done, nor to ask if they could help us. I may as well tell you now, sir, as at any time, that about four years afterwards I was in a boarding-house in Montreal, and got talking about the collision, giving the date and latitude and longitude of the place where it happened, when a man who was listening spoke up. He says:

"'I was steering that steamer when she ran you down. We thought you would all be lost, and the captain, when I rang the bell to stop the engines, and tried to bring the ship round, swore at me and told me to keep the ship on her course. You know I could not do anything else.'

"It was then for the first time I found out the name of the steamer. From other things the captain of the brig had had a suspicion about it but could not tell for sure; but we knew that two years after she struck us that same boat must have struck a big iceberg and went down with all hands—leastways that is what everyone thought happened to her.

"But I am before my story. With the rest, the parson came on deck just as he got out of his bunk. He saw everyone was frightened, and that just then he could do nothing to help, so he quietly went down into his room again, and kneeled down by the side of his bunk and began to pray. I heard him myself, for the captain sent me below to get an axe out of the cabin, and I listened a minute while the parson prayed for his wife and babies at home, and for the captain and crew of the sinking brig.

"But, sir, wonderful to say, she did not sink. She was, as I said, loaded with oil. The shock had started some of the casks to leak, and the water coming from our pump was full of oil. That oil just spread all around the brig, and we were in water without a ripple.

"The captain, as soon as he found out we would not sink at once, sent men over the bows with old canvas and sealskins, and some pieces of board to try to stop up the ugly hole in the bow. He sent another man down into the fore-peak with an axe to break in the heads of some casks that were stowed there, so that the brig's bow might be raised

higher out of the water. While we were all busy, the wind came round from the sou'west—just the wind we wanted. I believed then, and I believe still, that wind came to us in answer to the parson's prayer, and more than me believed the same thing.

"I made up my mind that night that I would be a Christian, and next day I told the parson so, and, sir, from that day to this I have tried hard to serve my Saviour. It takes a good deal to save some men. It took that collision in the middle of the Atlantic to save me. No, sir, there is no one else of that brig's crew now alive. The captain was lost on Sable Island a year or two after the steamer ran us down, and in one way or another I have heard that all the rest are gone.

"I saw in a paper about four years ago that the parson had died somewhere in Nova Scotia. He was well known, sir, in all parts hereabouts, and a good many of the oldest members of the Methodist Church in this place were converted in a revival he had here over forty years ago. Every day I live I thank God for that trip to Liverpool, for the collision and for the parson—for it was all three together that brought me to Jesus. That's the whole story, sir, and I'm obliged to you for listening to an old man's yarn."

BURLINGTON, N.S.

"MY FATHER IS THE HUSBANDMAN."

BY REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

God compass thee with favour as a shield,
Through all the season's changeful days and hours,
The changes be as to some fruitful field,
Where sun is shaded but for gracious showers,
His favour by thy strength to serve and yield,
As earth serves heaven by yielding fruits and flowers.

If biting frosts come from the bitter north,
'Tis but to fray the earth to readier mould,
'Neath leaden skies the sower goeth forth,
And fills the furrows with a weight of gold,
Though wild winds sweep and howl in threatening wrath,
The seed corn sleeps within thy heart; be bold.

There cometh soon a time when storms are still,
When all the earth is arched with sunny blue,
When thou shalt find the end of good and ill,
And how through all the harvest ripened grew;
Thy Father is the husbandman. His will
Is ever good who maketh all things new.

Since blackened roots and shapeless, withered seeds
By patient skill he brings to fairest flowers;
Since He can meet a whole world's hungry needs
By sunshine and soft winds and passing showers;
Up to what beauty and what service leads
His love, when we are His and He is ours.

AFTERWARDS.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

He received the telegram in a garden when he was gazing on a vision of blue, set in the fronds of a palm, and listening to the song of the fishers as it floated across the bay.

"You look so utterly satisfied," said his hostess, in the high, clear voice of Englishwomen, "that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast. The Riviera is charming in December; imagine London, and Cannes is paradise."

As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shining of the sun.

Her plea was that Bertie would weary alone, and that she hated travelling; but it came to him quite suddenly that this was always the programme of their holidays—some Mediterranean villa full of clever people for him, and the awful dulness of that Bloomsbury street for her; or he went north to a shooting-lodge, where he told his best stories in the smoking-room, after a long day on the purple heather; and she did her best for Bertie at some watering-place, much frequented on account of its railway facilities and economical lodgings. Letters of invitation had generally a polite reference to his wife—"If Mrs. Trevor can accompany you, I shall be still more delighted;"—but it was understood that she would not accept.

"We have quite a grudge against Mrs. Trevor, because she will never come with her husband; there is some beautiful child who monopolizes her," his hostess would explain on his arrival; and Trevor allowed it to be understood that his wife was quite devoted to Bertie, and would be miserable without him.

When he left the room it was explained, "Mrs. Trevor is a hopelessly quiet person, what is called a 'good wife,' you know.

"What can you do with a woman like that? Nothing remains but religion and the nursery. Why do clever men marry those impossible women?"

Trevor was gradually given to understand, as by an atmosphere, that he was a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife, and there were hours—his worst hours—when he agreed.

"*Cara mia, cara mia,*" sang the sailors; and his wife's face, in its perfect refinement and sweet beauty, suddenly replaced the Mediterranean.

Had he belittled his wife, with her wealth of sacrifice and delicate nature, beside women in spectacles who wrote on the bondage of marriage, and leaders of fashion who could talk of everything, from horse-racing to palmistry?

He had only glanced at her last letter; now he read it carefully:

"The flowers were lovely, and it was so mindful of you to send them, just like my husband. Bertie and I amused ourselves arranging and rearranging them in glasses, till we had made our tea-table lovely. But I was just one little bit disappointed not to get a letter—you see how exacting I am, sir. I waited for every post, and Bertie said, 'Has father's letter come yet?' When one is on holiday, writing letters is an awful bore; but just a line to Bertie and me. We have a map of the Riviera, and found out all the places you had been at in the yacht; and we tried to imagine you sailing on that azure sea, and landing among those silver olives. I am so grateful to everyone for being kind to you,

* Abridged from *McClure's Magazine*.

hope you will enjoy yourself to the
Bertie is a little stronger, I'm sure;
eeks were quite rosy to-day for him.
i his birthday on Wednesday, and I
him a little treat. The sun was
g brightly in the forenoon, and we
walk in the Gardens, and made
e that it was Italy! Then we went
ford Street, and Bertie chose a
ent of soldiers for his birthday
it. He wished some guns so much
I allowed him to have them as a
it from you. They only cost one-
xpence, and I thought you would
im to have something. Jane and he
splendid game of hide-and-seek in
'ening, and my couch was the den,
i see we have our own gaiety in
isbury.
on't look sulky at this long scribble
y, 'What nonsense women write!'
is almost the same as speaking to
nd I shall imagine the letter all the
ll you open it in the sunshine.
o smile and kiss my name, for this
with my heart's love from

"Your devoted wife,

"MAUD TREVOR.

.S.—Don't be alarmed because I
to rest; the doctor does not think
here is any danger, and I'll take
care."

telegram." It was the shat-
g of a dream. "How wicked
ne horrid person!"

hour later Trevor was in the
express, and for thirty hours
rayed one petition, that she
t live till he arrived. He twice
ged his carriage, once when an
sh party would not cease from
iage that mocked his ears, and
i because a woman had brown
with her expression of dog-like
fulness. The darkness of the
after that sunlit garden, and
nonotonous roar of the train,
the face of smiling France
ed with snow, and the yeasty
s of the Channel, and the
ing of the wind, filled his
with dread.

ll that procession of luggage at
r never come to an end? A
ch seaman—a fellow with ear-
and a ruddy face—appears
reappears with maddening re-
gularity, each time with a larger trunk. That is a lady's box, black and brown, plastered with hotel labels. Some bride, perhaps . . . they are carrying the luggage over his heart. Have they no mercy?

"Guard, is this train never to start? We're half an hour late already."

"Italian mail very heavy, sir; still bringing up bags; so many people at Riviera in winter, writing home to their friends." . . .

How cruel everyone is! He had not written for ten days. Something always happened, an engagement of pleasure. There was a half-finished letter: he had left it to join a Monte Carlo party.

Had she been expecting that letter from post to post, calculating the hour of each delivery, identifying the postman's feet in that quiet street, holding her breath when he rang, stretching her hand for a letter, to let it drop unopened, and bury her face in the pillow? Had she . . . waiting for a letter that never came? Those letters that he wrote from the Northern Circuit in that first sweet year, a letter a day, and one day two—it had given him a day's advantage. Careful letters, too, though written between cases, with bits of description and amusing scenes. Some little sameness towards the end, but she never complained of that, and even said those words were the best. And that trick he played—the thought of the postman must have brought it up—how pleasant it was, and what a success! He would be his own letter one day, and take her by surprise. "A letter, ma'am," the girl said—quite a homely girl, who shared their little joys and anxieties—and then he showed his face with apologies for intrusion. The flush of love in her face, will it be like that to-night, or . . . What can be keeping the train now? Is this a conspiracy to torment a miserable man?

A husband and wife returning from a month in Italy, full of their experiences: the Corniche Road, the palaces of Genoa, the pictures in the Pitti, St. Peter's at Rome. Her first visit to the Continent, evidently; it reminded them of a certain tour round the Lakes in 1880, and she withdrew her hand from her husband's as the train came out from the tunnel. They were not smart people—very pronounced middle-class—but they were lovers, after fifteen years.

They forgot him, who was staring on the bleak landscape with white, pinched face.

"How kind to take me this trip. I know how much you denied yourself, but it has made me young again;" and she said "Edward." Were all these coincidences arranged? Had his purgatorio begun already?

"Have you seen the *Globe,* sir? Bosworth, M.P. for Pedlington, has been made a judge, and there's to be a keen contest.

"Trevor, I see, is named as the Tory candidate—a clever fellow, I've heard. Do you know about him? He's got on quicker than any man of his years.

"Some say that it's his manner; he's such a good sort, the juries cannot resist him, a man told me—a kind heart goes for something even in a lawyer. Would you like to look. . . .

"Very sorry; would you take a drop of brandy? No? The passage was a little rough, and you don't look quite up to the mark."

Then they left him in peace, and he drank his cup to the dregs.

It was for Pedlington he had been working and saving, for a seat meant society and the bench, perhaps. . . . What did it matter now?

She was to come and sit within the cage when he made his first speech, and hear all the remarks.

"Of course it will be a success, for you do everything well, and your wife will be the proudest woman in London.

"Sir Edward Trevor, M P. I know it's foolish, but it's the foolishness of love, dear, so don't look cross: you are everything to me, and no one loves you as I do."

What are they slowing for now? There's no station. Did ever train drag like this one?

Off again, thank God. . . . If she only were conscious, and he could ask her to forgive his selfishness.

Some vision was ever coming up; and now he saw her, kneeling on the floor and packing his portmanteau, the droop of her figure, her thin, white hands.

He was so busy that she did these offices for him—tried to buckle the straps even; but he insisted on doing that. It gave him half an hour longer at the club. What a brute he had been! . . .

Huddled in a corner of the hansom so that you might have thought he slept, this man was calculating every foot of the way, gloating over a long stretch of open, glistening asphalt, hating unto murder the immovable drivers whose huge vans blocked his passage. If they had known, there was no living man but would have made room for him . . . but he had not known himself. . . . Only one word to tell her he knew now.

As the hansom turned into the street he bent forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of home. Had it been daytime the blinds would have told their tale; now it was the light he watched.

Dark on the upper floors; no sick light burning . . . have mercy . . . then the blood came back to his heart with a rush. How could he have forgotten?

Their room was at the back for quietness, and it might still be well. Someone had been watching, for the door was instantly opened, but he could not see the servant's face.

A doctor came forward and beckoned him to go into the study.

It seemed as if his whole nature had been smitten with insensibility, for he knew everything without words.

What work those doctors have to do! . . .

"An hour ago . . . we were amazed that she lived so long; with any other woman it would have been this morning; but she was determined to live till you came home.

"It was not exactly will-power, for she was the gentlest patient I ever had; it was"—the doctor hesitated — a peremptory Scotchman hiding a heart of fire beneath a coating of ice—"it was simply love."

Then the doctor sat down opposite that fixed, haggard face, which had not yet been softened by a tear.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything; perhaps it will relieve your mind; and Mrs. Trevor said you would wish to know, and I must be here to receive you. Her patience and thoughtfulness were marvellous.

"I attend many very clever and charming women, but I tell you, Mr. Trevor, not one as so impressed me as your wife. Her self-forgetfulness passed words; she thought of everyone except herself. Why, one of the last things she did was to give directions about your room; she was afraid you might feel the change from the Riviera. But that is by the way, and these things are not my business.

"From the beginning I was alarmed, and urged that you be sent for; but she pledged me not to write; you needed your holiday, she said, and it must not be darkened with anxiety.

"She spoke every day about your devotion and unselfishness; how you wished her to go with you, but she had to stay with the boy. . . .

"The turn for the worse? It was yesterday morning, and I had Sir Reginald at once. We agreed that recovery was hopeless, and I telegraphed to you without delay.

"We also consulted whether she ought to be told, and Sir Reginald said, 'Certainly; that woman has no fear, for she never thinks of herself, and she will want to leave messages.'

"'If we can only keep her alive till to-morrow afternoon,' he said; and you will like to remember that everything known to the best man in London was done. Sir Reginald came back himself unasked to-day, because he remembered a restorative that might sustain the failing strength. She thanked him so sweetly that he was quite shaken; the fact is, that both of us would soon have played the fool. But I ought not to trouble you with these trifles at this time, only as you wanted to know all . . .

"Yes, she understood what we thought before I spoke, and only asked when you would arrive. 'I want to say "Good-bye," and then I will be ready;' but perhaps . . .

"'Tell you everything?' That is what I am trying to do, and I was here nearly all day, for I had hoped to fulfil her wish.

"No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your photograph on her pillow, and some flowers you had sent.

"They were withered, and the nurse removed them when she was sleeping; but she missed them, and we had to put them in her hands. 'My husband was so thoughtful.'

"This is too much for you, I see; it is simply torture. Wait till to-morrow. . . .

"Well, if you insist. Expecting a letter . . . yes . . . let me recollect. . . . No, I am not hiding anything, but you must not let this get upon your mind.

"We would have deceived her, but she knew the hour of the Continental mails, and could detect the postman's ring. Once a letter came and she insisted upon seeing it, in

case of any mistake. But it was only an invitation for you, I think, to some country house.

"It can't be helped now, and you ought not to vex yourself; but I believe a letter would have done more for her than . . . What am I saying now?

"As she grew weaker she counted the hours, and I left her at four full of hope. 'Two hours more and he'll be here,' and by that time she had your telegram in her hand.

"When I came back the change had come, and she said, 'It's not God's will; bring Bertie.'

"So she kissed him, and said something to him, but we did not listen. After the nurse had carried him out—for he was weeping bitterly, poor little chap—she whispered to me to get a sheet of paper and sit down by her bedside. . . . I think it would be better . . . very well, I will tell you all.

"I wrote what she dictated with her last breath, and I promised you would receive it from her own hand, and so you will. She turned her face to the door and lay quite still till about six, when I heard her say your name very softly, and a minute afterwards she was gone, without pain or struggle." . . .

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face. It was the first time she did not colour with joy at his coming, that her hand was cold to his touch. He kissed her, but his heart was numbed, and he could not weep.

Then he took her letter and read it beside that silence.

"DEAREST: They tell me now that I shall not live to see you come in and to cast my arms once more round your neck before we part. Be kind to Bertie, and remember that he is delicate and shy. He will miss me, and you will be patient with him for my sake. Give him my watch, and do not let him forget me. My locket with your likeness I would like left on my heart. You will never know how much I have loved you, for I could never speak. You have been very good to me, and I want you to know that I am grateful: but it is better perhaps that I should die, for I might hinder you in your future life. Forgive me because I came short of what your wife should have been. None can ever love you better. You will take these poor words from a dead hand, but I shall see you, and I shall never cease to love you, to follow your life, to pray for you—my first, my only love."

The fountains within him were broken, and he flung himself down by the bedside in an agony of repentance.

"Oh, if I had known before! but now it is too late, too late!"

For we sin against our dearest not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine.

IN PART.

IF we could recognize the sounds
That out of silence grow,
The mighty music of the stars
Above our earth—below—
The chiming of a lily bell,
The foot-fall of the snow,—

We should hear other tones than these
In earth, and sea, and air;
The jarring sounds of pain and strife
Were more than we could bear;
For sin brought discord when it came,
And death is everywhere.

The awful depths of sin's abyss
If we could see and know,
And scale the shining heights whereto
Love, grace, and goodness grow;
Our souls would faint beneath the weight
Of rapture and of woe.

VICTORIA, B.C. —*Annie Clarke.*

AIRLIE'S MISSION.*

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Maitland of Laurieston," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"I REALLY wish those boys would come down to breakfast when it is on the table. I am sick of their irregular hours. If your father had been alive, they would not dare to be so careless. They are getting quite beyond me altogether."

It was a fretful, peevish, complaining voice, which quite prepared one to see a discontented, worried expression of face. And yet it was a sweet, kind face, if rather undecided, the face of a woman without much strength of character, totally unfitted to face the battle of life alone. Perhaps feeble health had much to do with Mrs. Keith's fretful disposition. She had long been partially invalided and there were lines of pain and weariness on her brow, and about her drooping mouth, which told their own tale. Sordid care had never touched her, it is true, but there were other troubles which had aged her before her time. She had been deprived of the love and care of a devoted and noble husband, just when her children most needed the firmness of his guiding hand. To one of her nature the desolation of widowhood was a peculiarly bitter experience, for she was totally unfitted to breast alone the tide of life.

It was a pleasant, cheerful, luxurious place, the morning room at Errol Lodge. A cheerful fire burned in the pretty grate, and a bright, ruddy glow danced on the well-appointed breakfast table, and vied with the wintry sunbeams slanting through the crimson curtains, and playing on the golden head of a young lady at the window, busy already with a dainty piece of embroidery. Janet Keith was like a picture, in that bright setting; her fair, pale, refined face, crowned by the shining plaits of her golden hair, she looked as if nothing could ever ruffle or disturb her composure. Her dress was dainty and becoming, too, a warm crimson morning gown, fitting to perfection; the linen at throat and wrists was as spotless as the snow lying on the lawn; everything about her was tasteful and harmonious: it was something of a rest to look at her after seeing the worn, fretful, unsettled look on her mother's faded face. Mrs. Keith was sitting very near to the fire, stooping over it with her thin hands outspread to the cheerful heat, her ample white wrap gathered close about her bent shoulders, as if she suffered from the chilliness of the morning air.

"Why don't you speak, Janet?" she asked, querulously, when no response came to her.

"What shall I say, mamma?" inquired Janet, in her calm, cool, sweet voice. "You know my opinions regarding Errol and Jack. They have been too long left to the freedom of their own sweet wills, and are incorrigible now."

"That is cold enough comfort. Really, I wonder why my sons should be so undutiful. Just look at George Maitland; what a comfort he is to his mother. He considers her in everything."

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"George Maitland is an insufferable prig, I think, mamma. Our boys are gentlemen at any rate; and it is natural they should wish to enjoy life. I think Marion requires a word as well as the boys. It is twenty minutes to nine, and a quarter past eight is supposed to be our breakfast hour. I have been downstairs since half-past seven, and must confess I should like a cup of coffee now."

"Well, why don't you have it? There is nothing to hinder you."

"No, but it is best to sit down as a family," said Janet, in her prim fashion. "Why, there is Marion coming up the avenue. She is reforming, surely, when she takes a constitutional before breakfast. She looks very sober, as if she had not greatly enjoyed it."

In a few seconds the breakfast-room door opened, and Mrs. Keith's second daughter entered the room, and going up to her mother's side, put her arm round her, and kissed her affectionately.

"Oh, what a cold face, child; you make me shiver!" exclaimed Mrs. Keith, drawing back. "Where have you been? What a colour you have! Quite like a milk-maid's, isn't it, Janet?"

"Rather. It is not for complexion's sake you require a morning's walk, Marion," said Janet Keith, lifting her cold, keen, blue eyes to her young sister's round, ruddy face. "I was saying to mamma you were surely turning over a new leaf."

Marion Keith pulled off her gloves and turned her head quickly away. A hasty retort was on her lips, but she repressed it, and again approaching her mother's chair, knelt down on the hearth. She was the youngest of the family, and the least spoiled. She was only seventeen, but looked young for her years, being still, as Janet often told her, an awkward school-girl. But there was something sweet and winning about her, and the deep brown eye had an earnest, tender gleam, which betokened a warm and loving heart.

"Child, your nose is as red as a carrot! Where have you been?" pursued Mrs. Keith, looking not with approval on the offending feature.

"I was out, mamma," said Marion, vaguely. "I met the postman in the Grange Road, and there is a letter for you."

"Where is it? Who is it from?"

"It is from Tahai; a black-edged letter addressed in a strange handwriting. What can be wrong?" said Marion, drawing it slowly from her pocket.

"Reach me my eyeglass," said Mrs. Keith, starting up. "I am afraid it will be bad news of your Uncle James. He was poorly last time Airlie wrote."

Marion looked on eagerly while her mother adjusted her eyeglass and broke the seal of the ominous-looking letter; even Janet suspended her work, and waited with some interest to hear the news.

"It is just as I thought, girls; your poor Uncle James has succumbed to that frightful climate at last," said Mrs. Keith, running her eye over the brief communication. "The letter is from the Rev. Mr. Balfour, who fortunately happened to be at the station when he died. This is what he says:

"'MISSION STATION,
"'TAHAI, LIVINGSTONIA,
"'*October 14th, 18—*.

"'MADAM,—It is with deep regret I have to inform you of the lamented death of Mr. Keith, which took place this morning at daybreak. Some weeks ago he was seized with fever, and as this is his third attack, there was no hope entertained of him from the first. He became conscious towards the end, and added a word of happy confirmation to the already glorious and abiding testimony of his noble and unselfish life. He is an irreparable loss to the cause and to the poor creatures among whom he has so heroically laboured and for whom he has given up so much. He will be laid to rest beside Mrs. Keith. Miss Keith is wonderfully sustained by a

loving Lord, but is physically much prostrated. As soon as arrangements can be made, she will sail for Europe. It is her only chance of restoration to health. Devotion to her father and to the cause both had so much at heart may cost her life also. With every expression of sympathy and regard,—Believe me, yours cordially,

"'WILLIAM D. BALFOUR.

"'Miss Keith will write as soon as she is able. Fuller particulars will follow. This is in haste to catch the mail.'"

"Poor Cousin Airlie!" said Marion through dropping tears. "How dreadful to be left alone in such a country!"

"I don't think Airlie minds it at all," said Janet, quietly resuming her work; "I am quite sure that if it were not for her health she would insist on remaining among those frightful heathen. She is that kind of girl. I suppose she will be coming straight here, mamma?"

"Of course, though one invalid in a house is enough; but, poor girl, we must try and be kind to her. I must not forget that her father was my John's only brother, and that he loved him very much."

"Oh, yes, he did. How often I have heard him say he would like to go out to Tahai on a visit," said Marion, softly, with a far-away, regretful look in her eyes, which told that her thoughts were with the happy past, which had been brightened by the love of the father whom she had idolized.

"It will be rather troublesome having her here just in the middle of the season," said Janet, in the same cool fashion. "Will it be incumbent upon us to refuse all invitations on her account?"

"Really, Janet, you are rather heartless," said Mrs. Keith, in feeble remonstrance. "Of course we must go into deeper mourning, and live quietly for some months. Ah! here are the boys at last."

A scrap of the tuneful *Pinafore*, sung in a deep, musical voice, with the accompaniment of a shrill whistle, indicated the approach of "the boys," as Mrs. Keith still termed her tall sons. Both were students of medicine at Edinburgh University, preparing to follow their father's profession, only as yet they had not exhibited any of his noble, earnest, self-denying spirit. Life was still play-time to them, study occupying a very minor place; and yet, as they entered the room together, big, broad-shouldered, muscular fellows, they looked as if it were quite time they were doing some worthy work in the world.

They were a handsome pair—it was not easy to know which to admire the more: Errol, with his dark, finely-featured face, piercing, dark eye, and heavy masses of dark-brown hair, or merry, fair-haired, laughing-eyed Jack, who turned everything and everybody into good-natured fun. Both were favourites wherever they went, and were much sought after by the gay, sport-loving circle of students to whom the duties of their profession were things of very minor consideration. No jovial gathering, no night's fun or frolic, was complete without the Keiths, and perhaps all their enjoyments were not quite so innocent as those who loved them could have desired.

"Really, boys," began Mrs. Keith, but in a moment she was interrupted by the incorrigible Jack—

"Not a word, mother. We sprang when we heard the first bell. Didn't we, Errol?"

"Which must have been the breakfast bell, rung half an hour ago," said Janet severely, as she folded up her work and proceeded to take her place at the table.

"*We* are not responsible for the omission of the rising bell, miss," said Jack. "Hulloa, Min, been crying, eh!" he said, turning to Marion. "You in the black books too? Never mind, we're all chums."

"Who's the letter from, mother?"

asked Errol, who, without waiting for grace or anything else, was half through with his breakfast.

"From Tahai. Your Uncle James is dead."

"Have they eaten him at last?" asked the irrepressible. "Excuse the question, mother. In the circumstances it is natural. But what *did* he die of?"

"Fever. There's the letter."

"Read you it, Jack; I haven't time; I should be off. Minnie, you might watch for the car; I'll be too late if I walk."

"Just as if you cared. How many times have you been locked out and rather enjoyed it, eh?" said Jack.

"Mother, I'll read it after. Tell us about it. What's to become of that poor little girl Airlie?"

"She's coming here."

"Here? Oh, thunder, won't that be jolly!" said Jack, glorying in Janet's disgusted look. Janet Keith could not tolerate the slang with which her brothers freely adorned their conversation, and on that very account she heard more of it; they only liked to tease her.

"There may be two opinions about the jollity," said Errol, jumping up. "From the style of her letters I would imagine she would be rather too goody-goody for this lot."

"Speak for yourself, Errol, if you please," said Janet, stiffly.

"Oh, I did not include you. I shouldn't have presumed. Nevertheless, it is possible that even with the immaculate there may be room for improvement," said Errol, rather mockingly.

"Really, children, I wish you wouldn't snap at each other like that. I am afraid Airlie Keith will find Edinburgh heathen worse to bear than African ones."

"Especially the male portion of them," said Janet, expressively; but there was no more said, for Marion shouted that the car was coming, and the boys flew out, buttoning their overcoats as they went. Then the ladies drew into the table to enjoy their breakfast and discuss in all its bearings the news the African mail had brought.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, who is to go to the station to meet your cousin?" So asked Mrs. Keith at dinner one afternoon, looking round inquiringly upon her children.

"I can't go," answered Jack, promptly. "You must, Errol; you know I have Rodger's notes to get up. I'll need to stick in all night."

"You always have a fit of study when anything is required which doesn't exactly suit you," said Errol, dryly. "Well, I suppose I'll need to go, mother. When does the train arrive?"

"About eight. You must be down in good time, for it would be dreadful for the poor girl to arrive and find nobody to welcome her."

"One of the girls had better come with me, then. It's rather stupid for a fellow to meet an unknown relation and do all the talk."

"Let me go, mamma," pleaded Marion earnestly; for somehow her warm heart was very sore for the orphan who had travelled so many thousand miles in poor health to see her father's kindred, to whom she was not so welcome as she might have been.

"Won't you go, Janet?" asked Mrs. Keith. "I think you should."

"Oh, no; if Marion wants, by all means let her go. I daresay she will know better how to speak to Airlie Keith than I. You all tell me I am too stiff with strangers."

"But Airlie is not a stranger," said Marion, quickly. "Why, we have known her all our lives by her letters."

"Ah, but it will be a different thing to meet her face to face," said Janet, dryly. "You boys will need to be on your best behaviour," she added to her brothers, "in case Airlie

thinks Edinburgh heathen worse than those she has left."

"Who's going to make any difference for Airlie Keith?" exclaimed Jack, scornfully. "If she tries the goody-goody business here, she'll find she's made a mistake."

had allowed himself to drift with the tide, content to enjoy life, and put away from him all thought of its higher meanings; but of late some whisperings of dissatisfaction had come to him. He felt himself growing older, and making no head-

AIRLIE'S ADVENT.

"Shut up, Jack," said Errol, sharply, and Jack eyed him with instant amazement. But Errol's face was perfectly sober, his eyes grave and rebuking; evidently he was in earnest.

For a long time now Errol Keith

way. He saw others who had entered the lists with him already doing a good work in the world, and making name and position for themselves. At times Errol Keith writhed in very scorn of himself, but idle habits are not easily thrown off. It

takes the hand of a giant to unbind the fetters which, with touch as light as a feather, we may have bound upon ourselves

Shortly before eight o'clock that evening, Errol and Marion Keith were pacing up and down the platform at the Waverley Station, awaiting the arrival of the London train. It was five-and-twenty minutes late, and when at last it steamed up to the platform, Marion began to tremble, and even Errol felt himself a trifle excited. There were a great number of passengers, none of whom answered to their idea of Airlie Keith. But at last, when the throng had somewhat dispersed, Errol's eyes lighted on the small, solitary figure of a girl standing at the far end of the platform, just before the luggage van, looking helpless and bewildered.

"There she is, Marion; come on," said Errol, and in a moment the pair were in front of the solitary passenger.

"Are you Airlie Keith?" said Errol, and Marion wondered to hear the gentleness of his voice.

The slight figure in its big fur wrap turned swiftly round, the small head was raised, and a pair of wonderful dark eyes uplifted themselves to the speaker's face.

"I am Airlie Keith," she answered. "You are Errol; and this, I think, is Marion. Oh, I am so glad to see you."

She extended her hand to Errol, but he put it aside, and putting one arm around her, bent his face to hers. So Errol's kiss, Errol's greeting, was the first Airlie Keith received.

"How are you, Cousin Airlie?" said Marion then, and they kissed each other; and somehow in a moment every feeling of restraint was gone.

"I wish I had come to meet you in London, Airlie," said Errol quickly, for these sweet eyes reproached him with his uncousinly behaviour.

"Oh, there was no need," said Airlie, lightly. "I assure you I am a most independent young woman, who does not even know the meaning of fear. I had a delightful journey. There was such a funny old lady in the compartment with me. If I could draw I would make a picture of her. She had such a horrified face when I told her how far I had come alone. But, there, we need not talk. Could you see after my belongings, Errol, please? It *is* so cold here."

In a very short space of time Errol had everything out of the luggage-van, and the porter carried them over to the cab-stand.

"Would you help me a little, Errol, if you please," said Airlie, at the cab door. "I have not been very strong, you know, and I can scarcely step up alone."

"I beg your pardon, Airlie; I was busy with the boxes, and did not think," said Errol, as he lifted her right into the cab. "You see, our girls are so accustomed to help themselves."

"Don't apologize. I am just a bundle of aches and pains, you know. I said to Mr. Balfour I would be ashamed to show myself before you all," said Airlie; and now that the excitement of the meeting was past, she sank back into her corner, and Errol saw that she was thoroughly exhausted. And it flashed upon him then, as it had never done before, what a terrible experience it must have been for this young, frail girl to make such a journey alone; only her bright, brave, patient spirit had sustained her to its end.

"I was not sure whether it was a wise step to come to Scotland. I am afraid I will be a burden on Aunt Marion and you all; but the longing to see you all conquered, so I am here," said Airlie, presently. "And I was practically useless at Tahai. Perhaps that was the strongest plea urged upon me to leave. It was a terrible struggle to make up my mind at first."

"It must have been," said Errol, quietly, and a sob broke from Marion's lips, and she reached out her hand and clasped Airlie's firm and close in token of her sympathy and love. It was well, perhaps, for Airlie Keith that these two were the first to meet and greet her; they were certainly the warmest hearts in Errol Lodge. Airlie seemed to feel the jolting of the cab, for she breathed a sigh of relief when it turned into Palmerston Road and swept up the smooth gravelled approach to her new home.

"They told me on the way that there was snow on the ground, but it was so dark I could discern nothing," said Airlie. "I have never seen snow. Ah! there it is! How beautiful, how unlike anything I have ever seen before."

"You will see plenty of it here, I promise you, Airlie," said Errol, grimly. "In the meantime, let me take you into the house. Shall I carry you?"

"Oh no, in case Aunt Marion should be frightened out of her wits," said Airlie, merrily, but she leaned heavily enough on the strong arm offered to her; and so they entered the house, Marion following behind. As they stepped into the hall the dining-room door opened, and Mrs. Keith, with her wraps about her head and shoulders, came out, followed by Janet.

"Aunt Marion!" exclaimed Airlie, in a quick, eager whisper, and her eyes flashed one wistful, seeking glance upon her aunt's pale face.

"How are you, Airlie? You are welcome to Edinburgh," said Mrs. Keith, and taking the girl in her arms, she kissed her kindly enough, but Airlie felt that there was something lacking. Then Janet—stately, beautiful, and calm—offered her a welcoming hand; and presently Jack came bounding downstairs, two steps at a time, and gave her hand a hearty, boyish squeeze; and so the greetings were all over.

In one swift, keen, comprehensive glance, Janet Keith had taken in her cousin's whole appearance, and had passed her mental verdict, which was not flattering to the stranger.

"The girls will take you up to your room, my dear," said Mrs. Keith. "I am a sad invalid, laid up with every breath of cold. I hope you will find everything nice. Tea is waiting, whenever you are ready."

"Very well, Aunt Marion," said Airlie, quietly, and then she turned to Errol once more, as if seeking his sympathy and help.

"Come, Cousin Airlie, and I will take you to your room," said Janet, stepping forward.

"Will you excuse me if I ask Errol to help me?" said Airlie, with her swift, pathetic smile. "I am a poor, useless thing, Cousin Janet. My back has failed me, and I cannot climb upstairs alone."

So Airlie ascended the long stair, slowly and heavily, leaning on her cousin's arm, and when she reached the landing her face was quite flushed, but they did not know that it was with pain.

"Thank you, Errol. Now, Cousin Janet, I am ready," she said, and they entered the room together. It was a cheerful, cosy corner, with a bright fire burning in the grate. Airlie looked round her with a sigh of content.

"I shall be at home here, I think," she said brightly. "I will just sit down one moment, Janet, to get my breath. Oh, dear, how weak and weary I am!"

She sank into a low chair, and leaning back, closed her eyes. The colour receded quickly enough from her face, and left it so ashen hued that Janet Keith feared to look upon it.

"Cousin Airlie, I am afraid you are very ill."

"I have been. I am on furlough on that account," said Airlie, and again that sweet, bright smile sent

a gleam upon her face. "I am all right now. Do you think I could go down to tea as I am?"

"Surely. Let me help you," said Janet, and with unusual kindness she quickly unfastened her cousin's wraps and laid them aside, then stooping down, took off her boots.

"I could sponge your face and hands if you like, Airlie. That always refreshes one."

"Oh, thanks, I can do that myself," said Airlie, rising. "Thank you, Cousin Janet" Then with a childish frankness she added, "How lovely you are! You are just like a picture."

"Oh, nonsense, Airlie!" laughed Janet, but a pleased colour stole into her fair cheek, telling that the unstudied compliment was not unappreciated.

Somewhat refreshed with the cold water, but still very pale and worn, Airlie was ready to go to the dining-room. They were all waiting for her there, and when she entered, leaning heavily on Janet's arm, they were struck by the great and almost painful contrast between them. They were almost of an age, but Janet's tall, straight, graceful figure, and clear, healthy-hued, beautiful face, made Airlie's shrinking figure and thin, sallow face, with its pathetic eyes and frame of short dark curls, look like those of a much older woman.

"Have I kept you waiting long, Aunt Marion. How very cold it is here," said Airlie, approaching the fire with unmistakable eagerness. "I feel as if I could shrink into myself."

"Take a chair, Airlie," said Jack with ready kindness, pulling a low basket lounge right up to the tiled hearth.

"Thank you; but aren't you waiting for me?" she said, with a glance at the table.

"Suppose you sit here, and I'll wait on you," said Errol, kindly. "You look as if you were starving"

"So I am; but remember, I have been accustomed all my life to the thermometer at 100°," said Airlie, laughing. "May I sit here, as Errol suggests, Aunt Marion?"

"Surely, my dear; you look frightfully ill, now that I see you," said Mrs. Keith, hardly yet recovered from the shock of the girl's fragile appearance.

"Why, there is very little of you to look at. What a morsel you are."

"There was more of me when I left Tahai, I believe," said Airlie. "But if you had been jolted in a bullock-waggon, as I was, over seven hundred miles of rocky ground, where there is no road, and scarcely a track, you might have diminished too. Oh, it was a frightful journey."

"Jolly frightful, I should say," assented Jack with energy.

"But they were so kind to me; they saved me as much as possible," said Airlie, softly.

"Who, my dear?" asked Mrs. Keith.

"The natives, father's children. Half a dozen of them came all the way to the coast with me; and sometimes, when I was very tired with the rough riding, they carried me in their arms. That was such a rest."

"They must be good creatures. I didn't think these sort of heathens had so much feeling," said Mrs. Keith.

A little tremulous smile touched Airlie's lips, but they saw her eyes grow dim.

"I will tell you about them some day, Aunt Marion," she said. "I don't think anybody will ever love me as they did; at least not with such utter unselfishness. It nearly broke my heart to see their grief, first over father's death, and then over my leaving them. And there is no one left behind to comfort them, or to keep them in the right way. There is nobody to take up the work for which papa laid down his life."

"Don't fret about it, Airlie," said Mrs. Keith, fussily. "I daresay some

of the missionary societies will look after that. They ought to, anyway, for they get a great deal of money for such purposes. Janet, is tea in?"

"Yes, mamma," said Janet. So they gathered about the table, all except Airlie, who was glad to sit still and be waited on by Errol, who seemed to like the task. And the shadow lifted from her heart a little, and she had a happy laugh and a gay jest for them all, and somehow managed to make herself the chief centre of attraction in the room. And though Jack had been too studiously inclined to go to the station, he seemed to find time to listen to Airlie's account of her voyage, and to laugh over her irresistible descriptions of its more comical aspects. Not again that night did Airlie allude to Tahai or anything connected with it. It seemed as if she could not bear to talk about it yet.

LISTENING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

SPEAK to me, Lord, I listen, O, I listen,—
Give me the words which Thou would'st have me say;
Thou know'st my lips would move but at thy bidding—
Teach me, O teach, I pray!

Lord, I am tired,—but in Thee there is resting;
And I am sorrowful,—but Thou canst cheer;
O comfort me—and let me comfort others
With the sweet words I hear:

For Thou dost gently soothe the worn and weary;
And whisper heavenly hope unto the sad—
That by the gladness which to them Thou givest
They may make others glad.

Happy the visions, Lord, which oft Thou sendest,
Of the fair land far from this world of care:
Would that these faltering lips were graced with language
To paint the glories there!

Oh, for fit words to tell of radiant mansions
Within a city shining jasper-bright:
Or speak of crystal sea, or throne resplendent
Circled with rainbow light!

Oh, for an echo of the swelling chorus
Which angel-multitudes delight to sing,
All the redeemed from earth glad voices joining,
To praise the Saviour-King!

And oh, to tell how, in the homes supernal,
Where friends long sundered meet to part no more,
Pure joys abide; and sweet, sweet rest remaineth—
Sorrow and suffering o'er!

But ah! I may not—cannot: shall the earthly
Attempt the things of heaven to portray?
Yet still I yearn to cheer the weary pilgrims
Treading life's toilsome way:

O teach me, Lord! all eagerly I listen!
With Thine own words my feeble lips endow;
Thou know'st that they would move but at Thy bidding;
Speak, for I listen now!

TORONTO.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PRAISE OF TEMPERANCE.

THE most stringent temperance legislation can result in nothing more than to make it difficult for men to obtain strong drink. It cannot be made impossible. It is always true that where there is an evil appetite evil ways for its gratification can be found. The chief benefit of temperance legislation and prohibitory law is that temptation is by it prevented from being thrust upon people; the man who is making honest efforts to reform is helped up by the law; he does not find at every corner something to pull him down; the safety of youth is also in a large measure conserved. But there are those who are joined to their idols, and who draw sin as with cart-ropes; as soon as one evil path is hedged up they will open another.

Thus it was with Ralph Kemp. Faith's warning to the liquor-seller Hill had not been effective, for Hill or her father, or both, had found a means of evasion. Faith was a girl of vigorous spirit, and when she had undertaken anything she persisted; accompanied by Kiah Kibble she went to the two other places in the little town where liquor was sold, and warned them also. Now those three places paid high license, and to protect them under that nefarious license, the druggist was not allowed to sell liquor, except as called for by a prescription. One day Faith was at the town and went into the only drug store to buy some fine white wax for her work. As she stood by the counter a man from the country was handed two bottles, each holding a quart of whiskey.

"I think," said Faith, looking the clerk in the eye, "that that is a very large prescription."

The clerk had the grace to blush.

The sight of that "prescription" made Faith uneasy. Was this the place where father got his liquor? She went across the street to try to match some floss for Letty's work, and while she sat in the store she saw her father enter the drug store. She waited a little, and returned there. Her father did not look around as she entered; the clerk did not know of their relationship, and the proprietor came from behind the screen—which hides a good deal of suspicious doings in some drug stores—and was handing her father a pint bottle of brandy. Faith stepped forward and laid her strong white hand on the evil thing just as her father was putting it in his pocket.

"You cannot have this, father."

Then to the amazed clerk: "This is my father. I have warned the saloons not to give him liquor. I did not know that I had to give a warning here also! What he buys is not for medicine, but for poison. A prescription! Who wrote the prescription? Did you? Take back the stuff. He cannot have it."

Father stood silent. He was intensely angry and deeply humiliated, but he was sober, and when sober he never forgot respect toward his daughters.

The druggist received back the bottle, then said sharply, "He owes us for ten pints, at fifty cents a pint —five dollars. Will you settle the bill, as you assert control over him?"

"No, I will not," said Faith roundly. "I do not call liquor bills just debts, any more than I call gambling debts debts of honour. Not

one of the dimes my sister and I earn by hard work shall go for this poison which is destroying as good a father and as accomplished a gentleman as ever lived! I shall go and ask Judge Blakely if this is an honest debt; if it is credible that you gave ten pints of whiskey to one man, as a prescription! Your druggist license is in some danger to-day!"

There was nothing childlike in Faith now: this was a woman, wounded and insulted, rousing in defence of her home and her kin. The druggist trembled before the wrath that blazed in the big gray eyes. Here was not a person to intimidate, but to placate. The man began to hesitate: "I didn't understand it, you see. Of course it is all a mistake, and you may make sure, miss, that I'll never sell him another drop. We'll let it go at that."

Faith went out with her father. She felt that it was her duty to the community to complain of the druggist, but then it would bring her unhappy home into just that much more notoriety, and now that the immediate excitement was over she felt abashed, and as if she wanted not vengeance but a hiding-place.

"Is this," said her father, with a voice shaking with rage, "a proper line of conduct for a young lady? What will people think of you when you usurp authority over your father and threaten druggists and make yourself so conspicuous?"

"They will think that I am my father's daughter, and am doing the best I can," said Faith bitterly.

"You are a rash and undutiful girl, and I have a mind never to go home where you are any more!" cried Kemp.

"Where will you go, then?" asked Faith, still angry.

"Into the sea — if I want to," shouted her father.

"Then you will not see Hugh when he comes home. And what about Letty? Letty has not done anything. Come—suppose you wait for me at the first milestone, and I will go and see if there are any papers for you at the school, and then we will go home and go to work, both of us."

"I won't go with you," said Kemp sullenly, "nor forgive you."

"Yes, you must, father. See now; if you cannot like me for myself, you will put up with me for Letty's sake, and for our dear mother's sake. Besides, you do like me sometimes, and you like to read Latin to me. Let us make friends and go home, and let us keep this secret and not bother Letty. Suppose we find some arbutus for her as we go over the hill. It is early in April, but the spring is early this year."

Finally they patched up a peace and went home together.

There remained yet in the village a source of liquor supply, of which Faith knew nothing, neither did Kiah Kibble. It was a low little den in the outskirts, kept by a negro, and frequented by the lowest class of negroes and whites who could not buy drink elsewhere. Hitherto father had not fallen low enough to go there; the former gentleman and scholar had yet enough native refinement to shrink from a resort so foul. But when liquor was to be had nowhere else, the overmastering passion drove him even to that fiendish place.

There would be some weeks of quiet and peace, and then an outbreak. Faith grew more moody, and longed more intensely for summer, that she might have the comfort that nature yields to hearts that love her well. Letty looked at Faith pitifully, and up to the limit of her small strength wandered with her on the beach and on the dunes, making out-of-door time pay by getting flowers, leaves, mosses, seaweeds, shells, to afford designs for her work. When work was slack Faith and Letty arranged for themselves a new industry, collecting

quantities of delicate and beautiful seaweeds, mounting them on cards, and sending them to the city for sale. They also painted little sea scenes on the inner surface of great clam shells, and sent them for sale with the weeds. In all these ways they earned money enough to keep the wolf from devouring them altogether.

Sometimes Faith's spirits would rise in the very reaction of youth and health, especially after she had had an excursion on the hills or over to the woods; then she would jest and make Letty and father—who had forgotten his grievances—laugh.

"Here now," said Faith in lively mood, standing at the table, her sleeves rolled up from her round white arms, a basin of seaweed before her, "all these cards are my little ships, to bring our fortune home—not very strong little ships, but they have to carry me a pair of shoes and a sun umbrella. There, Letty, how does that spray look? Fine, I think. As the French say, 'I'm not an eagle,' but I am a good hand at seaweeds. How many did you say you had put to press, Letty? twenty-six? There, you wolf at the door, won't that scare you away? Letty, I'm going to commit the extravagance of getting me a hat with daisies on it. What do you think of that, my dog? And what do you think of that, my cat?"

"By all means get it—and don't think so often about the wolf."

"The wolf," said Faith, "is with us a domesticated animal. Ever since I was acquainted with any zoology, the wolf shared our hearth as freely as a kitten. I have have been long hoping that he would get tired of having his head and shoulders in our door, and would go away. I have a scientific interest to see the tail end instead of the head end of this wolf. As he won't go, nor even turn around, I might as well get what fun I can out of him, Letty, by commenting on the size and shape of his jaws."

Week by week went on, and now once more the air was mild with the breath of summer, and the skies were vivid with her smile. Faith sat in her rock-bound bower and worked, and marked the sails drift by, like white clouds on the horizon line, and Letty sat by the open window, and the door, too, was open, and sometimes the bees and butterflies drifted in.

Of what was Faith thinking as she sat on the rocks? She was in the age of hope; life was strong within her; perhaps she had pleasant dreams about days to come. But Letty built her nest among the stars. Earth had little to offer her; life did not leap vigorously in her veins, but, cramped and burdened, tarried on its way as in old age. Faith's visions were full of unrest and of anxious questionings and doubts, while Letty lived in a deep interior calm. Even when father's vagaries most grieved her she had where to lay her burden down.

Faith was looking for some good in this world as it is.

Kiah Kibble was looking for the dawn of a new era here below, but Letty was looking for the days of heaven, and through her heart sang the promises: "The people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem: thou shalt weep no more: He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee." "Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the mighty One of Israel."

Sometimes the face of Faith was joyful in what of good the Lord had given her; sometimes it was heavily sad with the sorrows that had come upon her. But the face of Letty was always at peace; she dwelt near Him who is given to be a "hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a

dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is often thus with the early called, with those who are set to stay on earth but a short time, and have little in them of the earthly.

Now that it was fair weather they went to the boathouse again, and when there Kiah Kibble and Faith took counsel that Kiah should try to find out where father got liquor. "If we can only keep the stuff from him," sighed Faith.

But one day she came down to the boathouse alone, running swiftly in her excitement, panting, her cheeks aflame.

"Kiah, I can't stand it! I won't stand it! You must help me! Father came back very—bad last night. We heard him coming and went upstairs, and he went to his room and then Letty locked him in. This morning I found that he had been hunting among our little things to find something to carry off to pay for drink, but he did not seem to have taken anything. When he was asleep I went into his room and found that he had taken away his clothes—the new ones, very good yet, for he had been so careful of them — and his good overcoat—Hugh's present. Mr. Kibble, do you understand? His clothes are all gone now, but a very shabby, mended, frayed old suit. He has not a decent thing left—and—and soon people will be coming to the beach, and he is not fit to be seen. I can't stand it! I won't! I want those clothes back!"

Kiah had laid down his chisel, shaken himself free of sawdust and shavings, and was pulling on his coat.

"Miss Faith, I'll go to the town, and I won't come back without those clothes. I'll sift this out as sure as my name is Kiah Kibble!"

Darkness had gathered about the house on the beach and father was in the heavy sleep that succeeded his outbreaks, when the sisters heard a step on the shingle. Faith looked out of the window and asked:

"Is that you, Mr. Kibble?"

"Yes; and I've brought the things. It will do no hurt to let them hang here over these bushes and air to-night. I got them out of a baddish place! No need to come down, Miss Faith, I am not coming in. All safe?"

"Yes," said Faith; "and, oh, thank you so much! Where did you get them? Of course not at the druggist's. At Hill's?"

"No. I went there first and opened the matter, and Hill bluffed me and played sulky; but I said to him, 'See here, Hill, you may be mad because we kept you out of a customer, but you'd be a deal madder to know some fellow was selling liquor here right and left without paying any license and you paying a high one. Do you wink at that game?' 'No, I don't,' says he. 'Show me the man!' 'Help me to find him,' says I; 'for he's here in town, selling on the sly, and he has a suit of clothes and an overcoat that I'm after.' So Hill and the sheriff and I went to work, and by seven we ran our fox into his den; and I got out the clothes and the den is shut and the liquor confiscated, and the negro in gaol for selling without a license. So good-night, Miss Faith. I'd like to shut up one of those shops every day."

After a very wild outbreak came always the period of rebound; the pendulum swung back toward abstinence in proportion as it had oscillated toward intemperance. As in the pendulum the acceleration of motion is proportional to the sine of the displacement, so in the father's mental oscillation, just in proportion to the depth of his drunkenness was the loftiness of his temperance views when he returned to himself. His high state of virtue on the present occasion was increased by having a good suit of clothes and a well-laundered shirt to get into. It never

occurred to him to ask how the clothes which he had sold for drink came to be hanging over the footboard of his bed when he became sober.

Having delivered himself to meditation for a day, he came out as a professor of moral virtues and as the careful paternal head of the family. Shaven, neat, and well dressed, though with a hand somewhat trembling, he seated himself at the breakfast table.

"I have taken unusual pains with my dress, my daughters, for your sakes. The beauty of the weather reminds us that summer is here, and with summer will come summer guests. I do not wish you to be uneasy, my children; I know what is due to you. Faith, you can be as cheerful as you please. Rely upon me to do nothing to mar your prospects."

Faith flamed crimson. Her prospects! What prospects had she? Oh, how could he speak so? Why could she not be let alone? This was too detestable! If by chance anyone spoke to her on the beach, must it be taken for granted that she had prospects? She sprang up, ran away to her room, and there cried with vexation, disgust and mortification.

"Faith is uneven in her temperament of late," said father tranquilly to Letty. "It is said to be a sign of love."

"Please, father, do not speak so. Faith and I cannot think of such things," remonstrated poor Letty.

"And why not?" demanded father.

"Because I am prohibited by my misfortunes, and Faith by your fault!" said Letty, exasperated in behalf of her sister. And that was the severest thing Letty ever said to her father.

"*Sed redeo ad formulam,*" said father magisterially. "I shall do nothing to mar Faith's prospects. She shall be made happy in spite of herself."

"Father, promise me you will not interfere—you will not take things for granted; you will not — you will not be talking to Mr. Julian if he comes here!"

"No, Letty; surely not. It is not needful for you to instruct me in the proprieties of life. No; I will do nothing; for Ennius reminds us: 'An ill-done good, I judge an evil deed.' Do not be alarmed. I surely have your sister's happiness more at heart than you have. Come, Letty, call your sister down to help you, and then seat yourself by the open window. I will go out and bring you a bouquet. Air, light, the wild-flowers are to us free gifts of God. What more do we wish? Our home is lowly, our lot is poor; but with free minds the universe is ours. 'For what in human affairs,' says Cicero, 'may seem great to him to whom all eternity and all the magnificence of the universe is known?' In the realm of thought, my child, we may reign as kings. Happy is the mind fed on the marvels of nature and the glorious developments of philosophy; happy the heart like yours, my child, at peace with itself; happy the young maid, like your sister, whose beautiful face reflects a beautiful mind."

After a day or two, the sisters, as usual, fell in with father's changed state, and listened without amazement or irritation while he praised self-control, self-sacrifice, family love, prudence, charity, temperance — all the virtues. He should in that state have been a professor of morals.

When Faith grew weary of the house she could now go to the rocks, with the better grace that father was as pleasant as could be wished, and was making himself agreeable to Letty in the house. So to her granite throne went Faith, and, cheered by the beauty that was all around her, smiled and sang.

Letty and father walked down there to call her home to tea. They saw her as they came, her shining

golden hair lit by the sunset against the cold gray rock, her face and figure so full of bloom and life and beauty, like an arbutus blossom upon the dull stone. And they heard her singing a verse that she loved:

> "And I thought I heard Him say,
> As He passed along His way,
> 'O silly soul, keep near me,
> My sheep should never fear me;
> I am the Shepherd true.'"

It made Letty think of the angels singing in heaven.

And when June was yet in its first flush of beauty, one day the merry shouts of a little boy echoed up the sands, and Richard Parvin thrust his bonny countenance into the door of the house on the beach.

"Is that you, Miss Letty? Where is my mermaid? Down at the rocks? There, then, that old Kenneth has got ahead of me! He went to the rocks and I came here, to see which should be first. Oh, dear!"

"Do you want to be first?" said Letty with a benevolence that Kenneth might have called malevolence. "Then run across the edge of the dune, just where you see a little path, and it will take you to the rocks the shortest way and you will be first after all."

Away bounded Richard; but perhaps he did not find the right path, for when he reached the grotto there sat Faith making lace, and there sat Kenneth on a boulder trying to be agreeable.

But Richard got much the warmer reception, if that was any comfort to him. As for Kenneth—

"I'm afraid you'd not have spoken at all to me, Miss Faith, if you had not hoped for news from your brother."

"Oh, yes; maybe I might," said Faith, carelessly.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTY HAS HER HANDS FULL.

Of all King Arthur's knights, Sir Galahad was the one to whom self-control was the easiest,—because he had always exercised it. To him the restraint of the passions had become a second nature; "I could" was yokefellow to "I should," and upon them "I would" waited duteously. But while the habit of right-doing so upbuilds character that living nobly becomes easiest, and to do evil would be the more difficult, so self-indulgence makes every demand of appetite more imperious, yielding to evil becomes the habit of the mind, and to deny one's self is a herculean task beyond the effort of the weakened will. Of those whom continued indulgence in a vice has made moral weaklings, unable to dwell for any length of time in the strong, bracing air of the regions of virtue, Ralph Kemp was a notable example. Each hastening year made him less able on any terms to govern his depraved desire for strong drink. It was idle for him to say to his proud young daughter that to spare her mortification he would conduct himself with decency while strangers were near. He was soon scheming that he might drink a little, and no one know it; that he might drink all that he craved and keep out of sight; he argued as if he were capable of leaving off when once he had begun, or as if, when possessed by his demon, he could rule its manifestations.

It is true that there are men of such vigorous mental temperament that at any point in a career they can say "I will not," and abide by their own decree. We have known of cases where there was that much iron in the blood. Ralph Kemp was made of other material; and being of that weaker mould he insisted upon considering himself strong and relying upon himself. That was what discouraged his daughters. He never in his efforts reached higher than his own level; he never took hold of the Strong One for strength.

Letty took a little courage from

the thought that perhaps now her father would not be able to get drink anywhere.

"Don't you believe it," said Faith angrily. "The devil doesn't mean to be outgeneraled by Kiah Kibble and a girl. We have frightened the druggist, warned the licensed saloons, and shut up the one that had no license. Do you think we are to be left to enjoy the fruits of victory? There will be some other little sneaking den opened where least it is expected. Our only hope is that father will want to stay sober for a while."

"Well, for poor Hugh's sake I hope father will stay sober while Mr. Julian and his aunt are here, for Hugh may question Mr. Julian closely when he goes home, and we should hate for him to have a shameful story to tell. But as far as you and I are concerned, it is no worse for us to see our father doing wrong one time than another, is it, Faith?"

"No; I suppose not," said Faith.

"I hope Mr. Julian will not come up here as often as he did last summer. Can't you—stop it, Faith?" continued Letty.

"Why, girl, I don't own the beach."

"I'm afraid you are the one that makes this end of the beach more attractive than the other," suggested Letty.

"You don't want me to scowl and say sharp things to our brother's friend, do you?" demanded Faith.

"O Faith, you know what I mean," cried poor Letty in despair. "We are not situated as other girls are. We must do differently. I ought to watch over you; I am the eldest, you know, but you are an awfully hard girl to be a mother to!"

Then Faith sank down on her knees beside the chair of her little elder sister, and hugged the pathetic creature to her heart; her strong, round, white arms clasped Letty firmly; she laid her lovely young face on poor Letty's deformed shoulder, and she protested that Letty was the dearest little woman in all the world, and they should never be parted, but live together all their days.

But she did not say that she would sit no more on the rocks chatting with Kenneth Julian. Why should she say it? Why not let a little gleam of brightness, a brief vision of the big, brilliant outer world, into her shadowy and contracted existence? Suppose she kept strictly at the house, immuring herself in summer as in winter, what good would it do? If she kept away from the rocks, Kenneth would come up to the house and sit on the threshold; and it was much pleasanter at the rocks. The blue bending skies, the broad shifting opal of the sea, the huge boulders, flung together when the echo of the song of the morning stars yet pealed through heaven, were all so much better environment than the shabby little house on the beach.

Letty sighed: Letty sighed often nowadays; she sighed over her father; she sighed over Faith; they were all numbered, those sighs; their sum total was told above, and when the last sigh was breathed, then divine rest should enter Letty's soul and a blissful satisfaction be hers in the city of her God.

Faith, watching her father, detected the signs of relapse. "Father," she said, "you know what you promised; you said on Hugh's account, so that Hugh should have no sad news to hear, you would be very careful and not drink any while Mr. Julian is at the beach."

"I never said a word about Hugh —I said on your account."

"Whichever account it was, you promised to be good. Now you know if you stop working, if you begin to go over to the town, there will be trouble. Won't you keep your word, father? It seems as if I should die of shame if I saw you coming home wild and noisy, not

knowing what you were doing. Do, father, take some pride in yourself. Bring those books down to the rocks and read to me while I work, and let us talk about them."

"Kenneth Julian will be there."

"Let him! He will enjoy your talk just as much as I do. I am so proud of you when you read and translate your Latin books and comment upon them, and trace their influence on English literature. Come down there with me, father. I would much rather you did. I don't like to sit there alone—as if—as if I were waiting for people, when I am not, but have always been there the six years that we have lived here; and I hate to stay cooped up in the house. Now, father, you can make beautiful nets and hammocks. I'll order the twine, and you come there and make a net while I work lace, and we'll have a book or two and we can read and discuss a little, and at noon I will run up to the house for Letty and the dinner, and it will be a real family party. Then if anyone else wants to come and sit there and talk, let him—we won't mind. Do try it. I really would like it so much better that way."

Father allowed himself to be persuaded. He sat by Faith, netted several times across a hammock, and discussed to Kenneth the De Senectute.

But appetite was dragging at father as if it had cast mighty lines about him, and was pulling him toward the foul den where he could obtain its indulgence. The tenderness of Letty, the deference of Faith, the attention paid by Kenneth, the reassertion of what little manhood he had left were all feeble compared with the demands of a depraved appetite. To what a hideous bondage do the sons of Ephraim submit their souls!

"If you go to the town, you will be lost," said Faith. "When you get where you can see or taste liquor, all is ended with you. Stay here, father. If I were you, I'd rather cut off my feet than have them carry me to ruin and shame!"

Oh, vain remonstrances and vainer cares!

Letty was in her usual seat by the window. She was embroidering a table-cover. Mrs. Parvin had been to see her and had brought her several well-paid orders from city friends. Mrs. Parvin had been very, very kind, but Letty felt that Mrs. Parvin had questioned her rather closely about Faith, and that she had cast anxious glances, as became a wise aunt, toward the rocks where might be seen the top of Kenneth's cork helmet.

Letty's thoughts were called from Faith by other cares. As she sat and wrought crimson poppies and yellow heads of wheat, Kiah Kibble's boy came running up.

"Miss Letty! Mr. Kibble ain't down by the boathouse to-day. He's gone over to the yard for lumber."

"Well, what of that?"

"Your—father's down there, miss."

"Is anything the matter?" asked Letty, sticking her needle in the stem of a poppy and rising prescient of evil.

"He's awful—full—an' there's two boys there gaming at him, an' I'm afraid he'll rouse mad and do something. An' 'sides, Kiah's 'fraid to have him there when he's drunk, lest he'll get things set afire. 'Tain't safe, Miss Letty, long o' shavin's an' all."

"Run back quickly. I'll come right along and get him home."

And then poor Letty looked toward the rocks. The day was gray, and near the sea, below the grotto, Letty saw seated on the shelving sand her beautiful sister working at her lace, and not far from her Kenneth Julian half reclining on a swath of seaweed; and the two were laughing and chatting merrily together. A mother love for both helpless parent and beautiful sister tugged at Letty's heart. She must go to her

father, and yet she did not want to go off and leave Faith alone.

She stood in the doorway and called her: "Faith! Faith!"

Faith left her work on the beach and came running to the house. The pocket of her white apron was full of French bonbons. It generally was when Kenneth was around; he seemed to consider them her proper diet. As she ran up, Faith took out a handful of candies and held them toward her sister.

Letty took them absently and laid them on the window ledge.

"Faith, it's been of no use. Father's —broken out again. Jerry came for me. He is at the boathouse—and some boys are plaguing him, and Kiah is away. I must go for him."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No; you know he lets me lead him, but he always acts worse if you are around. Besides, if you come, Mr. Julian will offer to come too, and I wouldn't have him see him for anything."

"No."

"But — I don't want to go and leave you down there," Letty said; "it doesn't look just right. Won't you stay up here at the house?"

"Then he'll come up here!"

"Not if you tell him not to. Faith, people will talk if you let him be here so much. Go and get your work and tell him you will be busy the rest of the day."

"Why should I? There's no harm in it, and no pleasure in staying here in this hot little house! I sha'n't enjoy sitting here and listening to father playing the madman in his room. Why are you so absurd, Letty? I'll change our seat round to behind the rocks, and then he'll be sure not to see father when he comes in. I might as well try to distract my mind from father's horrid ways by talking of Hugh and of pleasant things."

"But, Faith, we cannot be like other girls. We are poor and he is rich. Our mother would have said we had better keep by ourselves. We are a drunkard's children, and we cannot afford to have people talk about us. We have no one to defend us."

"We don't need defending," said Faith. "You are too absurd about me, Letty. Go and get father, if you must. The beach is mine and I mean to sit there."

"NEAR HOME."

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

"NEAR home!" A little while,
And then the heavy shadows, one by one,
Shall fall and fade away, as mists from sun,
Before the Father's smile.

"Near home!" The weary way
Is almost ended, and the tired feet
Shall tread the pleasant pastures, green and sweet,
Where quiet waters play.

"Near home!" The pain-brimmed years,
The long and sleepless nights, are almost o'er;
Anguish and care shall touch thee nevermore,
Heaven has no place for tears.

"Near home!" Outside the gate,
And glory-glimpses thrill thee waiting here;
Soft music falls upon thy listening ear—
Is it not sweet to wait?

"Near home!" Soon shall He come,
The Saviour dear, thy heart's beloved and best;
And He shall lead thee, satisfied and blest,
Through the bright portals, "Home!"

VICTORIA, B.C.

REV. DR. THOMSON,*

Author of "The Land and the Book."

REV. W. M. THOMSON, D.D.

THE Rev. Wm. M. Thomson, D.D., whose death occurred last year at Denver, Colorado, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, was born at Springdale, Ohio, December 31st, 1806. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary in 1829, but left in 1831 before graduation, and went to Syria as a missionary of the American Board in 1832, arriving at Beyrout February 24th, 1833. He was actively connected with mission work in Syria for a period of forty-three years until 1876, when he left Syria, and after a sojourn in Scotland returned to the United States. Until 1870 he was connected with the American Board. Since that date Dr. Thomson's official connection has been with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, until his final retirement in 1876. Since his return he published in 1880-86 the enlarged edition of "The Land and the Book," a work which has been of great value and service to all lovers of the Bible, and with which his name will always be identified.

His father, Rev. John Thomson, and also his mother, were of Scotch-Irish descent, and removed to Ohio from Kentucky when Cincinnati was only a fort.

Dr. Thomson married Miss Eliza Nelson Hanna, of New York, before his departure for Syria. Mrs. Thomson died in 1834. He subsequently married the widow of a former English Consul in Syria, who also died a few years before Dr. Thomson finally left Syria. The circumstances of the death of his first wife were tragical. It happened that soon after his arrival in Beyrout he went in 1834 to Jerusalem. It was at the time of the disturbances incident to a rebellion against the iron rule of Mohammed Ali. Dr. Thomson had occasion to leave Jerusalem for a short journey. During his absence he was arrested and imprisoned by Ibraham Pasha, who could not be made to understand the function of a missionary, but took him for a spy. While Dr. Thomson was thus detained, Ibraham Pasha marched upon Jerusalem, and, taking advantage of an earthquake, assaulted the city and captured it. Mrs. Thomson, with her infant in her arms (now the well-known Dr. William H. Thomson, of New York), took refuge in a vault. A falling stone nearly crushed the babe. Mrs. Thomson soon after became delirious and was found in this state by Dr. Thomson on his return to Jerusalem. She died while still delirious and was buried at Jerusalem.

Dr. Thomson returned to Beyrout, where he resided during most of his missionary life in Syria. He participated in many stirring scenes during the civil wars of 1841, 1845 and 1860. In the war of 1845, through his personal influence and courage, the village of Abeih, filled with refugees, was saved from a massacre. Dr. Thomson was himself shot at while carrying a flag of truce. In the disturbances

* The portrait which accompanies this article is from *Harper's Weekly*, by courtesy of Mr. Sandham, Editor of *The Faithful Witness*.

of 1860 he co-operated with Lord Dufferin, representing the Allied Powers, in adjusting the difficulties of that delicate situation. He acted as Chairman of the Relief Committee, organized to meet the emergency. He was a tower of strength to the mission amidst the many difficulties and perils of the early heroic period of missionary effort in Syria. He was a man of large and statesmanlike views, calm judgment, undaunted courage, great practical wisdom, and an efficient organizer. He held a position of commanding influence among natives of all classes. One of the leading peculiarities of his missionary life was his kindly spirit towards the natives, and his success in adapting himself to the life of the country, and in winning the affection and confidence of the people. Syria is a field in which pioneer work has always been attended with peculiar difficulties. Dr. Thomson has at different times opened and established stations at new points with remarkable success.

In his private life he was a man of genial and lovely qualities. His missionary aims were large and comprehensive, his devotion to duty untiring, and his religious views were characterized by strength of conviction, liberality, and the best of common sense. For many years he preached continuously at Beyrout both in Arabic and English. He took a prominent part in organizing the great educational work of Syria, as represented chiefly at the present time by the Syrian Protestant College, and the fine institutions for the education of girls.

He is known, however, in this country, and even throughout the world, as an author rather than a missionary. It was stated before the Commission of the British Parliament on international copyright that the circulation of "The Land and the Book" in Great Britain had been larger than any other American publication, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" alone excepted. It is characterized by a peculiar charm of style, and a freshness and vividness which gives it special value as a commentary upon the Scriptures. The reader feels as if he were coming into living contact with the scenes and incidents of the Bible, presented with a fidelity and insight which were realistic. His later edition of the book was written with care, in the light of modern discoveries. Dr. Thomson was also a contributor to many periodicals in the same line of vivid and luminous illustration of the Bible.

Such a life has been of inestimable value not only to missions, but to the cause of popular biblical instruction. It is a worthy example of the varied and unique service often rendered by missionaries, the true significance and power of which are not always recognized. Dr. Thomson suffered from a paralytic trouble during the latter years of his life, but his mental condition was natural and clear. The end came suddenly and he passed peacefully and tranquilly away. —*The Faithful Witness.*

WAIT.

WAIT thou His time, dear heart, be still:
The frowning clouds that darken now
Thy lonely desert way
Shall brighten into day,
And then how wondrous bright 'twill be—wait thou!

Can I afford to wait? O yes;
'Tis better further on, I know,
Than it doth now appear.
When all these mists shall clear,
We'll reap in joy, though now in tears we sow.

Wait in the Lord, His strength is thine,
"For as thy day thy strength shall be,"
The gracious promise sure
Forever shall endure,
And in His might ours is the victory.

Wait on the Lord, as servants wait
The approving smile, the counsel meet
Of those they gladly serve
And every wish observe,
On whose commands they run with willing feet.

Wait for the Lord, His time is best;
The endless years are His, for here,
In much confusion, we
The "tangled ends" but see;
But there the full-wrought pattern shall appear

Of God's great finished temple; now
We but the scaffolding behold,
But all the grand design
Shall out in glory shine,
Nor half its beauty ever can be told.

—*J. B. B.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

In Calcutta, India, there is the largest increase in membership ever known.

The net connexional increase is: full members, 4,253; junior members, 2,196; candidates for the ministry, 126. The increase in the New Zealand Conference amounts to 7,380.

The Methodist May meetings were all of more than ordinary interest. The Rev. John Watson, better known as "Ian Maclaren," preached one of the missionary sermons.

An increase of income of more than $12,500 for the Children's Home is reported. Archdeacon Farrar, with his usual fraternal spirit, gave the use of his church for a special service on behalf of this noble institution.

The ordinary income is $17,970 more than last year, but it is still $8,250 below the expenditure, although there had been retrenchments which exceeded $10,000. The debt of the Society is $152,390. Some forty English and 112 Eurasian women are employed by the Woman's auxiliary.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Foreign Missionary Society at the close of the year reported a deficit of $386,336.

In Washington, D.C., Methodism leads in the number of churches, there being twenty-six.

The Ohio Wesleyan University has in preparation for work, or in the work, seventy missionaries.

The First Church, Chicago, has paid for church extension in that city, in twenty-nine years, $502,800.

One in seven of all the Japanese on the Pacific coast are members or probationers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The *Epworth Herald* has a circulation of eighty-five thousand copies, the profits of which for the past year amount to $6,000.

There are two Swedish Conferences in the United States and forty thousand church members. There are sixteen Swedish churches in Chicago.

Bishop Thoburn says the largest number of high-caste converts are recorded in those districts where there are the largest number of low-caste converts.

The Bareilly Theological Seminary (India) has sent out 235 regular graduates of a three years' course, and a grand total of 505 who have been trained there.

A presiding elder writes from Colorado: "I have travelled by cars, stages and bicycles since June, 1894, 9,826 miles. That is an average of about 550 miles a week."

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has thirteen hospitals and dispensaries, and ministers to about fifty thousand women through its medical missionaries.

Drew Theological Seminary library contains over five thousand volumes relating to Methodism, also three thousand pamphlets and many unpublished manuscripts. The entire library contains 31,770 volumes.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The *Methodist Review* (quarterly), under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Tigert, registered an increase of 1,200 subscribers since September.

Methodist New Connexion.

Several circuit meetings in aid of the Centenary Fund have been held, at which large sums have been subscribed.

Primitive Methodist.

The South Australian Conference has voted emphatically in favour of Methodist union on the basis agreed to by the Wesleyan and other Churches in the colony.

The venerable Thomas Bateman, a member of the Deed Poll, is ninety-five years of age, and often preaches on special occasions. He was a close friend of the founders of the Connexion, and for many years was a leading debater in the Conference. The present writer heard him preach fifty-four years ago.

Bible Christian.

Evangelistic services have been very successful in Exeter district. In some instances as many as fifty persons professed conversion.

The Methodist Church.

The New York *Advocate* declares that Dr. Dewart composed the best short poem elicited by the death of Tennyson.

Mr. H. A. Massey has given $1,000 to the Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn. He also endowed a bed by a gift of $5,000.

At the Coqualeetza Institute, Chilliwhack, there are now eighty-two children. One of the boys wants to be a missionary.

The Michael Fawcett prize on Methodist hymnology was won by Mr. H. B. Christie, a student from Guelph Conference.

The baccalaureate sermon by Chancellor Burwash, at the convocation exercises of Victoria University, was one of his best efforts.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. H. J. Pope, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference; Revs. Prof. Wallace, John Potts, and Osborne R. Lambly.

The Rev. A. C. Crews has been appointed Sunday-school and Epworth League Secretary. He is eminently fitted for the position—one of unique influence, not surpassed in power for good by that of any officer of the Church.

The Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal has had a successful year. The Endowment Fund has reached $70,000. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., and "was one long to be remembered." The following received the degree of D.D., Rev. I. Tovell, Hamilton; J. Scott, M.A., Berlin.

The missionary spirit is evidently alive among the students at our colleges. More than sixty hold themselves in readiness to engage in mission work. What a tremendous responsibility rests upon those who possess the means to replenish the treasury whereby the young brethren could be sent forth to reap a grand harvest for Christ.

The Deaconess Association of Toronto Conference was at first regarded by many as unnecessary, but these prejudices have been greatly weakened, if they are not wholly extinct. During the past year the services of the ladies have been in great requisition. Their visits to the abodes of the sick and dying have been greatly appreciated.

The sorrow of thousands was turned into joy when news reached the Mission Rooms that the missionary vessel *Glad Tidings*, which had been so long missing, was not lost, but had become disabled and therefore detained, while on her voyage to Victoria, British Columbia. All on board, including nine missionaries, had reached their destination in safety.

The Missionary Executive have had considerable anxiety respecting the mission in Japan, which has occasioned a great amount of correspondence with the missionaries. Rev. F. A. Cassidy who has done good service in that field, thought that he had been injured by the course adopted, but the Executive assures him that no injury has been inflicted upon him; his character and ministerial status are blameless. An answer has been sent to the communication from the missionaries who had intended to resign, and hopes are now entertained that harmony will be restored, and the work will again be prosperous.

The Book-Room at Toronto has done a large volume of business during the past year, notwithstanding the general depression which is felt everywhere. There was a large increase in the number of subscribers to the *Guardian*, but as the price had been reduced to one dollar the income was below last year. The other publications more than held their own, so that a grant of $7,500 was made to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, a larger amount than was ever given in any previous year.

A very appropriate resolution was adopted acknowledging the services of Dr. Dewart as Editor for twenty-six years. All the members of the Book Committee expressed their hope that the Doctor would enjoy himself in his visit to the Methodist Conferences of the Old World. He will be followed by the earnest prayers and best wishes of thousands.

Items.

Sixty-five Protestant missionary societies are at work in India. There are 560,000 native Protestants—an increase of 150,000 in a decade.

During the late Japan-Chinese war, the Bible Society has distributed, through its agency in Japan, thirty thousand copies of the Gospels among Japanese soldiers and sailors.

The converts in the Samoan islands have given as much as $9,000 in one year to the work of missions. The Fijian Christians contributed $5,000 a year to the same cause, and the Church in the Friendly Islands numbers 30,000 and gives $15,000 a year.

Dr. A. T. Pierson says: "In 1866, when I was first in Europe, I could not carry a copy of the Bible inside the walls of Rome. Last year (1893) there were twenty-nine Protestant chapels in the city of Rome and preaching openly carried on in them with impunity."

In Japan there 226 male and 210 unmarried female missionaries (including wives), a total of 625; there are 134 stations, 750 out-stations, 364 organized churches, 3,422 adults baptized in 1894, total adult membership 39,240: theological students 353; native ministers 258; contributions of native Christians (1894) about $35,000.

The revered authoress, "A. L. O. E.," who went to India as a missionary and died in December 1893, was buried at her own request without a coffin. The funeral of the Rev. F. Sandford, of the Delhi Mission, cost only about five shillings, and so in many places missionaries are striving to dispossess the minds of converts of the notion that a Christian's funeral ought to cost a quarter's income, which it often has done.

At the great examination held at Wuchang last year twelve thousand literary candidates competed. The Central China Religious Tract Society gave a package of books and tracts to each candidate before he left the examination hall. Only a few refused them. At Nanking no less than forty-five thousand Christian books, or tracts, or portions of the Scriptures, were likewise given to a still larger number of literary candidates, and most of them were accepted.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. W. Hall, M.A., of Montreal Conference, finished his earthly course early in May, under very painful circumstances. For several years he was afflicted with intense mental depression. During one of those seasons he committed the fatal deed which cast a gloom not only over his own family, but over thousands by whom he was beloved as a singularly saintly man. Few men displayed more of the spirit of meekness. He was a most perfect Christian gentleman. Never robust physically, he occasionally travelled abroad for the benefit of his health. For the last eight years he resided in his native city, first as a pastor and then as principal of the French Institute.

The Rev. James C. Slater was a superannuated minister and a member of Toronto Conference. He closed his eyes in death May 15, 1895. For forty-nine years his name occupied a place on the ministerial roll, though for the last thirteen years he had been a cripple from inflammatory rheumatism. Occasionally he was wheeled into Sherbourne Street church in an invalid's chair, when he always greatly enjoyed the services. Mr. Slater was a minister in the third generation, his father and grandfather both having served the Church in the same capacity. He had the advantage of being a pupil at Kingswood School, England. We next find him an apprentice to the firm of Samuel Budgett, "the Successful Merchant." His early training made him an expert in financial matters. His affliction was endured with great patience and resignation. Those who visited him felt assured that he was ripening for heaven. The writer of these lines was a neighbour of Mr. Slater's for two years, and delights to record his tribute of praise to the memory of his sainted friend.

WAITING.

I am waiting for the coming of the bridegroom in the air,
I am longing for the gathering of the ransomed over there,
I am putting on the garments which the heavenly bride shall wear,
For the glad home coming draweth nigh.

Oh! the glad home coming. It is swiftly drawing nigh,
Oh! the sad home longing will be over by-and-bye.
"Lo! the Bridegroom cometh," holy watchers soon will cry,
For the glad home coming draweth nigh.

Book Notices.

Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America. 8vo. Pp. 674. Montreal: Lovell & Son. Price, $4.00.

We are glad in this Dominion Day number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE to review such a thoroughly patriotic enterprise as Lovell's new "Gazetteer of British North America." The first prerequisite to an intelligent patriotism is some acquaintance with the magnificent country which in the providence of God is our national inheritance. Comparatively few of us can traverse it from end to end, and none of us can by any possibility visit the nearly twelve thousand places described in this book.

The earlier edition of Lovell's "Gazetteer" we have used for years and found of exceeding value. This is much enlarged in size and scope and will be still more useful. Where we have tested it in some out-of-the-way places we have found it exceedingly accurate. It contains the latest and most authentic descriptions of over 8,900 cities, towns, villages and places in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, the Northwest Territories and Newfoundland, and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, etc., of over 2,980 lakes and rivers.

A department of special value is the 120 pages of table of routes showing the proximity of the railroad stations and sea, lake and river ports, to the cities, towns, villages, etc., in the several provinces. As showing the development of Canada during the last fourteen years it may be stated that the "Gazetteer" contains the names of 1,400 more places, and 1,600 more lakes and rivers, than in the edition of 1881. The compilers believe that they have included absolutely every place in the country, large and small, which is dignified with a name.

Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda. By MRS. J. W. GRAHAM, illustrated by J. W. BENGOUGH. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

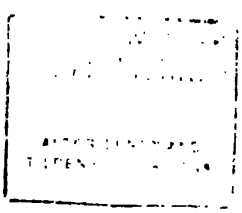
We heard a competent critic state that these graphic sketches are as good in their way as the world-famous ones of S. R. Crockett, author of "The Stickit Minister." This is high praise, but we judge not too high. The Methodist preacher who keeps his eyes open has an incomparable opportunity for the study of life and character. Still more is this true of the Methodist preacher's wife if she be a woman of keen perception with some vein of humour, as is conspicuously the case in the accomplished writer of these etchings. The hereditary talent of the Jeffers family is conspicuously shown in these clever sketches. This book, we predict, will be read with keenest zest in many a Methodist family. The preachers and their wives will especially enjoy it. Mr. Bengough's inimitable sketches bring out admirably the points of the story.

Songs of the Pines. By J. E. CALDWELL. Toronto: William Briggs.

Under the admirable title "Songs of the Pines," Mr. Caldwell brings out a volume of Canadian verse of more than ordinary merit. The themes are thoroughly Canadian, with descriptions of photographic fidelity, and studies of Canadian life and character. There is a sturdy patriotic ring about the poems. The longest is a story of fifty pages, of the Ottawa valley, and has exquisite touches of pathos and beauty.

Introduction to the Study of the Gospel of St. John, together with an Interlinear Literal Translation of the Greek Text of Stephens, 1550, with the Authorized Version Conveniently Presented in the Margin for Ready Reference. And with the Various Readings of the Editions of Elzevir, 1624, Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford and Wordsworth. By J. P. MACLEAN, PH.D. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company. Price, $1.50.

The Gospel of St. John is the great battle-ground of biblical critics. Many have boldly asserted that its claims are inferior to the Synoptic Gospels. Every lover of the Bible should be thoroughly informed upon all points connected with this Gospel. It is regarded by some learned critics as the key to the New Testament. No one can understand the Bible without a thorough knowledge of St. John's Gospel. It is the Gospel of Gospels. No writing combines greater simplicity with more profound depths. This introduction to its study is specially designed to meet every requirement of the devout believer in its authenticity. The Greek text, with its interlinear translation and various readings by learned critics, will prove valuable both to the scholar and to him who is not versed in the Greek language.



VIEW OF BROUSSA FROM CITADEL.

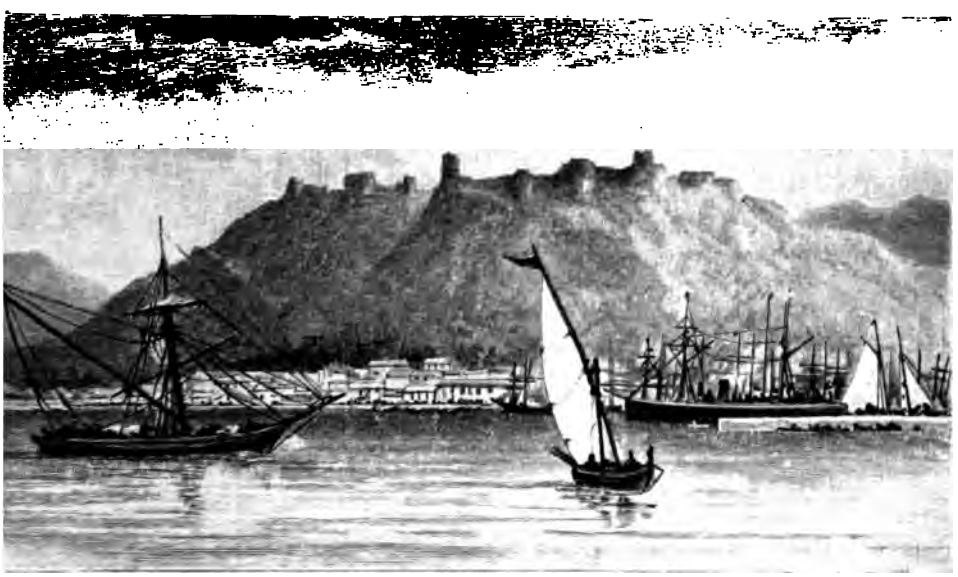
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1895.

IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

SMYRNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.



SMYRNA AND MOUNT PAGUS.

EARLY on Saturday morning our good ship glided into the magnificent harbour of Smyrna, the largest and most important city of Asia Minor. It occupies a most magnificent position, backed by an amphitheatre of mountains, its fertile plain covered with richest foliage. Its crowded shipping and splendid quay give the city quite a European character; but as we penetrate its interior and visit its suburbs, it becomes strikingly Oriental. Not at either Cairo or Constantinople is such a variety of tongues spoken; no less than seventeen different languages are in use. I saw signs in Turkish, Armenian, Hebrew, French, Italian and English. The commerce of Smyrna is very extensive, chiefly cotton, figs and other fruit, silk, opium, liquors, sponges, Turkey carpets and rugs, leeches and attar of roses.

We visited the quaint Cathedral of St. Photinus, and the Armenian church, where the strange service of that ancient sect was in progress. The spacious church was situated in

a great court surrounded by ancient sculptured monuments, one of which was an English tomb, of date 1636, with the inscription, "Here lyeth interred the body of Christian Moyer." I noticed the names of "Polycarp" and "Homeros" Streets. The crowded thoroughfares presented a very remarkable pageant; heavily burdened camels, kowasses in gorgeous jackets with baggy trousers, and great red girdles,

SMYRNIOTE LADIES.

in which were a perfect arsenal of weapons. The principal industry of a large number of the people seemed to be begging. They would pause with outstretched hands, without a word, when the porters stationed at the great stores would bestow a microscopic coin, or one of microscopic value, on each.

I was impressed with the handsome Levantine men, and the fine, clear-cut and classic features of the women, as well as with the picturesque garb of the many races whom we saw. Some of the Turkish women were arrayed in most brilliant colours — salmon-coloured or pink silk, with pink parasols and white yashmaks. One of my travelling companions said that they dressed so "loudly" that he could not hear the steam whistle of the ship!

I called to see the Rev. Mr. McLachlan, of Toronto, who went out a few years ago as a missionary to Sardis. He had recently come to Smyrna, and had charge of a very admirable mission school. He was assisted by a very bright, intelligent lady, Miss Blakeley, a native of Smyrna, though of Boston parentage.

Throughout the East generally the windows are closely barred with iron, but here in the Armenian cemetery even the graves were similarly covered. Many of the houses, though bare and bald on the exterior, with few windows, and those closely barred, had lovely courts, where grew in richest profusion sub-tropical plants and flowers. In the evening the handsome Smyrniote ladies may be seen in full dress standing at the doors.

We visited a large Greek hospital surrounding an open square, whose many rooms looked neat and clean, although the air was laden with that peculiar odour which seems inseparable from such institutions. Among the patients was a sick Canadian. Adjacent to the hospital excavations were being made of the

foundations of a very ancient structure, supposed to be the Temple of Jupiter. This hospital was crowded with many British soldiers during the Crimean War, and the adjacent cemetery has many British graves. We crossed the ancient and picturesque Caravan Bridge across the river. Over this bridge for hundreds of years has come, on the backs of camels, nearly all the produce of Asia Minor which is shipped from Smyrna. We climbed Mount Pagus, a hill five hundred feet high, to see the old Genoese Castle, a vast and ruined structure, built of solid masonry.

On our way to the Acropolis we passed a remarkable "kitchen midden," consisting of several layers of oyster-shells, etc., which is supposed to mark the spot of a very ancient population. The walls of the Acropolis on the summit of Mount Pagus, which are very impressive, seen from below, are still more so when one climbs. Their cliff-like ruins are very extensive. They consist chiefly

STREET IN SMYRNA BY MOONLIGHT.

of works of the Byzantine emperors, with restorations by the Genoese. On one side are traces of Cyclopean walls, the great work of Lysimachus, remaining in good order and well preserved.

Within the area of the Acropolis are the walls of a ruined mosque, formerly a church in which Polycarp preached, and, below, the vaulted arches of a reservoir. The so-called "Seven Churches" is a

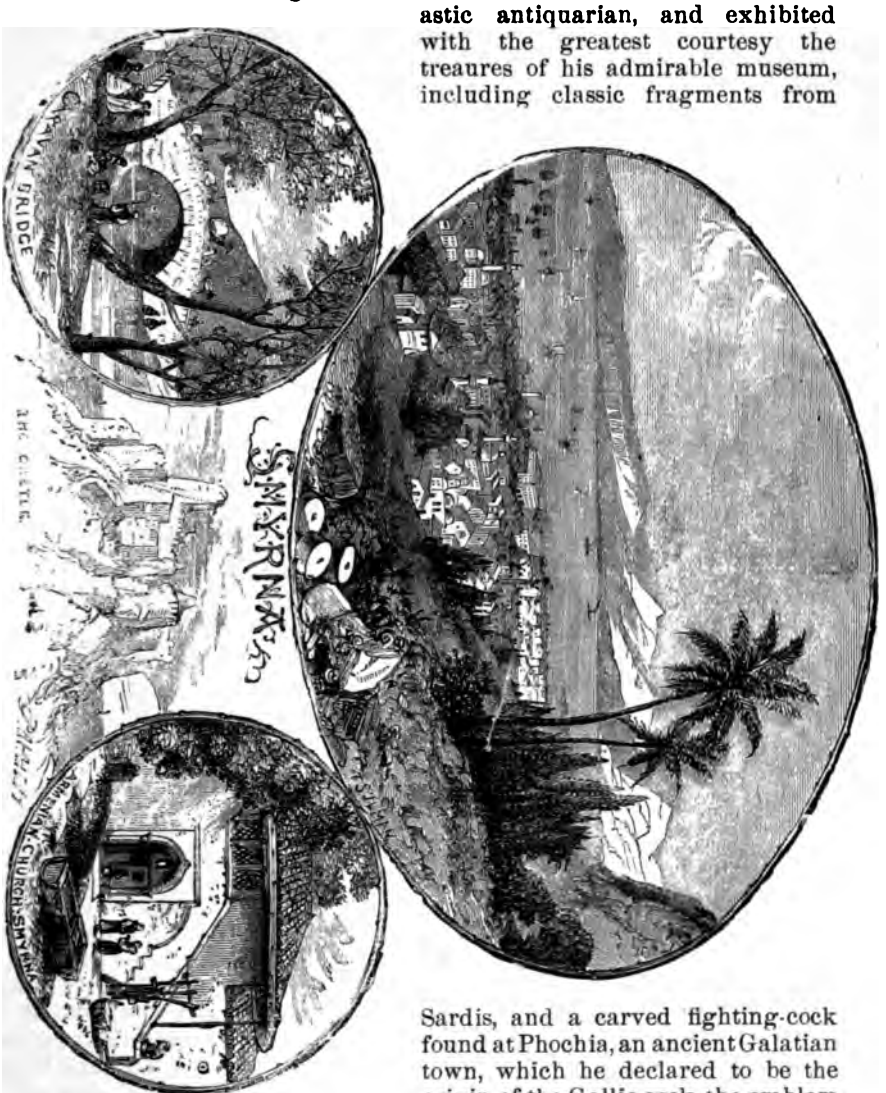
a green turban. The tomb is covered with Turkish colours, and overshadowed by a melancholy cypress and surrounded by a low wall, where a Turkish custodian takes toll from Christian visitors. The view from the Acropolis, of the curving bay, the crowded town, the cypress groves, cemeteries, the engirdling hills, the plain and the ancient aqueduct, is exceedingly impressive.

STREET SCENE IN SMYRNA.

structure some distance from the walls, alleged to be the ancient church of which St. Polycarp was the "angel," one of the seven churches of Asia. In the amphitheatre of Smyrna the venerable bishop was martyred at the stake. On the slope of a hill is shown what is alleged to be his tomb. It is evidently that of a Moslem saint, built of brick, plastered (eight feet by ten), with a Turkish headstone, bearing

On our way back to the ship we passed through the crowded and squalid Jewish quarter. Being Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath—everybody was in holiday dress: the men in white; the handsome Jewish women in bright colours, with a profusion of gold ear-rings and ornaments in strange contrast to the squalor of their surroundings. The Turkish quarter was, if possible, still more crowded. The bazaars

were all exceedingly interesting, filled with curious Oriental wares, rugs, carpets, silks, embroideries, jewellery, and Oriental weapons and curios; among the latter a variety of terra-cotta heads and figures of



VIEWS IN SMYRNA.

supposed classic origin, of which I bought a small head of Juno, and also some brilliant Smyrniote *cuffiehs* or silk kerchiefs.

We paid an interesting visit to the library and museum. Near this was a school, over which was the appropriate inscription, "The fear of the Lord,"—or, as the genial Greek librarian translated it, "The horror of God"—"is the beginning of wisdom." This same librarian was an enthusiastic antiquarian, and exhibited with the greatest courtesy the treaures of his admirable museum, including classic fragments from Sardis, and a carved fighting-cock found at Phochia, an ancient Galatian town, which he declared to be the origin of the Gallic cock, the emblem of France to-day. He showed with special pleasure an ancient manuscript of the tenth century, containing the first eight books of the Old Testament, with some very quaint miniature illuminations.

As I had to make a choice between foregoing the sights of Smyrna and the ruins of Ephesus—fifty miles off by rail—I preferred the former. My party of friends from Berlin University went out by rail to the ancient city, and described the ruins, especially of the great Temple of Diana, as especially interesting, although scarcely one stone was left upon another. "If the glory of Ephesus was great," says a recent writer, "its ruin is remarkable. What remains attests its vastness, but of that magnificence naught but fragments exist. It has a character of desolation of its own. The population has passed away from the site, and of the monuments of marble scarcely enough remains above ground to mark their sites." Many of its smaller columns were carried off to embellish Constantinople, Rome, Pisa, and other cities. What became of the many statues that adorned its temples we cannot tell, unless they were burned for lime or buried beneath the soil.

TOMB OF POLYCARP, SMYRNA.

The great Temple of Diana was one of the largest and most famous in the world. It measured 164 by 343 feet, but the great Temple of the Sun, which we saw at Baalbec, was almost as large, and its columns were even larger. Seven of the latter, with their entablature rising seventy-five feet, still remain, while at Ephesus not a fragment stands erect. What gives the latter its special interest is its association with sacred history from the persecutions of St. Paul, who fought with beasts and beast-like men at Ephesus. The story of his visits is told in Acts xviii., xix. and xx. From his prison cell in Rome he subsequently wrote the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Here, also, St. John is believed to have retired after his return from his banishment to Patmos. Here, too, according to tradition, the Virgin Mary went to live with the beloved disciple, and here she died and was buried. Here was held the famous Council of Ephesus, and here is said to be the tomb of Mary Magdalene. The Grotto of the Seven Sleepers is a place of interest to Mohammedans as well as Christians. Tradition reports that during the persecution of the Christians in the

reign of Diocletian, A.D. 283, seven men and a dog went here for refuge, and, falling asleep, did not wake for two hundred years. When they awoke and entered the city they did not recognize the people, the money nor the language; everything was changed and the city had all become Christian. This tradition was received by Mahomet and embodied in the Koran, and the Mohammedans have great veneration for the dog Ketmehr and allow him a place in Paradise. The

ANCIENT AQUEDUCT NEAR SMYRNA.

names of the Seven Sleepers, engraved in gold or precious stones, are supposed to act as a powerful charm to avert evil, and may be purchased in the talisman bazaar in Smyrna.

Smyrna was in ancient times a great school for rhetoricians and philosophy. It was called the Forest of Philosophy and the Asylum of the Muses and Graces. Before re-embarking on the steamer for Constantinople I joined my Berlin University friends and rowed to the breakwater for a final dip in the blue waves of the Mediterranean. It was a most refreshing experience. In the glorious afternoon light our ship warped slowly out of the harbour. The townsfolk came down by hundreds to the quay, which looked like the stage of some great amphitheatre surrounded by its background of mountains. Among our new passengers was a lady in a cinnamon-coloured dress. Although deck passengers, this lady and her servant took refuge at first on the flat roof of a small structure isolated from the crowding hundreds of other passengers. Finding this rather a bleak spot to sleep on in the open air she transferred her rugs, her parrot cage and her other belongings to the bridge connecting the fore and after decks, where she improvised a sort of tent by spreading a rug over the railing and effectually obstructing all passage through the gangway. Another of our passengers was a Jewess, who wore a most sumptuous dress embroidered with most beautiful lace. As we glided from the shore the golden sunset faded into olive green and ashen grey, and the red light on the mountains deepened from ruddy crimson

to deep purple and at last to spectral white.

Lesbos, or Mytelene, has attracted the attention of the civilized world within a few months, from the fact of a few British red-coats having landed for gun practice. For days the Bourses of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and the great money markets of the world were convulsed: it was thought that Great Britain had seized the island as a base of operation against the Dardanelles and Constantinople—so sensitive is the barometer of commerce to political agitation. As we sailed by the island on a lovely Sunday morning, the old mediæval castle, with its huge embattlements, walls and towers, and curious old Byzantine church, presented a striking feature. The Lesbian isle is the birthplace of the famous poets Alcæus, Sappho, and Arion, and of the philosopher Theophrastus.

In an opening to the left, between the islands of Lero and Lepso, we caught a glimpse of the lonely isle of Patmos, a name familiar to uncounted millions through its sacred associations. It is a tiny island only ten miles long and five miles wide. It is scarcely mentioned in history. It is a bleak, barren mass of rock, and was used by the Romans as a place of banishment for criminals, hence it was the place of exile to which St. John was condemned by the emperor. Here, according to undisputed tradition, he had his glorious vision of the open heavens and the great white throne and the New Jerusalem, and wrote the last book of the canon of Holy Scripture. On the rocky ridge is a small town, and still higher the famous Monastery of St. John the Divine, presenting the appearance of a fortress of the Middle Ages. In a grotto in the rocks is shown a cavern, covered with a chapel, upon whose walls are depicted apocalyptic scenes. Here St. John is said to have written his Revelation. The monks even point out some fissures in the roof where the last of the prophets heard the sound of a voice from heaven like the sound of a trumpet.

It was with keen interest that we skirted the low coast of the ancient Troas and passed the site of Troy and Hisarlik, where Schliemann made such wonderful finds. We thought of the wondrous siege sung by Homer, the earliest and probably the best-known siege in history. The excavations of Schliemann have shown that this was not merely the creation of a poetic imagination, but a historic fact. He found the remains of six different towns, one beneath the other, and in the treasure-house of Priam all sorts of gold vessels and ornaments, some of which weighed four pounds. These I have myself seen in the South Kensington Museum, London. Here, too, is the place where St. Paul in his vision saw the man of Macedonia crying, "Come over and help us," and with a courage greater than that of Ulysses or Achilles entered on his sacred "Odyssey" for the evangelization of Europe.

It is somewhat odd to remember that our English word "meander" comes from a very tortuous stream of that name which wanders at its own sweet will through the plains of Troy.

To the right we passed the Island of Tenedos, where the Greek fleets retired while the faithless wooden horse, with its perilous freight, was dragged into Troy. Amid this striking environment we held our Sunday service. The Rev. Mr. Steel, son of Dr. Daniel Steel, read the account of Paul at Troas and Ephesus.

On Sunday afternoon we sailed up the famous Dardanelles or Hellespont. The European and Asiatic shores are full of interest, not for their scenic attractions, for they have few, but from the profound historic interest which they present. This strait is seventy miles long and in

many places not more than a mile wide. Grim, gray castles are built at prominent points on either side. The Sygian promontory behind which the Grecian fleet was drawn ashore during the Grecian war is now covered with wind-mills. The Castle of Europe and Castle of Asia, as they are called, are prominent forts in tolerably good repair. Their real strength, however, consists in the grass-covered earth-works whose green, sun-kissed slopes looked very innocent.

At Abydos the contour of the

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

land seems to indicate the exact spot where the bridge of Xerxes must have been, and also where the army of Alexander crossed from Europe into Asia. Here, too, the crescent was first planted in Europe by Soleiman in 630 A.D. This is the scene of the tragical tale of Leander, who used to swim across the Hellespont to visit Hero, the priestess of Aphrodite. Lord Byron swam across this current in an hour and ten minutes.

At the Castle of the Dardanelles, farther up, our ship had to come to anchor to receive permission to pass the grim castle. A town of two thousand houses, supported by strong forts armed with heavy Krupp guns, some of them forty tons in weight, guards the approach to the Sea of Marmora. Low, green slopes, great yellow barracks; grim, gray forts, with an occasional white minaret, make an odd and not unpleasing scene. Here are great porcelain factories. Many of our pilgrims went ashore and returned laden with enormous quantities of the bizarre and grotesque pottery. The scenery is picturesque rather than beautiful or grand. On either side are fertile fields of grain, mixed with vineyards and frequent villages. Gallipoli, the ancient Calolypolis, at the mouth of the Sea of Marmora, is a fortified Oriental-looking town of 20,000 inhabitants, with a mediæval castle.

While passing through the historic strait I was requested by the tourists on the ship, among whom were several ministers of the United States, to give them a talk on the Catacombs, as an appropriate employment of the hours of Sunday afternoon. This I had pleasure in

doing at a greater length than I had intended. "Can it be possible," I said, when I got through, "that I have talked an hour and fifteen minutes?" "Why," said my friend, the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Berlin University, "it did not seem more than ten minutes." This I took to be a very high compliment till I found that he had been sound asleep most of the time. We passed by night through the Sea of Marmora, which takes its name from the splendid marble quarries on an island of the same name, and with the early morning approached the famous city of Constantinople.

BROUSSA—(*See frontispiece*).

Broussa is a large Turkish city in Asia Minor, a few hours' journey from Constantinople. A recent traveller says, "Broussa is, without exception, the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It covers an immense area on a sloping plateau about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, at the foot of Mount Olympus. It contains fifty-two mosques, with their bubble-like domes and white minarets, and other fine buildings, interspersed with mulberry orchards and luxuriant gardens. Mount Olympus has well-marked zones of vegetation, first chestnuts, then oaks and hazels, beech and pines, and junipers, and then the snowy summit. An instance of Turkish misgovernment is seen in the railway stretching from Broussa to the Sea of Marmora. The earthwork was so miserably planned and executed that the whole line had to be completely remodelled. When the rolling stock arrived it would not fit the rails, and the pier at Moudania is already toppling over."

The cultivation of the mulberry and feeding of silkworms is one of the principal industries. The long trains of camels are picturesque objects. But the general cultivation is poor in the extreme, not half of the land being under tillage, and there is that appearance of thriftlessness which is so general in Turkey. Its population is about seventy-five thousand, of whom eleven thousand are Armenians and six thousand Greeks, the rest being Mohammedans. Its mosques number two hundred. Some of these are very fine. The "Green Mosque" is lined with exquisite enamelled tiles and arabesque carving of the most beautiful description. It is built of marble and has a cupola of emerald green; hence its name. The whole country bubbles with hot springs, which are supposed to be of medicinal value.

SMYRNA.

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

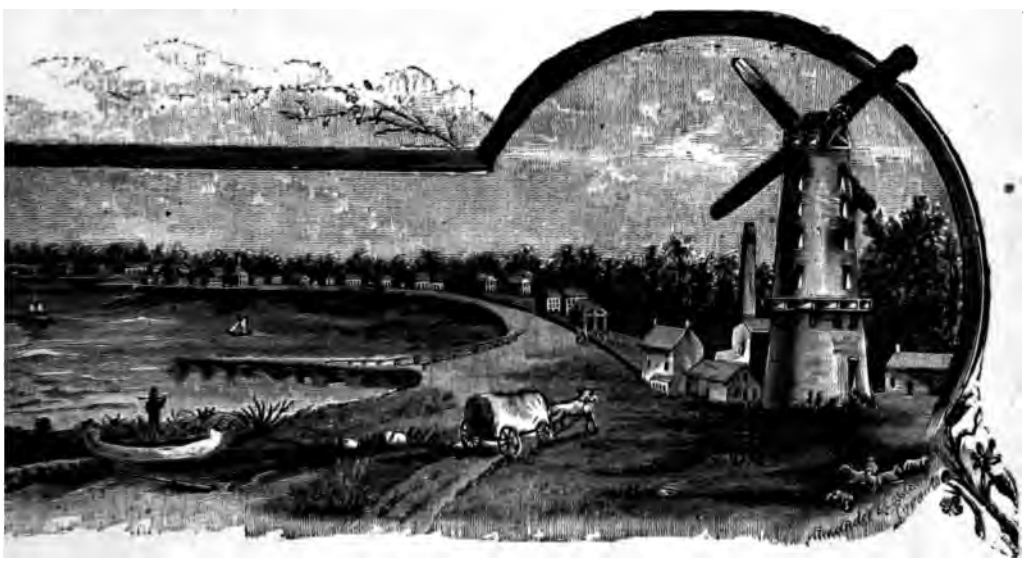
Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
Join in the chorus grand sent up to heaven;
Telling again the glad good news for all,
How God unto the world His Son hath given.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

TORONTO AND ITS VICINITY.

II.



TORONTO IN 1834.

THE Rev. Dr. Scadding, in his interesting account of "Toronto's First Germ," says: "By a popular misuse of terms the word 'Toronto' came to be applied to the small trading-post or 'fort,' established in 1749, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, not far from the mouth of the Humber. The proper and official name of this erection was Fort Rouillé, so called in compliment to Antoine Louis Rouillé, the Colonial Minister of the day. But traders and *coureurs du bois* preferred to speak of Fort Rouillé as Fort Toronto, because it stood at the landing-place of the southern terminus of the trail which conducted up to the well-known 'Toronto,' the place of concourse, the great Huron rendezvous sixty miles to the north; and popular phraseology ultimately prevailed.

"Fort Rouillé or Toronto was nothing more than a stockaded storehouse, with quarters for a keeper and a few soldiers, after the fashion of a small Hudson's Bay trading-post. A large portion of the site which, fifty years ago, used commonly to be visited as that of the 'Old French Fort,' is now fallen into the lake; but depressions, marking the situation of cellars and portions of some ancient foundations connected with out-buildings are still discernible, as also indications of the line of the stockade on the north side. Formerly there were conspicuous remains of flagged flooring and the basement of chimneys.

"The site of the trading establishment which was thus destined to be the initial germ of the present city of Toronto is now enclosed within the bounds of the park appertaining to the Exhibition Build-

ings of the city, overlooking the lake. Here a cairn or mound, commemorative of the fact, has been erected by the Corporation (1878). On its top rests a massive granite boulder, bearing the following inscription: 'This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouillé, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian Trading-post and Stockade, established A.D. 1749, by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendations of the Count de la Galissonière, Administrator of New France 1747–1749. Erected by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, A.D. 1878.' The boulder which bears

VICTORIA PARK.

the inscription has been allowed to retain its natural features. It was dredged up out of the navigable channel which leads into the adjoining harbour."

In the year 1795, Governor Simcoe removed from Newark (Niagara), the first capital of Upper Canada, to York, which he had selected as the seat of government before a single house was erected in the latter place. He lodged temporarily in a canvas tent or pavilion, pitched on the plateau overlooking the western end of the bay. It is a matter of historic interest that this tent had been originally constructed for the distinguished navigator, Captain James Cook, and was by him used in his explorations. In 1797 the Provincial Legislature of Upper Canada was opened in a wooden building near the river Don, whose site is still commemorated by the name of Parliament Street.

Within the lifetime of men still living, Toronto has grown from an unimportant hamlet to a noble and beautiful city. In commercial enterprise, in stately architecture, and in admirable institutions, it is surpassed by no city in the Dominion. Situated on an excellent harbour, it has communication by water with all the ports of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and its commercial prosperity is fostered by the rich agricultural country by which it is surrounded, by several railroads and by the great highways by which the remoter settlements are made tributary to its growth.

Few cities of its size will compare with Toronto for the number and beauty of its churches. Some of these are conspicuous for their size and grandeur. The Metropolitan Church is a monument of the residence in Canada of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., to whose faith in the future of Methodism in this country, and zeal for its prosperity, it largely owes its existence. It is both externally and internally one of the most elegant and commodious Methodist churches in the world, and is unequalled by any of which we are aware in the spacious and beautiful grounds by which it is surrounded.

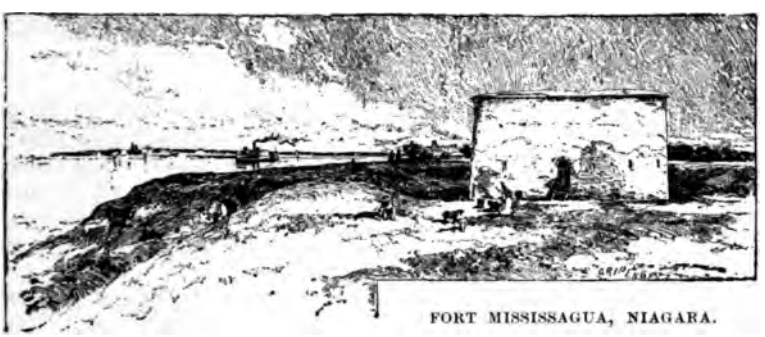
St. James' Cathedral, may, in like manner, be said to be a memorial of the energy and religious zeal of the Rev. Dr. Strachan, the first and most indefatigable bishop whom the An-

glican Church in Canada has ever possessed. It is one of the finest specimens of perpendicular Gothic architecture in America. The spire, rising to the height of 306 feet, is gracefully proportioned, and the most lofty on the continent, exceeding that of Trinity Church, New York by twenty-one feet. The tower contains a chime of bells and the celebrated clock manufactured by Benson, of London, and which obtained the highest prize at the Vienna Exhibition.

"Toronto," says an able writer, "commenced business as a city sixty years ago with a population of less than 10,000. To-day that population aggregates some 200,000. Should the rate of increase not diminish, another few decades will see in the site of the present Toronto a city of upwards of 500,000, prevailing conditions now enabling Toronto to take rank with the cities of the second class as to population throughout the British Empire. There are only forty-seven larger cities in the British dominions, and England herself can only boast of eighteen which have a greater population.

"Toronto is larger than Aberdeen, Cork, Derby, Greenock, Halifax, Huddersfield, Northampton, Norwich, Plymouth, Preston, Southampton or Stockport. There are only seven larger cities in Germany; nineteen in the United States; seven in France, and seven in Russia. It will be easily seen, too, from the position of Toronto that she must continue to extend her borders, reaching out within a comparatively short time to embrace all the present suburbs.

"In the matter of architecture, Toronto is in advance of any city of equal size in the Western Hemisphere, and the arts and sciences are cultivated and encouraged in a most praiseworthy manner, while in every department of industry, commerce and trade, the activity prevailing hereabouts is especially worthy of note. But above and beyond all other features of progress, Toronto is a city of homes, numbering amongst its citizens more actual householders and more prospective owners than any community of the same area and population in the entire country; and to this highly gratifying fact, the people—for the workers, the men of energy and enterprise, *are* the people here—point with pardonable pride and pleasure.



FORT MISSISSAGUA, NIAGARA.

"Working people in Toronto, as a rule own their own homes, and are interested in the preservation of order and property rights. People so situated are not prone to precipitate unnecessary strikes and disturbances. Workingmen, who in other places would be compelled to crowd their families into unhealthy tenements, here own their homes and feel that they are citizens in every sense of the word.

"Great cities are never the result of accident, but invariably the outgrowth of natural and artificial conditions, clearly defined and unquestionable in their existence and influences. The most important natural

GUNS IN LINE, NIAGARA CAMP.

conditions are salubrity of climate, convenient geographical location, fertility of soil in the adjacent agricultural region, and above all accessibility to navigable waters—for all history bears witness that no rich, populous and prosperous community has ever flourished and grown powerful without commerce, and hitherto, at least, commerce has always been dependent upon riparian communication with the outside world. In all of these things Toronto has been and is peculiarly blessed. Her location, indeed, from a commercial point of view, is a source of constant self-congratulation on the part of those who are so fortunate as to live and do business here. As an agricultural province, again, Ontario is one of the most productive; grain and other cereals, wool and fruits being an abundant yield. Her lakes furnish fish of the best quality in most generous supply, and upon their banks are located pleasure resorts which are annually growing in the favour and patronage of seekers of health and recreation from all parts of the Dominion

FIELD BATTERY IN QUARTER COLUMN.

of Canada and the United States. While Toronto herself can hardly lay claim to the striking picturesque features of the old historic cities of Canada, such as Quebec, Montreal or even Halifax, nevertheless the approach by steamer is singularly fine, as is the view from the island, with the colour and the movement of the myriad craft that ply between.

The following fine sonnet by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, expresses the genial sentiment that we believe animates the people of that sister city towards Toronto:

Queen City! Sister-queen of ours,
On thy clear brow shine bright the crown!
Broad be thy sway and fair thy towers,
And, honoured, keep thou evil down.
Sublimely thy straightforward eyes
Are looking to the great ideals:
Lead on, lead on! be free, be wise:
And surge thou o'er with noble zeals.
Contest with us the race of Good:
Grow mightier, if thou mayest, than we:
In sisterhood and brotherhood
There is no room for jealousy.
Extend thy quays and halls and bowers,
And long be sister-queen of ours!

In the vicinity of Toronto are many interesting summer resorts. A little to the east is Victoria Park, and to the west the noble High Park, whose lovely scenery makes it a charming place of summer sojourn.

Across the lake is the ancient capital, Niagara, practically a summer suburb. Toronto is reached by large steamers, which make no less than twelve trips a day. At the entrance to the river is the old Fort Mississagua, whose crumbling walls and dismantled bastions speak of the reign of peace instead of that of war. On the adjacent plain, once the scene of a fierce battle, the volunteer militia play at mimic war. The rows of snowy tents, the march of squadrons, and the rumble of artillery, recall the days when in deadly earnest this fierce enginery was employed in mowing down its living harvest. But the friendly fraternizing of the Canadian red-coats with the blue-coats of the American fort is a pledge, let us hope, that none but a friendly strife in the arts of peace and civilization shall ever take place between these neighbouring and kindred people.

The Muskoka region, occupying the "Highlands of Ontario," is a natural health resort—a paradise for

A QUIET NOOK, LAKE JOSEPH.

the eager seeker after rest, health, pleasure or sport. It consists of an elevated plateau, containing over 800 lakes, varying in size from thirty miles in extent to mere miniature lily ponds connected with the larger lakes by rivers or rivulets. The waters of most of these lakes is dark and soft, and teeming with the gamiest of fresh-water fish—maskinonge, salmon-trout, black bass, pick-

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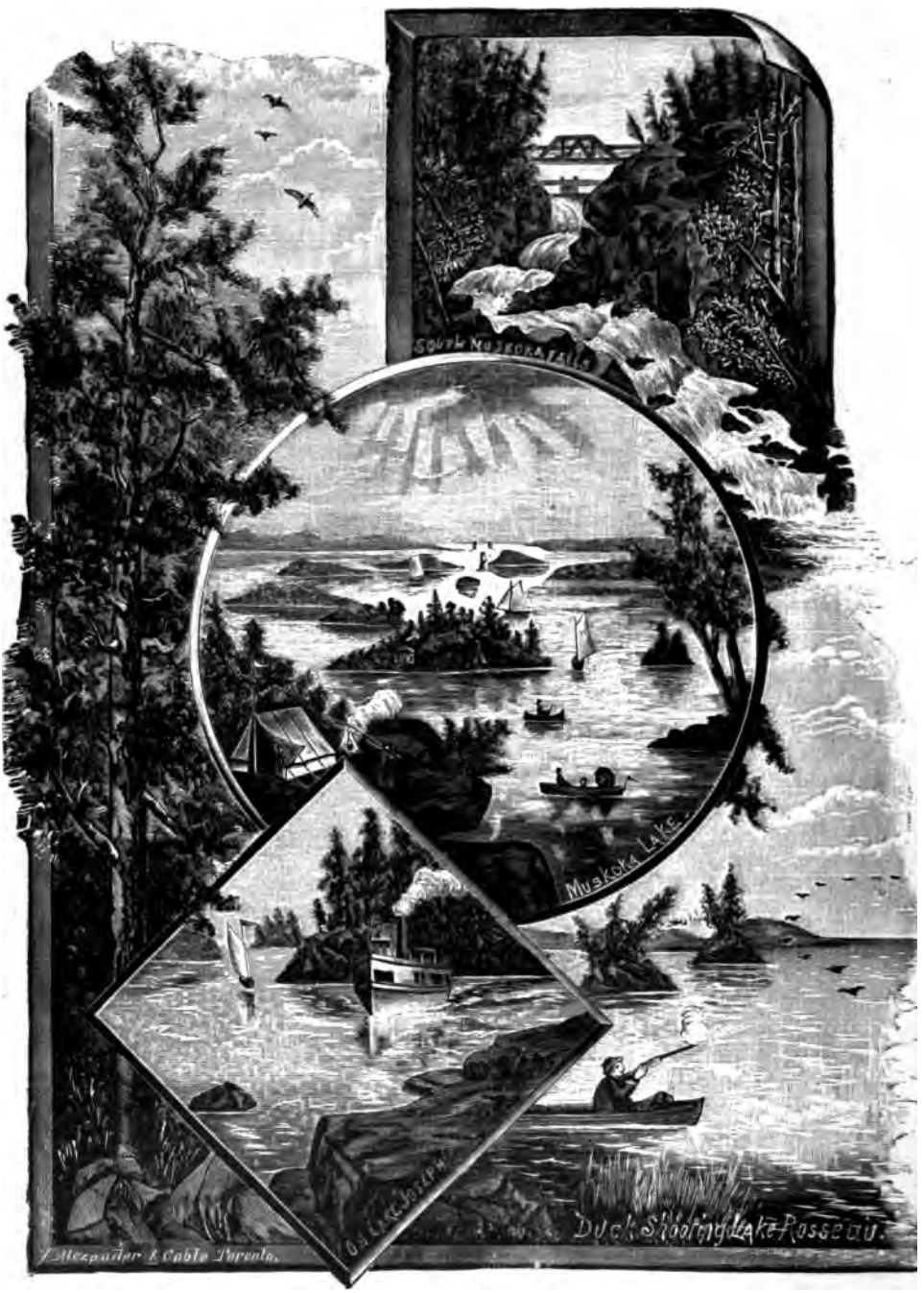


BITS IN MUSKOKA.

erel and perch. The larger lakes are studded with rocky isles, varying in size from hundreds of acres in extent to small moss-grown rocky islets with one or more stunted specimens of pine. The darksome shores, densely wooded and fringed to the water's edge with pine, cedar and other evergreen, are still the haunt of deer, hare, grouse, porcupine, foxes and fur-bearing animals, while even yet, in the more solitary wilds, the lordly moose, the wolf and the black bear are still to be found.

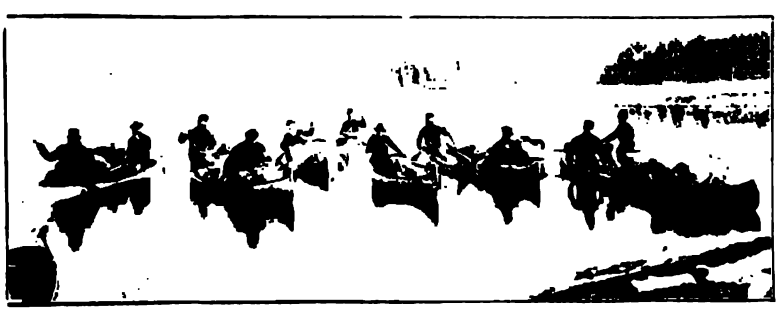
SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA.

Islands and points can be secured and summer cottages erected at small cost. The mean daily temperature for five years was about 66 degrees, while the thermometer seldom rises above 90 degrees or falls below 45 degrees.

The elevation of this region is about 1,000 feet above the sea, and this, combined with the rocky nature of the soil and the proximity of so many pine forests renders the climate remarkably healthful. There is no better place for neurasthenic patients and persons suffering from physical and mental overwork, or other debilitating influences. Consumptives do well under proper medical management, many being entirely cured, while others meet with considerable improvement.

Leaving the Grand Trunk train on its arrival at Muskoka Wharf, the traveller is at once conveyed by one of the fine steamers to any required point on the lakes. The first stopping-place of importance is Beaumauris, about fourteen miles from Gravenhurst. For years past this has been a very attractive place, not only for Canadians but for visitors from the United States, and especially for Pennsylvanians.

Mortimer's Point is about equidistant from Beaumauris and Bala, and between this point and Bala there is probably the best bass and pickerel fishing on the three larger lakes. There are a large number of



RETURN FROM A DEER HUNT, MUSKOKA.

summer cottages in this locality, most of which are owned by citizens of Toronto.

Passing through the Narrows we enter Bala Bay, and after a two-hours' sail reach the pretty village of Bala, which is situated at the junction of Muskoka Lake and the Muskosh river.

Port Carling is a picturesque little hamlet situated on the Government locks between Lake Rosseau and the Indian River. The Port has a free public library and reading-room with about four hundred volumes of standard works, and the leading Toronto dailies, as well as *Harper's*, *Century* and other magazines and papers.

As the steamer leaving Port Carling emerges from the Indian River into Rosseau Lake, a glimpse of Windermere may be seen across the four-mile intervening stretch of water. About two miles away is the summer residence of Senator W. E. Sanford. The *Naiad*, the private steam yacht owned by Senator Sanford, cost $10,000, and is one of the fastest boats on the lakes.

The lower part of Lake Rosseau is gemmed with numerous beautiful islets and has been appropriately called Venetia, as the only mode of travel by the many cottagers on these isles is by water. Ferndale here nestles in a deep sheltered bay. From the summer cottages on the high cliffs very extended and pleasing vistas are to be seen.

Chief among the beauties of Rosseau, and reached by a few strokes of the paddle is the romantic Shadow River, where every leaf and twig is reproduced with such startling fidelity as to induce the curious to dip paddle or oar below the surface to distinguish the substance from the shadow. While the colour of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau is dark, that of Lake Joseph is a beautiful clear blue, at once refreshing for bathing and of the best drinking quality.

It is a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, when travelling, either for adventure or mere pleasure, to penetrate as deep as possible into the forest, or to reach the source of river or head of lake, in order to see what is at the other end, or in the hope of reaching some spot, fairer or containing even wilder beauty than the scene just passed. So, as we look around the spacious deck of our staunch craft, as the whistle sounds, and casting off from the wharf the prow again heads northward, we find that a large party of eager and mirthful travellers still remains on board. Our curiosity is soon gratified, for as we swing into mid-stream, or mid-lake, we soon descry in the gathering gloom of evening "a house set upon a hill," the well-known Summit House, of Port Cockburn, on a bold promontory, half hidden by grand monarch pines and beautiful shade trees.

One of the most noticeable features of Muskoka life is the "shopping." You do not go to the store in Muskoka, but as in the case of Mahomet's Mountain, the store comes to you, and never was any village general store so stocked with the delicacies and necessaries of life as are those of the welcome and well-known "supply boats," of which there are two plying on the lakes and calling on all the hotels, cottages and camps, delivering goods and taking orders as your butcher and grocer does in town. The stores are shipped at Rosseau and Port Carling, and distributed thence over the lakes. The daily "supply trips" are often availed of by parties desiring a pleasant sail on the lakes, the boats calling at many islands and passing through channels and scenes of beauty, rarely, if ever, reached by the larger boats.

CANOEING ON THE COLUMBIA.*

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.

SALMON WHEEL AND FISHERMEN ON THE COLUMBIA.

FROM the St. Lawrence to the Columbia is more than two thousand miles, but in these days when the earth is shrinking so fast, that is only a trifle; so that not long after making up my mind to visit the Big Bend gold region I found myself at Farwell on the Columbia, the nearest point by rail. But here commenced my troubles. Laporte, the gateway to the mines, was only fifty miles up the river. From the mountains opposite, one could almost see it far away in the long valley; but it seemed as hard to reach as the sources of the Nile.

Heartily tired of the ugly and wicked little place, with its log saloons and gambling hells crowded with navvies of all nations eager to spend their hard earnings as fast and as viciously as possible, I wandered one hot morning along the river, and, watching its muddy current, wished myself back among the Thousand Islands again. Loitering past the much-needed, but little used, "City Bathhouse" floating on its platform of logs, all at once the yellow of fresh-hewn pine struck my eyes, and before me lay a log canoe. Beside it stood three men in their shirt-sleeves, deep in consultation and broiling in the sun. They had just come to the "city" for supplies. In five minutes they were persuaded to go up to Laporte; and in consideration of the sum of $12.50 I became a fourth partner in the dug-out, with the understanding that I should provision myself and do my share of the navigation.

When Farwell learned our intentions it took a sudden interest in us. All the loafers and railway men, and they made up nine-tenths of the city, proceeded to give us advice, often emphasized with profanity. "They were going up to the Big Bend too, when the river went down; but to attempt it now, with the river

* Reprinted from the *Chautauquan*.

in flood—no, they were not fools enough for that." Some recommended us to have a look at the Dalles, five miles up, before we started; while others darkly hinted that within a week an empty dug-out would drift past Farwell and four more names would be added to the list of missing prospectors. Pulling the canoe half a mile above the town to avoid curiosity, we made ready to start. The flour and beans and pork, the tent and rolls of blankets, and "dunnage bags" with our few personal effects were stowed in the canoe as she tugged at the rope. The French-Canadian raftsman, whom we had chosen captain, took his place at the stern; an ex-army sergeant and I laid our clumsy oars in the row-locks; the fourth man, letting go the line, stepped into the bow, and off we swung into the current. At last, good-bye, Farwell!

Splash went oars and paddles, and we pulled with all our strength, but to our dismay, the canoe went steadily down stream, stern foremost. The current was too much for us, and in a minute we should be drifting past the town to the delight of the kind friends who had offered such good advice. There was no help for it but to land, and when we stood on shore again, surely four more disconsolate men were not to be found in all British Columbia. But we were not to be beaten in this ridiculous way. Slowly we uncoiled the eighty feet of tow-rope, and throwing the end over our shoulders, the sergeant and I trudged off, dragging the dug-out, with the other two men as

THE LOWER COLUMBIA AND MOUNT HOOD, 11,225 FEET HIGH.

crew, against the stiff current. When I had been told the day before that taking passage by canoe meant walking along the shore and pulling the canoe after me, I had laughed at the idea. But even this was not the worst. The strip of muddy beach failed before long and we had to scramble along the top of the high bank, passing the line around projecting bushes and overhanging trees. At one point the crumbling bank gave way under my feet and I found myself up to the hips in the water. Our respect for the Columbia had very much heightened when toward the close of the second day we camped at the foot of the Dalles, only five miles from Farwell. The spot was wonderfully beautiful. The great Columbia valley had steadily narrowed as we advanced, till here the mountains of the Gold Range to the west crowded close against the rugged Selkirks to the east, jostling the angry river into a narrow canyon.

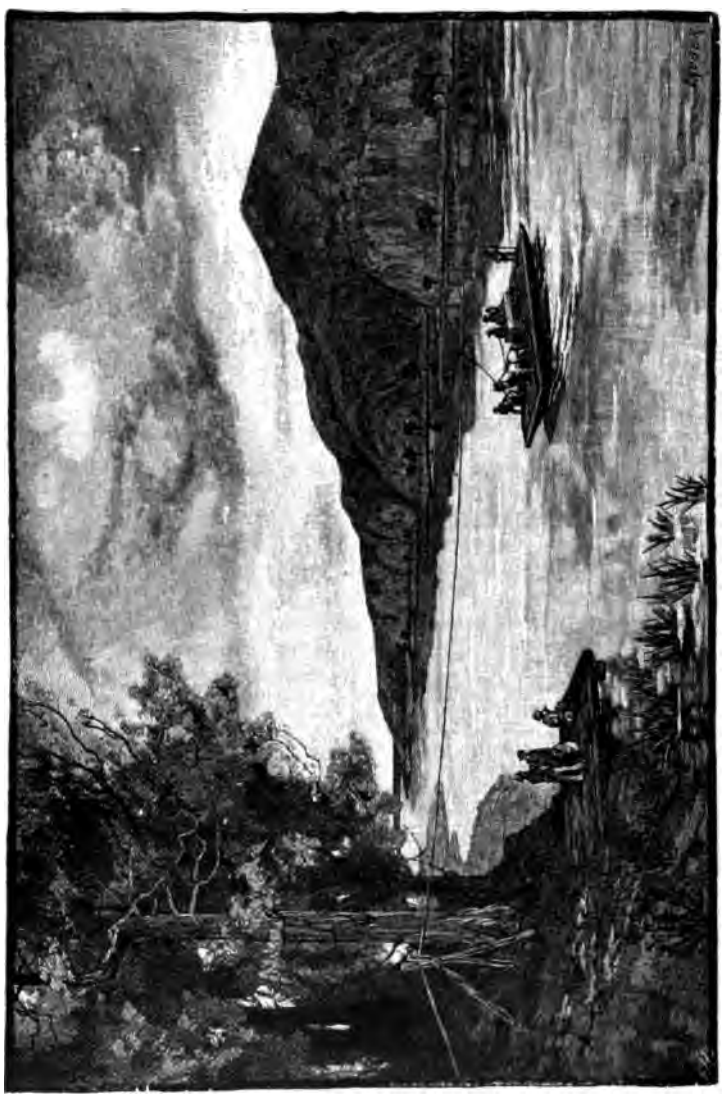
A sharp bend hid the rapids from view, but the hoarse roar and the rags of white foam that came to us, foretold what was ahead. In the eddy where we landed there was a strange and ominous fluctuation of the water, at one moment sweeping in toward shore, then withdrawing till the canoe was stranded in the mud. It seemed like the frightened breathing of a creature just escaped from danger.

Next morning came the first ordeal. Our canoe, too heavy to lift, must be dragged up the rapids. We paddled through the slack water of the eddy and round the rocky point; and there lay our work before us, a mile of rapids foaming like the sea in a storm, chafing against black projecting rocks, whirling past steep parts of the canyon wall, now rushing in with fury, then smooth and glassy with strange upboilings from below. We had to speak loud to make our voices rise above the din and shoutings of the waters. We did not stop long to admire, but landed, two of us taking the rope and picking our way along the rocks till we reached a good foothold. Then, bracing ourselves, we hauled the canoe up, hand over hand, while the other two kept her in the right course with poles and breast-line. Point after point was slowly gained, till at last in the turmoil of a heavier fall than usual the breast-line broke and the canoe swung out into the breakers and filled with water. The sergeant and I could no longer hold her. We were dragged over the rocks and were on the point of letting go when fortunately she dropped into an eddy and was once more under control. The oars and paddles were washed away, revolved a minute in the whirling eddy, and then went down stream. We got our breath again, bailed out, and watching till the current slackened a little, triumphantly dragged the canoe past the point, into smoother water above. And so the struggle went on till about noon, when the worst was passed; and pulling our battered craft into a little side canyon we gave a wild hurrah for our victory.

A tramp through the woods brought us once more to the camp at the foot of the rapids, where we dined more sumptuously than usual, on a porcupine which had been so unlucky as to come within range of the Frenchman's rifle. We felt ourselves heroes and imagined ourselves already at Laporte, able to laugh at the prophets of evil in Farwell. The afternoon's work of portaging our effects, which weighed about six hundred pounds, somewhat damped our ardour however. Heavily loaded, we toiled up the steep hillside, following the course of a long overgrown portage path. The last trip was over just as evening came on, and my sympathy for hod-men and pack-mules was never more profound than at that moment.

Hewing out new oars and paddles we made a fresh start next day, and at first got along famously; but alas for the confidence of man! We presently came to a promontory so

landed and held a council of war I urged that we should cross the river and try the other side. There was of course the risk of drifting down into the more violent part of



WIRE ROPE FERRY ON THE COLUMBIA

smooth that nothing without wings could make its way along the steep, rocky wall; while our rope would not reach around. Its base was swept by a fierce current against which our oars were useless. We

the rapids half a mile below, in which case none of us might have come through alive. My plan carried and we made ready for the venture. A moment's hesitation and then off! We had little time to

the dreadful speed with which
rere slipping toward the
ers; for every muscle was
ed to make our point. A
surge broke over the edge of
anoe, half drenching us, but
no further damage, and
nent after we swept into an
safe, though the rapids roared
slow.

canal-horse work began once
though much hindered by the
river. A succession of sunny
had melted layer after layer
he thousands of square miles
ow-field and glacier on the
ains through which the great
lows, and every valley brought
its tribute of ice water. But
he weather changed and a
erstorm ushered in a rainy
in which the unreasonable
bia swelled still more rapidly.
nded hastily to get our pro-
s under cover, and very soon
tle tent was up and a camp-
urning in spite of the rain.

bed that night was not of the
est, nor was my roof of the
it. Notwithstanding a water-
and my felt hat pulled over
ars, the driving rain would
now and then find me out
the spruce where I had
shelter, and break my troubled
The night seemed long, and
oices around, the rushing of
ver, the patter of drops, the
ngs of some tree, tormented
e storm, had all a note of
holy. The coming of day-
brought no relief. The river
sen till it swept the bushes
ank and made tracking im-
e. So we huddled together
little tent with a despondent
; that things were against us.
days of toil had brought
y fifteen miles on our way,
any days would it take to
the thirty miles yet between
l Laporte? All at once a
e event occurred. A rustling
rashing among the bushes
startled us and made the French-
man snatch his rifle; but looking
out we saw a man striding toward
us, an athletic fellow with won-
derfully arched chest and bold,
restless eyes. Flinging his pack
under a corner of the tent, he
straightway made himself at home,
drying his soaked clothing by the
fire while he told us his errand.
He was a prospector on his way to
the Big Bend to examine a claim
for the company that employed him.
He carried ten days' supplies in his
sack and proposed to make his way
over the mountains to French Creek
and back within that time. From
his stories, it was evident that the
greatest prospector or the greatest
boaster in British Columbia stood
before us; however, his high spirits
were contagious and our prospects
suddenly looked brighter.

When Haskins, our guest, set out
next morning, I left my slow-paced
partners and went with him. It
would take too long to relate our
adventures at length. The forest-
clad slopes of the Selkirks form a
purgatory for the traveller, even in
fine weather, and rain adds fivefold
to the misery. We ploughed through
the wet underbrush head foremost,
like animated battering-rams; zig-
zagged across labyrinths of huge
fallen cedars, tormented by the
thorny "devil's clubs" that grew
among them; we splashed through
marshes and lagoons, waded small
streams, and bridged torrents with
logs. Soon after we set out, Haskins
cut his right hand to the bone with
the axe he carried, so that it was
useless the rest of the journey, and
all the work of camping fell upon
me. I bound up the wound with
his only handkerchief, and advised
him to turn back; but he pushed on
the faster, urged by a sort of fury.

After all our hardships we were
stopped just this side of Laporte
by a swollen torrent, too deep to
ford, too violent to swim, and too
wide to be spanned by any tree on

its banks. Our provisions ran low, and we turned back disheartened, Haskins loading the forest gloom with endless imprecations. Meantime, the canoe had been slowly advancing, so that we met the party before our flour was quite run out. The dingy little tent and the brown faces of my partners were very welcome after the privation and wretchedness of our foot journey.

Once more on with the dug-out, Haskins, who was a skilful if reckless canoeman, taking command. The river was falling, and slippery stretches of wet, mossy boulders, or sandbars, where the print of the lifted foot was quickly filled with water, afforded tracking ground. In other places the water was shallow enough for poling; and once or twice, as a blessed change, a great eddy bore us gently half a mile on our course, while the main stream rushed on its way a few rods off. The scenery grew even bolder than before. One towering summit, with a glacier gleaming blue and white on its flank, looked down on us more than half the way to Laporte. It seemed impossible to escape its silent presence, the embodiment of changeless dignity, compared with the fuming, muddy Columbia which nagged at its foot. At last, rounding a curve, Laporte was before us,—a ruined log-house or two, a shabby tent on the low, grassy beach, and that was all. I confess to having been disappointed. However, it was truly "The Port," for navigation stops a mile or two above at the Dalles de Mort, where years ago sixteen miners met their end, giving the spot its ominous name of "Death Rapids."

A tramp of twenty miles over a fairly good trail brought us to the gold region, where a quarter of a century ago thousands of miners were at work, though now bushes and saplings have begun to hide the scars left on the landscape by their labours; and the lonely valleys are silent except for the sound of rain-swollen creeks. Eight million dollars in dust and nuggets are said to have found their way, in two or three summers, from this wild region into the great gold-loving world outside.

My holidays were nearly over, and after a few days of geological work, I made my way back to Laporte. Haskins was before me, however, and had coolly taken our canoe and slipped down to the Dalles on his way to Farwell. Fortunately for me the trail was nearly finished, and parties were beginning to come in with horses; so that in two or three days a dilapidated professor, with a heavy bag of specimens, rode a still more dilapidated pony safely into Farwell. Then good-bye to the Columbia, and whiz and rush across the continent to meet my classes in the East!

PILGRIM SONG.*

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY ROBERT WINTON.

Me receptet Zion illa	Fair Zion reached, our wand'rings cease
Zion David, urbs tranquilla;	In David's home of tranquil peace,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,	Whose builder is the Lord of light;
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,	Whose gates are wood from Calvary's height;
Cujus claves lingua Petri,	Whose keys are turned at Peter's word;
Cujus cives semper læti,	Whose people's hymns of praise are heard;
Cujus muri lapis vivus,	Whose walls are built of living stones;
Cujus custos Rex festivus.	Whose Keeper is the Lord alone.

* From page 236 (March number, 1894), THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

THE STORY OF ASHANTI.*

BY LUCY WARDEN BROOKING.

TYPICAL HEAD OE WEST AFRICAN.

In the eightieth report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for 1894, we find the following:

"Our work in Western Africa is the oldest in which we are engaged, older than the Society itself! Its history is a long and pathetic record of sacrifices, the latest of which is the death, two months ago, of our young brother Johann Franz Mühleder. But those sacrifices have been part of the price paid for great results. Tens of thousands have been rescued from idolatry, superstition and sin, and the moral and social fruits of the Gospel have ripened in regions long cursed with heathenish influences. In the districts of Sierra Leone and Gambia, Gold Coast (including Ashanti) and Lagos, there is now a membership of 15,554 souls, with 2,003 on trial. The native ministers number forty-six, and 14,953 children are receiving instruction in our day and Sunday-schools."

We Canadian Methodists should have a twofold interest in this distant field as the veteran mission of our beloved parent Church, and, also, because our own land was in the circle through which the light first travelled to reach West Africa!

After the American War of Independence many of those negroes who forsook their masters and served in the British forces, were carried to Nova Scotia with the U. E. Loyalists and there declared free. Others went with the British regiments to England, and were finally conveyed to Africa and formed the colony of Sierra Leone. During this time Mr. Wesley's missionaries were working in Nova Scotia; many of the negroes were converted to God, and when, in 1792, a fleet sailed from Nova Scotia to Sierra Leone, containing eleven or twelve hundred blacks, "they carried the savour of divine grace with them; and being attached to our doctrine and discipline they established the worship of God among themselves, according to the plan of the Methodists. Two or three officiated as local preachers and others as class-leaders. As their lives were exemplary others soon joined them, and in process of time a preaching-house was erected! In the Minutes of Conference for 1792, we find, under the head of 'What numbers are in the societies?' the answer is, 'Sierra Leone, coloured people, 223.' This is the first official record of Methodism on the continent of Africa."

The work did not extend to the Gold Coast for some years. Indeed, our earliest connection with the coast of Guinea was anything but creditable—the consent of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth being given (though reluctantly) for the continuation of the slave trade by the Royal African Company of England. We sigh and say, "How very inconsistent!" when we read that these

* This admirable record of missionary heroism possesses an added interest to us in Canada from the fact that Mr. Brooking, one of the pioneers of the Ashanti mission under the burning sun of Africa, was also one of the pioneers of the Methodist missions in our own remote North-Land. It has been a work of filial affection for his daughter, Miss Brooking, to prepare this beautiful tribute to her beloved father.—Ed.

very slave-traders habitually carried with them chaplains, presumably to pray for divine blessing upon their work. But in what respect are we superior to these praying freebooters when in the full light of to-day from a Christian country sails a ship for Africa, with missionaries in her cabin and rum in her hold!

"Ye thought evil unto me, but God meant it unto good." In 1751 a clergyman of the Church of England, having worked in America under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, obtained permission from the directors of that society to proceed to the Gold Coast in order to "make a trial with the natives, and see what hopes there would be of introducing among them the Christian religion." He went out as one of these very chaplains, and his official position gave him opportunities for carrying on the work. After four years of toil he was obliged by failing health to leave Africa, and a young native, educated in England, occupied the post of chaplain for over fifty years. "To all appearance the work of three-quarters of a century was unproductive, but the faithful labourers had sown the seed of which the harvest is being reaped to-day."

In the government school at Cape Coast the boys had learned to read the Bible, determined to live Christian lives, and formed themselves into a "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

They had their share of persecution, being accused of dangerous political designs, and one of their number, William de Graft—afterwards one of the chief native assistants in mission work — was imprisoned, the others fined. In their distress they sent the Governor of Cape Coast a Bible, given by himself to one of them, courteously asking him to point out in his own gift his authority for inflicting punishment and fine for reading the book! On further inquiry they were released and secured the influence and friendship of the Governor. As years passed they became scattered and ran short of Bibles, when, through one Captain Potter, they sent a request to England for more copies of God's Word. Captain Potter was a Wesleyan Methodist, and offered to ask for a missionary as well as Bibles. So the old Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," re-echoed from Africa to England! The result was that Rev. Joseph Dunwell sailed with Captain Potter in 1834. Some of the natives at points along the coast touched at spread the news of the coming of this first missionary, "The God-man come to talk great palaver."

NATIVE HUTS, CENTRAL AFRICA.

The greatest enemies to the spread of the Gospel were the Fetishmen,

idiculed, threatened and per-
l the people, saying, "What,
urn white? You know not
lod gave the Bible to white
ınd fetish to black man! How
you forsake the religion of
orefathers?"

Mr. Dunwell's work pros-
One woman publicly burned
usehold gods in the presence
heathen neighbours. But in
ry beginning of his work Mr.
ıll fell a victim to the dreaded
n fever. The next four mis-
ies, Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley and
nd Mrs. Harrop, gave their
for Africa in less than one

ut this time Thomas Birch
an, an able and devoted young
through whose veins there
African blood, and whose
life had specially prepared
ır this work, became stirred
story of darkness and oppres-
nd offered himself as a mis-
y to the Wesleyan Society.
sed a satisfactory examination
ndon and was immediately
ted to the Gold Coast, where
ded in January, 1838, to find
f face to face with the entire
sibility of the mission. The
ıissionary had died seven
before!

ı undaunted courage Mr. Free-
ok up the work and the suf-
In a few weeks he was
ed by the inevitable seasoning
fatal to so many. His wife
ıken ill and died in a few
So six precious lives were
ed before the work was well
and in the twelve succeeding
ıo less than sixty noble men
omen laid down their lives
e cause of Christ in Western
As more missionaries joined
eeman the work extended to
places. Churches were built
ıools established at Anamabu,
bah, Domonasi, Accra, Dix
nd many smaller places. Mr.
an was indefatigable in his
labours and his successes were great. But he had to endure much opposition from the native priesthood, who feared the decline of their power.

The idea of a supreme being called "Yankumpon" or "Very Great Friend," lies at the very foundation of their system. The "fetish" (from the Portugese word for witchcraft) are subordinate deities. They also firmly believe in a satanic being always near at hand to perpetrate mischief. A great "custom" is held every August at Cape Coast, to drive him away, when the people gather from all parts armed with sticks and weapons of every description. They rush into each house with the wildest of shouts, beating out the most obscure corners and washing and purifying their household utensils. They then rush out of the town in a body, pursuing the invisible enemy for several miles, with torches, shouts, beating of drums and volleys of musketry, until they suppose him to be completely routed. They have a great many periods called "bad days," when no trade may be carried on, council held, or national concern undertaken. In Ashanti the good or lucky days only number about 150 in the year. This superstition often causes great loss of time in mission work, journeys, etc. The amount of time spent in the daily worship of their household divinities, and with the idea of fortifying themselves against evil, is incredible.

It is in honour of the fetish, and the shades of departed kings and heroes, that most of the terrible human sacrifices are offered in Ashanti. The funeral customs, especially for persons of distinction, are scenes of the most horrible barbarity. When the king's brother died, in 1824, over four thousand human beings were sacrificed during the funeral rites. Dr. Beecham says, "When the king dies, Ashanti is one vast Aceldama!" The fetish-

men and women, priests and priestesses of this strange religion constitute a numerous order. They are supported by the liberality of the people, and by means of secret agencies through the country, they acquire such an amount of information on all subjects and about all people, as to strengthen the belief in their supernatural powers and enable them to terrorize their dupes.

But light was dawning on Darkest Africa, and some of the people doubted, and finally discovered and exposed many of the priestly tricks. This destroyed the power of their "spells" and opened the way for the spread of Christianity.

A call for help came from Ashanti. One of the members of the first little band of native Christians at Cape Coast had gone to live in Coomassie, as the king's secretary. He had conversed and prayed with some of the princes, and even held worship in the palace. Mr. Freeman's "heart had been set on winning Ashanti for Christ," from his arrival in Africa. "The tales of horror, wretchedness and cruelty which I had often heard respecting the Ashantis wrought in my mind," he writes, "the deepest commiseration, and a constant restlessness to commence missionary operations among them."

Mr. Freeman was expecting the Rev. Robert Brooking as his assistant on the coast. Leaving Mr. de Graft, another member of the first band of Fanti Christians, in charge till the new missionary should arrive, Mr. Freeman commenced his journey to Coomassie, the "City of Blood." Innumerable difficulties, dangers and delays had so retarded his progress that he was more than two months in covering the 170 miles from the coast.

The king of Coomassie sent a messenger on a tour of inspection, and on his return asked the man if he had seen the new fetishman, and had he plenty of drums? On learning that Mr. Freeman had no drums, and what his errand really was, he was sorely puzzled and exclaimed, "Never, since the world began, has there been an English missionary in Ashanti! What can he want?"

At last came the summons to the presence of the king. A band of music and officers with gold-hilted swords and enormous umbrellas were deputed to conduct the stranger to court. As they entered the city they passed between two new heaps of earth, which Mr. Freeman afterwards learned contained two human victims buried alive, as a fetish to avert any evil that might result from the visit of a missionary! When they reached the marketplace there sat the king in all his barbarous splendour, surrounded by officers of state, captains, soldiers, and vast throngs of people—certainly not less than forty thousand! Each chief in the party was followed by a crowd of slaves and retainers. Most of the slavery in Ashanti is due to this great love of show, each chief desiring to have a more imposing retinue than his neighbour!

Upon several occasions Mr. Freeman held quite lengthy conversations with the king and his chief linguist, a person of great influence. He gave them all possible information as to the object of his visit, but found much difficulty in making them understand his motives. A very lengthy "custom" for one of the king's relations, during which there was horrible human sacrifice, caused much delay and much suffering. Many times during these days the missionary heard the sound of the dreaded death-drum. His interpreter remarked, "Do you hear the drum? A sacrifice has just been made and the drum says, 'King, I have killed him!'"

Of Coomassie itself Mr. Freeman writes that the streets are large, clean and uniform, in some instances quite thirty yards broad, and shaded

AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF A ROYAL PALACE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

by rows of splendid banyan trees, though full of dangerous holes washed out by the heavy rains. On each side are the houses of the chief inhabitants, with unique, open fronts beautifully carved and polished. Behind these were numerous small sheds, the private apartments of the people. On one side of the large market-place the bodies of victims and slaves were cast, from which there arose an intolerable stench.

Mr. Freeman made a good impression on the king, and finally asked permission to return and bring a resident missionary. After a very polite and kindly farewell, in the course of which, according to Ashanti custom, the king presented his guest with a slave, Mr. Freeman commenced his homeward journey well satisfied with the result of the expedition, and hoping much from the influence of two young Ashanti princes who had been accepted as hostages in the recent war, and been taken to England for education.

A little later the king sent a request for a missionary and school, when it was thought best for Mr. Freeman to visit England in the interests of the new mission, leaving the Coast missions in charge of Mr. Brooking, lately arrived. Great enthusiasm was aroused in the mother land, and six new missionaries returned with Mr. Freeman.

In a short time four of the new recruits and a native teacher died of the dread African fever. In spite of all these troubles, Messrs. Freeman and Brooking prepared to start for Ashanti with the two native princes, who were returning home. Mr. Brooking writes:

"We are now ready for our journey to Coomassie—nearly four hundred in all, including the carriers for the princes. I am looking forward with great anxiety to this important mission, seeing I shall have to remain there *alone* for several months at least. I see the great importance of the work before me, and am ready to exclaim, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' But I am blessed with the consideration that I am not called to wage a warfare at my own charge. He who stood by His servants in former ages will, I am sure, be with me. I shall cast myself into His gracious hands and leave the event to Him. Hitherto He has helped me!"

In thirty-seven days our mission-

aries reached Coomassie, and were greeted with all barbaric splendour.

The labour of conveying the carriage, a present which it was deemed advisable for the Missionary Society to send to the king, in accordance with Ashanti custom, was almost incredible. "It had to be borne bodily on men's shoulders, through forest and over river and hill."

The king examined the carriage very carefully, and said, "Never, since the world began, was a thing of this sort seen here!" Mr. Brooking writes:

"We received our summons from the king, and were escorted into the town. In the market square there must have been thirty thousand persons in the king's retinue, exclusive of those who lined the streets. The moment we entered the area bursts of their wild music sounded forth, and a universal buzz, which I can only compare to the roar of a heavy sea on a rock-bound shore. . . . The numerous splendid umbrellas, the great number of gold and silver trinkets and utensils, the grotesque appearance of some of the attendants, all united to give the grand effect which so delights this barbarous people. After having passed around the immense semicircle and paid our respects to every chief in succession, we were directed to a place where we had to sit and receive their salutations in turn. So the whole procession passed before us, in the course of which were carried one hundred and twenty-five large umbrellas, from twelve to twenty feet in diameter, and made of different materials according to the rank of the chief. The king himself had *four* carried over his person, all made of silk and velvet, different colors patched together. Those belonging to officers of the king's household were surmounted with the emblem of office—that of the steward with a small gilt box, the cook's with an arm and hand grasping a ladle, the chief musician a trumpet, the executioner a knife. There was a very great display of gold, indeed it would be impossible to estimate its value.

"It was nearly dark before all this show was over, and we were heartily glad to return to our quarters. Surely such honour was never paid to Christian missionaries before."

The next day the king granted a private reception, when the carriage was formally presented in the name of the Missionary Society. He accepted the present very graciously. "When he heard that Her Majesty the Queen of England had seen it, he was much pleased, and said, 'The Queen of England is queen of queens of the white people, and I am king of kings of the black people; now we have carriages alike: this is very good!'"

Mr. Freeman writes again:

"This morning I conducted divine service under a large shed. Many Ashantis were present. The service was conversational, and many interesting and vital questions were asked by the people. They said at the close that it was a 'good palaver,' and that if all men would obey God and keep His commandments we should have a happy world.

"Christmas day, at eleven a.m., we held divine service. I read prayers, and Mr. B. preached on the nativity of Christ. This is, I presume, the first Christmas day on which the Gospel has ever been preached in Ashanti."

At the close of one very interesting conversation with the king, in the course of which they mentioned their wish, as missionaries, to introduce Christianity into his dominions, the king said, "I will protect you, and supply you with land on which to build a house." A little later Mr. Freeman visited Dwabin, an important town about twenty-one miles from Coomassie, in order to prescribe for a royal lady, aunt of the king, who was suffering from a peculiar nervous disease. Mr. Brooking also visited Dwabin, remaining for two weeks, and conducting services between the old lady's demands on his medical skill. The work commenced under such strange circumstances is still carried on with success.

In January Mr. Freeman returned to the coast, "leaving Mr. Brooking in charge of one of the most important undertakings of modern days."

Of this time the lonely worker writes:

"I took my leave of Bro. Freeman

with feelings of a peculiar nature. Here I am alone, two hundred miles from an European settlement, amongst a barbarous people. If I should be taken ill, no one to give me so much as a dose of medicine or a drink of water! But these feelings soon passed, and I was enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord, knowing that I was engaged in His work and that He would not suffer me to need."

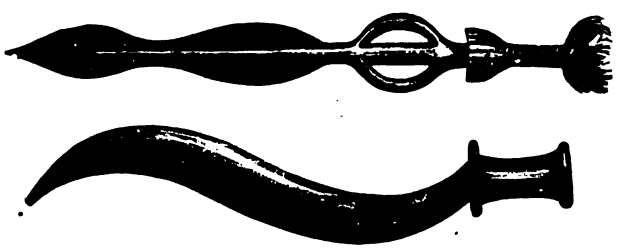
In addition to visits, conversations, services, and the immense amount of toil undertaken in visiting outlying towns to unfurl the Banner of the Cross, Mr. Brooking was busily engaged in building a new mission-house. Prejudice on the part of the Ashantis seemed to pass away "as the morning cloud and the early dew." Of this same little mission-house Sir William Winniett, governor of the Gold Coast, who visited Ashantee in 1850, writes:

"Greatly as I had been interested with the manner in which the king received me, and the many strange sights, I was equally interested and excited at the appearance of the Wesleyan mission-house, a neat cottage built chiefly with the teak-wood of the country. . . . As I sat down in the airy, spacious hall, in the cool of the evening, after all the toils and excitement of the day, and contemplated this little European establishment planted in the midst of barbarism, two hundred miles into the interior of Africa, exhibiting to thousands of untutored pagans the comforts of civilized life and the worship of the true God, I could not but think deeply and feelingly on the great triumph thus achieved by Christianity and civilization."

This "neat little cottage" in the heart of heathendom has been the home of all missionaries and teachers ever since, and sheltered the captive German missionaries during the Ashanti war of 1874.

But all days were not days of encouragement in Coomassie. The horrors of the terrible customs, which were constantly recurring, may not be described in this brief sketch. One short extract from Mr. Brooking's journal will give some slight idea of what life was to the lonely young missionary:

"A 'custom' has been making, and several human sacrifices have been offered. On returning from a walk I saw lying in the street five headless bodies and six heads. Scarcely a week or even a day passes without such scenes being witnessed. One can scarcely go out without seeing headless bodies lying in the street or being dragged along to the place where sacrifices are deposited. On coming in from a ride the other day, I saw the body of a man, scarcely cold, lying in the street through which I had to pass, with the vultures feasting thereon. Nearly ninety human sacrifices have been made to-day in the city, besides numbers in the crooms or villages adjoining. Four small crooms have been quite depopulated! I asked for what reason such a number of persons were put to death, when a man of note dies, and all the answer was, "To let the people know that they have a *strong master!*"



ASHANTI WEAPONS.

Turning to a more cheerful picture, we find some very bright accounts of the royal old lady of Dwabin, whom Mr. Brooking had visited. He had taken a diagnosis of her case to the Coast surgeon, and the course of treatment suggested by him was

now to be put in operation by Mr. Brooking. The royal patient asked innumerable questions about England, such as whether the sky and earth did not touch there; if she had been informed correctly that the stars often fell there and that the English picked them up; if English silks were not blown together by the wind? When told that the machinery by which silk was made was put in motion by the steam produced by boiling water, she came to the conclusion that truth was indeed stranger than fiction, and remarked, "Wonderful people!—they make everything minister to them!"

Upon seeing Mr. Brooking's watch, hearing it tick, and observing its movement, she was almost petrified, sat back in silent amaze for some minutes, and then inquired whether it was the work of a human being or a spirit! When offering refreshment, she proceeded to pour out a libation to the fetish. Mr. Brooking requested her not to do so for him. She replied with dignity, "Who are we that we should dare to keep back part from God?"

As the treatment eased her suffering, she became more charmed with English skill than ever, and explained that they (the English) were recognized as peculiar favourites of the Almighty. For, in the beginning, God created two kinds of people, white and black. He then placed before them a box and a book. The blacks had the first choice, and took the box, which contained gold, but the whites took the book, which brought them all sorts of good knowledge!

During the summer Mr. Brooking was called to meet Mr. Freeman at the river Prah, where he was bringing Mr. Rowland, a noble and consecrated young man who was to work in Ashanti. So they met in the heart of the bush, and spent three days in strengthening fellowship, after which these two young men started north again to Coomassie.

But only two weeks after their arrival we find this entry in Mr. Brooking's diary: "This has been to me a day of sorrow. This morning Brother Rowland exchanged time for eternity. . . . He was a noble young man, deeply pious, and died in full hope of an eternity of bliss."

That same afternoon we find the young missionary alone once more, making some of the beautiful tropical wood into a coffin for his fallen comrade. One of the princesses passing by exclaimed, "Oh, if I were sure of being buried in such a beautiful box, I would consent to die to-morrow!"

To quote from the journal again: "In the cool of the evening we buried him, in a part of the mission premises. Here his remains will rest in peace until the resurrection morning, when the 'trump of God' shall sound even in Coomassie."

Still the work went on: a slow and often discouraging warfare against the superstitious fears and degrading habits of heathenism. In about a year and a half Mr. Brooking was obliged to return to England for a rest, leaving a tiny Church "in the desert," and many persons of influence gradually losing confidence in the national superstitions. Just before leaving Mr. Brooking writes:

"When Christianity shall have 'leavened the whole' of this people there will not be a nobler race under the heavens, for notwithstanding the awful state they are now in and the degrading nature of their superstitions, there are many fine traits in their character. Not long since Osai Kudjo showed me a gilt crucifix, given to some of his ancestors by a Portuguese, and asked me what it meant. I shall never forget the intensity of his feelings when I told him the story of this world's redemption!"

In 1844 the resident missionary writes: "Osai Kudjo has begun to meet in class."

Mr. Chapman gives an interesting account of the sincerity of one young

ve Christian, shown by the de-
tion of his household fetish.
companions were assembled;
or three large drums were
ght out, and as the god hung
nded over the waiting flames,
of the party, in imitation of the
al given by the death-drum,
k his drum to the well-known
l, 'Cut him down!' The flames
ntly received the long-adored
e. So perish all the false gods
hanti!"

. Wharton, a young man of
r from the West Indies, and one
vo others, followed Mr. Chap-
In 1850, Prince John Ansah
placed in charge of the mission
egularly-appointed Christian
er. An extract of a letter from
prince to Mr. Freeman shows
truly the kingdom of God had
to his heart:

feel my helplessness and unworthi-
I look for help from Him whose
se is, 'As thy day so shall thy
th be.' I assure you, my dear
in Christ, all my mind is that my
ay be spent in the service of Christ.
eneral aspect of the work is encour-
The people attentively hear the
of God. I preach in the public
every Sabbath day, and they crowd
ar the way of salvation. I think
days are beginning to come upon
hantis. May the Lord hasten them
that these poor souls here may
the true and living God, and Jesus
, His Son, our Lord!"

d still the work is going on.
383 an Ashanti prince from
in was converted and has since
ie an unpaid evangelist. In
we find him, with native mis-
ies from every part of Western
a, at the Cape Coast Missionary
l. In the same year glorious
e services were held at Cape
in which old Father Freeman
part, having a heavenly fore-
of the joy of bringing in the
es.

early as three o'clock in the morn-
spacious church was full of earnest
rs with God, and the prayer-meet-
ing continued until day-dawn. At seven o'clock a native minister preached. The first English service was conducted by Father Freeman at half-past ten. The old father preaching the jubilee sermon was as complete a finish to the marvellous record of fifty years as any historian could wish. The two following days were devoted to public thanksgiving meetings. Two or three at a time were on their feet to speak of God's love and mercy, and to

A NATIVE OF UHHA, CENTRAL AFRICA.

subscribe their amounts. One old lady said she was with those who first invited Captain Potter to bring them a missionary. She alone was left of those who joined to welcome Mr. Dunwell. Then the work was very poor and hard, and she marvelled to see it spread as it is doing now. Another said, 'Fetish men and women live in our house, but I find no Saviour in them, so I give myself to Jesus, and send my present of thirty shillings.'"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Beside me as I write lies a small, plain, strongly-bound Bible, yellow and stained by sea-water and African rains, containing the following inscription: "This Holy Bible was presented to the Rev. Robert Brooking on his solemn designation to the office of a Wesleyan missionary, at Wilderness Row Chapel, November 10, 1839.

"JABEZ BUNTING,
"JOHN BEECHAM,
"R. ALDER,
"ELIJAH HOOLE, } *Secretaries.*"

This little Bible went with the young missionary to his work in Western Africa, the "White Man's Grave;" to Coomassie, the "City of Blood;" to our own North-West Territory, indeed a Great Lone Land, in the early fifties; then through many years of missionary work among the Indians of Ontario. In his journal I read, Dec. 24th, 1839: "Christmas Eve. To-day we passed to the westward quite close to the Canaries (on our way to Western Africa), and at night we saw the churches illuminated." On Christmas Eve, 1893, we laid the old and worn-out frame to rest under Canadian skies, and I love to think of the dear, dim eyes growing bright and young again, when they sighted the lights of the Heavenly City!

Only the little Bible and heavy old journal remain as visible links to that noble band of men who lived and worked, and many of whom died, for West African missions.

As we read this simple story of quiet heroism, unutterable suffering patiently endured, and noble lives laid down without a murmur, let us rouse ourselves to truer faith and nobler courage. God is over all, and His heroes are not dead yet!

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

COBOURG, Ont.

MEXICO IN TRANSITION.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

Professor in Victoria University.

By his long, arduous, and eminently successful missionary labours in the land of Montezuma and Cortez, Juarez and Maximilian, Dr. Butler (so well known by his earlier missionary work in India) fairly earned the right to be heard on the interesting subject which he has chosen, namely, the long, slow process by which the land of the Aztecs has been set free from the blighting despotism of Spanish governors and inquisitors, and provided with free and stable institutions of her own.

Readers who cling tenaciously to popular misapprehensions, and are unwilling to revise their judgment of men and things, had better let this book alone, for the indisputable evidence here offered forever shatters those idols of popular admiration and sympathy, Hernando Cortez and the "Emperor" Maximilian.

In the year 1494 Pope Alexander VI. assumed authority to assign to Spain every island, continent and sea on which her troops should plant her flag in the Western hemisphere. Thus, inspired by mingled motives of adventure, avarice, and religion, Cortez and his hardy companions advanced to the conquest of the land of the Aztecs.

From the brilliant pages of Prescott we have gained a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the heroism of the conquerors. Even Spanish writers are disposed to discount some of the extravagant stories which Cortez sent home. We are only beginning to look at the whole history from the Aztec side, and to

* "Mexico in Transition from the Power of Political Romanism to Civil and Religious Liberty." By William Butler, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

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and especially the vest-
ments of the images of the Virgin, flamed with precious stones. The image of the "Virgin de los Remedios" hid its ugliness in petticoats worth $3,000,000.

To what purpose was this enormous wealth employed? To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, teach the ignorant? Nay, but to consolidate Church authority and extend Church influence, to crush all liberal aspirations and uphold all ancient abuses, political as well as ecclesiastical.

But even the ignorant and long-oppressed natives of Mexico, so long deprived of all voice in the government of their own country, so long held down by Spanish force and by the yet more awful terrors of the Roman Catholic Church, felt the refreshing breath of Liberty consequent upon the French Revolution. From 1810 to 1821 there was incessant struggle for independence. The party of liberty steadily grew larger, wiser, stronger. A good priest named Hidalgo, goaded to desperation by the brutal cruelty of the Spanish authorities to the poor people for whom he toiled, in September, 1810, unfurled the flag of independence. The valour of his undisciplined followers proved finally unequal to the task before them. He was taken, deposed from the priesthood, and shot as a traitor. But his cause did not die with him. He is now beloved and honoured by the Mexicans as "the Liberator of Mexico."

On his death, José Maria Morelos became leader of the popular cause. The war was one of hope, of courage, of mercy on the one side; of hatred, cruelty and revenge on the other. The Spanish governors and generals waged war upon the patriots as upon wild beasts, with the avowed purpose of exterminating them. But though in 1814 Morelos was captured and executed, the struggle went on. At last, on the 24th February, 1821, the Spanish flag, which had floated for well-nigh three hundred years

in Mexico, was hauled down, and Mexico became independent.

But the difficulties of the patriots were by no means at an end. The great leader, Iturbide, in about a year succeeded in securing for himself the title and authority of emperor. His attempt at imperialism ignominiously failed, and in 1824 the Republic was proclaimed. Spanish influence remained only as a disturbing element, ever ready to intrigue with all reactionary parties in favour of monarchy. Santa Anna was for over thirty years the frequent disturber of the peace in Mexico, inspired partly by personal ambition and partly by clericalism. It was only gradually that the liberal party were taught by bitter experience that established liberty was an impossibility until all alliance between the Republic and the Church was ended. In 1857 the absolute *freedom* of *religion* was proclaimed, and also the nationalization of $200,000,000 of property held by the Church and used to thwart the progress of the people toward an honourable position among the free nations of the world.

Through several years the issue between the liberals and the clericals was fought out. But in January, 1861, the government of the great liberal leader, Benito Juarez, was peacefully established.

Juarez is the greatest figure of Mexican history. Of purely native descent, he is dear to Mexicans as "our little Indian." Well educated, a lawyer by profession, inspired by high ideals of virtue and patriotism, he gave for many years all his energies to the best interests of his native land. His was the hard lot to represent the cause of Mexican independence during the sad years of the rascally French "intervention" and the usurpation of Maximilian.

The ostensible causes of Louis Napoleon's intervention were so frivolous, that as soon as they came to be understood both England and Spain indignantly withdrew from the enterprise into which the French emperor had enticed them. Napoleon was ambitious to emulate his great predecessor's career as a king-maker; to intervene in a brilliant and striking fashion in one of the greatest countries of America was a prospect which dazzled his mean soul; a firm position in Mexico might make him formidable even to the United States; in his own words, "My object is to assure the preponderance of France over the Latin races, and to augment the influence of those races in America." Almonte, the ambassador of the clerical party in Mexico, misled Napoleon by his false assurances that Mexico was "monarchical to the core," and that the Republic was maintained only by needy and unscrupulous adventurers.

The intervention was for the moment a brilliant success. The arms of France bore down all opposition. That poor fool Maximilian of Austria became a puppet emperor, dependent upon French bayonets and clerical favour. The Church welcomed the usurpation as the occasion of resuming all her lost prerogatives and abolishing all religious freedom. But even Maximilian hesitated to go to the lengths of tyranny to which the Church, from the Pope downward, urged him. At last, deserted by the French bayonets, mistrusted by the clericals whom he had in a measure disappointed, hated by the liberals as a foreign usurper, unable to escape, he succumbed to his fate.

His death and the insanity of his unfortunate wife have elicited a world-wide sympathy which was largely undeserved. In his latest days of tyranny he had been cruel in the extreme. The "black decree" of October, 1865, had doomed all the patriot leaders, soldiers, and sympathizers to death as outlawed brigands. Many prisoners — men of honourable rank, stainless name,

ıeroic patriotism—were basely down in cold blood by the t orders of Maximilian. Is it ır of surprise or of reproach ıst the people of Mexico that a e who had lent himself as a ı instrument of most unjustifi- French aggression, who had ıed authority over the lives and ırty of the people of Mexico, who had wantonly denied to ıoldiers of the Republic the ary rights of belligerents and prisoners down like dogs, should he full penalty at last of such ıs against humanity? Not the e of Mexico are to be blamed, but imperial pretender, Louis Napo- who, having used Maximilian ı poor tool, then deserted him to ıiserable fate. The history of ɔo reassures us that there is a r above us making for right- ıess, that right is might, that ıations, frauds and shams, politi- ıd ecclesiastical, must perish.

. honour to brave President ɜz, who never despaired of the blic, who maintained defiance e usurpation to the end, and ıt last, amid the rejoicings of a ıphant people, re-established itutional republicanism by his n to the capital on the 15th 1867. Well might Victor ı address to him these glowing ɜ: "America has two heroes, ɔln and thee—Lincoln, by whom ry has died, and thee by whom liberty has lived. Mexico has been saved by a principle, by a man—thou art that man!"

In the hour of victory the Republic was generous to the defeated party. Only Maximilian and his two infamous tools, Miramon and Mejia, were executed. A few prominent leaders were banished. And in 1871 an amnesty was proclaimed to all. Since then, Mexico, free in Church and State, has made rapid strides forward. Its resources are vast, its climate is varied and delightful, its scenery is charming. It is rapidly becoming a favourite resort of tourists and of invalids. Education is extending, and Protestant missions are providing a refuge for those who cannot longer abide the superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church and yet desire to remain Christians.

The brief sketch of Methodist mission work in the land of Montezuma with which Dr. Butler concludes his readable volume is full of interest. A Methodist church in a chapel of the Inquisition! Surely the world moves. Awful revelations did that old edifice yield of the abominations of a not distant past—human skeletons built up in little cells in the walls.

"Face loved of little children long ago!
Head hated of the priests and rulers then!
Say, was not this thy passion, to foreknow
In thy death's hour the works of Christian men?"

HOME.

stay at home, my heart, and rest;
·keeping hearts are happiest,
those that wander they know not where,
full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

, and homesick and distressed,
wander East, they wander West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest.
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

—*Longfellow.*

THE ENTHUSIASM OF GOD'S KINGDOM.

THE ANNUAL SERMON OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, 1895.

BY "IAN MACLAREN" (REV. JOHN WATSON), OF LIVERPOOL,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

"The multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when Jesus' kinsmen heard of it, they went out to lay hold on him, for they said: He is beside himself."—Mark iii. 20, 21.

SOME twenty-five years ago a book was published entitled "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism." It is the kind of book which every easy-going Christian should have handy on his book-shelf. It is an extreme book if you like, but the author fairly makes his point, that the difference between Christ and many Christians is that our Master was in deadly earnest, and that we are not in the same earnest, and that it would be a good thing that Christians should be baptized with the Spirit of the Lord. He points out with great force that the reason that modern Christianity does not suffer more at the hands of the world is because it is so soft and inoffensive a thing, and that if it carried itself after the fashion of Jesus it would be cast out from society. His most bitter passage is a comparison between a clergyman —the illustration happened to be from the Church of England, but we could replace it from any of our Churches—who is concerned regarding his dinner and the innocent pleasures of his life, and another who has given up his everything for Christ, and has spent long nights in prayer, and died at last from some fever caught in the discharge of his duty. Mad, says the author, coming to his climax—which simply means different from other people; and if Jesus lived in our day modern Christians would be so astonished at his conduct that they would put Him in an asylum.

Perhaps you will remember that the point has been made by two free-lance skirmishers on the outside of Christianity, Lawrence Oliphant in his "Piccadilly," and Mrs. Lynn Lynton in "Joshua Davidson." I wish you to remember that the point has been made long ago and is contained in the Gospels. This incident of Jesus' life throws it into relief and creates a permanent situation. Jesus was accustomed to contradiction and to abuse. He was not very much hurt when the Pharisees would say, "Thou hast a devil."

It was altogether a different matter for Jesus when His mother, as it appears from another passage, and His brethren came down to put Him under restraint. For His own mother and brethren to break in at the moment of His great popular influence, one of the few moments of His life when the people were entirely with Him, and explain on every hand that they knew Him, and that He was not in His senses, was a stroke of almost Satanic cruelty and ingenuity. What lent bitterness to the incident was this—they did not object to His work, that would have been an intelligent opposition on the part of an opponent, but it was the spirit in which He did His work! It was that He worked double tides, that He was not careful about eating and drinking, that He laboured without any ordinary prudence or consideration for Himself. It was not the work He did, but the spirit in which He did it. They would have wished Him to do God's will, but cautiously. They were annoyed,

anxious, dismayed, because He did God's will intensely.

Jesus was counted mad simply and solely because He was enthusiastic, and the incident remains typical. Jesus in that inaugurates the spirit which has its ebb and flow, but which at its height has no regard of ease or honour or life itself in the service of God and man. And the world, realizing as by an instinct the intensity of this spirit, took up an attitude of ridicule and criticism, and began there and then to pour cold water on religious enthusiasm, and has been pouring cold water unto this day. Two states of mind were flung into intense contrast—the spirit rapt, inspired, and self-forgetful, and the spirit cautious, critical, self-regarding—the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world.

When I say that, I do not mean that this spirit has always been seen in its glorious glow in the Church of Christ, or that if a man comes in from the outside world, where the temperature may be below zero, he will be struck by the thermometer standing at blood-heat in the Christian Church. There have been times in every Church when the spirit of the Church has been as cold as ice. There are congregations of people so exceedingly composed and self-contained that they are for all the world like an aquarium, a collection of cold-blooded animals. There are individuals who have no more self-forgetfulness, no more danger of getting enthusiastic, than a marble statue. Thousands and thousands of Christians are never likely to be accused of madness on the ground of their devotion to Christ and religion. They may be right or wrong, but I am not going to turn aside to discuss that. I want with facts to point out that, whether right or wrong in this cold-blooded criticism, the kingdom of God would never have existed on that line, and if the spirit of enthusiasm died out from the kingdom of God to-morrow its end would be at hand.

Every moment of the epochs in the history of the Christian Church which we remember, and for the return of which we pray, has been like a great spring-time, when the sap stirred in the brown and withered tree, and the branches were covered with tender fresh green. They have been great tides of emotion that swept everything before them and raised men whom we scarcely thought capable of such things to the highest spiritual level. Every such enthusiasm was a lift to the kingdom, every such enthusiasm has been condemned regularly and consistently as madness by the world. It was a very tolerant and fair world before which Paul stood when he was tried by Festus—a world that could appreciate heroism and manliness. Festus declared that the man had done nothing worthy of death, and was full of respect for Paul's strength. But the moment Paul introduced his religion, the moment he came to the secret of the whole thing, then Festus spoke with another voice. He did not say the religion was dangerous, but it was a thing he could not understand. It was a thing of another order of circumstances—the supernatural—and it was not a matter he could examine at all—"Much learning doth make thee mad."

Long centuries passed, and there came a day to the Christian Church when the forgiveness of sins was sold for money, and when great ecclesiastics declared that the New Testament was a book full of snakes. The Roman Court, when the pressure of the spirit of Jesus relaxed for a time, reverted to type. Then arose Luther, and implored the head of the Church to make clean her court. But the Festus of the time was not angry with the Paul of that century; he was amused—"This brother Luther is a fine genius; as

for Christianity, it is a fable, but a very profitable one to us." On the one side the enthusiasm of the new spirit, on the other the extremely irrational and profitable relation to the kingdom of God.

It was a great day in England last century when the Spirit of God stirred in the dry bones of our land, when great ladies offered themselves to the service of Jesus, and the faces of colliers were washed white by tears of penitence. We know what the world said about that—the respectable and religious world. "Low follies," "a man out of Bedlam"; you catch the word "lunatic," "fool," "madman." When I see these words I say there must have been a great revival here. The kingdom of God is alive again, as it was in the old days when they said, "He is beside himself."

Do not, however, run away with the idea that in criticising enthusiasm the world is deliberately criticising Christianity. The attitude of the world to all religion, the classical attitude of the world to the spirit of all religion, is one of considerable toleration and a certain amount of sympathy. Religion, says the world, is really an instinct, and it must be fulfilled just as much as a man must eat and drink, just as much as he must have a house and pay taxes. Let him get a religion. When he has got a religion that will suit him, let him hold his tongue. It is a disagreeable necessity, and if you have found any kind of God with whom you can live on good terms, live with Him and be thankful. "I am a Catholic"; "I am a Protestant"; "I am a Methodist"; "I am a Theosophist"—and the world yawns. What do I care what he is? Let him be thankful that he is well suited. More than that: I think it is fair to say that the world has a kindly feeling to organized Christianity. It likes an æsthetic Church, and beauty has been enshrined in Jesus' teaching and worship. It has no objection to a Christian minister if he be a cultured man. It will say the Apostle's Creed on occasion; especially will a man say it with his wife provided you do not attach any close meaning to a number of clauses. And the world has a distinct preference for a religious burial service for its friends; it is the most decent way of closing a man's life. The world does not object to the average Christian, and would not think of calling him mad. The difficulty about the man is whether Christ calls him a Christian at all: he will have no difficulty in coming to terms with the world; he may have some difficulty in meeting the eye of Christ.

Supposing a man gets so possessed with the Spirit of Jesus that he insists on carrying Christianity through his thinking, through his acting, in his home, in his business, in politics, and in the city, with consequences in all directions, then you have quite a different state of affairs. They will not say he is beside himself; they will say, "Do you hear what so-and-so is doing? How imprudent for a man with six children!" They will lift their eyebrows. Perhaps they may be driven to take him aside as a friend and speak to him quietly some night. Perhaps they will say he is rude and offensive. Had St. Paul been satisfied with conducting a technical discussion in Jerusalem regarding Jesus Christ, I suppose he would have been left in peace and we should never have heard his name. But when he became the very type of Christian, then even the tolerant, self-restrained Roman world was obliged to do him to death. Had Luther written polite notes to His Holiness saying that he hoped he would consider these matters in his leisure moments, then he had got a letter from His Holiness' secretary saying he was glad he had called his attention to these matters. But when he nailed his challenge to the

church door, there remained nothing now but war to the death. The kingdom of God stands and must stand in that enthusiasm, and in the last it is justified of all her children.

There are two unanswerable pleas to make for religious enthusiasm. I am not going to put in any safeguards—there are plenty of people who will do that. We may safely throw fuel on the fire and leave people to throw on the water. When I am foolish you can be at hand with the water. First, its utter reasonableness. A man may be enthusiastic, and ought to be enthusiastic, about many things in life; of all things in the world ought he not to be enthusiastic about his religion? We encourage young men to risk their limbs in the most famous of outdoor sports. There is indulgence for the men who breed cattle, grow orchards, and collect stamps and old china. There is no fad, from book-collecting down to stamp-collecting, which people do not follow, and to which we do not give at the time a passing benediction. Why should all this tolerance for a man's hobby that we cannot understand turn into persecution when you come to a man whose mania is Christ Jesus and the kingdom of God? Why should a gladiator be thought to be sane and St. Paul thought to be mad? It is not very difficult to find out.

After all, what is eccentricity? Motion from a different centre. There is the centre of things that are unseen and eternal, and the centre of things that are seen and temporal; and the lives living at these two centres cannot be reconciled. Suppose twenty-five years ago a scientific man told some rustic that very soon we should be able to speak to people in Paris through a wire, the rustic would quit his company in dismay, and say at home that it would not be well to have the children go into the road for a day or two. Who was the fool? The scientific man was simply a little ahead of his day. I declare the most optimistic Christian that hopes for the cleansing of our country, and the making of a new London, or any other great and noble dream that has come from God, is only a little ahead of the time that is coming.

You take a dozen shrewd hard-headed men, and you put them on some street where my friends of the Salvation Army are holding a meeting—I mean where the Army is really hot, not where it is respectable. They hear the shouts and listen to the frenzied appeals, and the men say they are mad. They are right in their system of argument. You take a half-dozen Salvation soldiers to the little gallery that overlooks the Bourse of Paris; you put them there, and allow them to look down. They see a crowd swaying to and fro on every side, grey-haired men rushing about, smiting their foreheads, and they say these men ought to be put under restraint; this must be a French Bedlam, but it is the Stock Exchange of Paris. If it be true as you and I believe, but do not believe with the strength we ought to do, that the kingdom of God has permanent standing in the will of God, and that the person and work of Jesus Christ will remain when the whole of this world passes away as a shadow, then the man is right who flings away his life and all he has for the advancement of that kingdom.

My second plea is the success of enthusiasm. Suppose we take the most extreme enthusiasm — I will give myself away if you like—a man who has not always been cool and wise, whose plans you could always criticise. Suppose I go this length and take a man who does not seem to have had much tangible success. There are things more important than material results and

elaborate statistics that can be stated in reports. There is the spirit which must go behind all deeds in the kingdom of God, lest in the end you will have no reports or statistics to collect. You must have an enthusiasm stirred on a high watershed, where the wind of God is blowing, and nothing is heard but the cry of the birds of God. You must have it stirred so, or you will never drink the humblest water which is in the valley below. Think of the Six Hundred. "It is magnificent," said a French officer, "but it is not war." It was magnificent, and perhaps it was war. Those men will never be forgotten in English literature and in the annals of the English race. We think of them as we think of those that fell at Thermopylæ. As long as the English flag is lifted over a regiment, the Charge of the Six Hundred will stimulate English bravery. Think of Gordon's death. Was it waste? No. We would not have had to-day the example of Christian character for the young officers of our army; we would not have had the illustration of Christian manliness to put before the young men of our congregation, and we would not have had Gordon institutions all over the land had not this man died in his chivalry. When a man dies in his steel armour it does not seem to me a question as to whether he lost or won. And every man who saw him die leaves the lists less a sluggard and more a man.

Boards are most necessary things in churches, but no resolution can create a prophet. No resolution can create a martyr. He comes from God and does his work in his own way, not getting much encouragement often, and he goes back to get his encouragement from God. Hannington died at Uganda, and in the Baptist mission they die one after another on the Congo. Waste? Failure? I say it is high failure. Is it madness? It is very telling madness. It is a madness that would turn the world upside down. You can always get at prudent people. What is prudence? The world is filled with the proverbs of a base prudence which adorns the rule of three, which never subscribes, which never gives, which seldom lends, and only asks one question, Will it bake bread?

That is a good quotation; let me give you another. "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, such men will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of God upon earth." Were this infection of madness to spread over the Church, we should see the kingdom of God coming with leaps and bounds.

You cannot do anything without enthusiasm. You could not conduct a burial club, and that is the coldest concern one can imagine. Of all enterprises on the face of the earth there is none that in its nature demands such enthusiasm as the kingdom of God. All the great captains of the kingdom have been enthusiasts. We had in the sixteenth century a most accomplished scholar, but it was not that great humanist, but the rough John Knox that made Scotland. The finest scholar in that century was Erasmus, but it was not he, so accomplished in his Greek and timid in his heart, but rough Martin Luther, that made Germany and the new continent of Europe.

Has God baptized any man or woman here with this spirit? Then I congratulate you. Be thankful in an age of carelessness and indifference, when enthusiasm has gone out of letters and politics, that the old fire has come into your heart. Give it full play. Do not be disturbed too much by the criticism of clever and thoughtful people. I suppose the meanest thing a man can do when someone has plunged into the water to save a drowning

man is to stand on the bank and criticise the stroke of the man who is bringing his burden to the shore. If we cannot take off our coats and go in ourselves, surely we can find a bit of cheer in our hearts to give to the man. There is more than one crowd on the bank. There is a crowd standing higher up; a great crowd of witnesses; they are bending over him, they understand it all. Martyrs that were burnt in their day; they say, Well done! And if he does not hear it on account of the babble he will hear it in the good time coming, even though he did not succeed through the strength of the tide, though he flung an empty hand to heaven, that hand shall caught in the hand of Christ.

Has God denied you this enth iasm, which may be partly con tutional and which may not given to every man? I do bese you never to argue with the n next you who is baptized with spirit, nor to hinder him in any w that would not be helpful. Rat thank God that the man next has got the passion that has cc unto great men from age to a under which they have never b disobedient, and that he has recei the fire that burns in the hear Jesus and burns ever in the hear the Church.

"THERE IS BUT ONE BOOK."

(From the last words of Sir Walter Scott.)

FETCH me the buke, dear Lockhart,
An' gie me ane sweet ward.
What buke? There is nae ither—
The Life o' th' Incarnate Lord;
I fee' the shadows creepin',
My licht's nae burnin' lang,
Sae read frae the blessit Gospels
A bit, chiel, ere I gang;
Fin' whaur He holpit the needy,
His pity wi' His micht!—
Oh, my soul's fair hungry, Lockhart,
For the Livin' Bread, the nicht;

I think o' the dear disciples
Sae tassit on the sea,
An' the wards He spak' tae Simon,—
I ken they'd comfort me;
Tell o' the chitterin' sparrows,—
"Nae wan o' them can fa'";
Tell hoo He callit the bairnies,—
The dearest thocht o' a';
Read owre hoo the ravin' tempest
Seekit silence i' the deep;
Sae the surges i' my bosom
Are croonin' a' tae sleep;

You maun catch the roll o' Jordan
I' His wards to the Pharisee,
But ye'll hear Him prayin', dearie,
I' the sough o' Galilee;
Dinna fash 'bout Judas' kisses;
Nae greet i' the garden dim,
But joy hoo the dyin' beggar
Foun' paradise wi' Him;
Nae hent o' Thamas dootin',
Nae ward hoo Peter fell;
It grie's me sair—their weakness,
Wha kenned oor Lord sae weel;

Read o' the walk to Emmaus
That long and tearfu' day,
An' let oor hearts burn, Lockhart,
As we gang the countrie way.
Pluck me ane lily, Lockhart,
A siller-dew't and sweet;
I speer the rose of Sharon,
An' smell the growin' wheat;
Lat's join the throngin', dearie,
An' wait wi' the wee bit ships
For the wards, like beads o' honey,
That fa' frae His haly lips;

Hoo sad the Gospels, Lockhart,
Wi' His wanderin', hameless life;
But there's ane grief fetches comfort
Ane rest that comes o' strife;
Noo tak' me, kin', guid Lockhart,—
Aye tenner-true tae me!—
Oot wi' the dear disciples,
"As far's tae Bethany";
I sair need rest, beloved,
An' the licht's a-wearin' dim;
But Heaven's nae far frae Bethany,
An' sune I'll be with Him.

—*New York Observ*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE POOR.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

ONCE more let us follow these men and women filled with the Holy Ghost as they go amongst the poor, the outcast and enslaved. There were plenty of these in the days of the early Christians. These great masses of the poor and destitute are not the creation of modern life. It is said that Cæsar found scarcely less than three-quarters of the citizens of Rome dependent on public succour—the peril and perplexity of the city.

It is the question that every Christian should ask himself—Has Christianity any message, any remedy for the social ills of our time? If it have such a message, what is it? There is a perilous seething and ferment in our midst. It is as if our great cities were built over slumbering volcanoes, and ominous disturbances now and then remind us that the internal fires may easily break forth and overwhelm us. And yet the Christianity of to-day seems for the most part to go on its way wrapt in its self-complacency, and not greatly concerned about anything beyond trying to make its fortune and then to find its own way to heaven. Vereschagin, the Russian painter, soldier and traveller, whose pictures have lately made a sensation in London, and whose observation and experience give weight to his words, makes this statement in his autobiography: "We shall search in vain for Christian states or communities where the precepts of Christ are really carried out. In this respect the impression which is produced upon me by England—which stands at the head of the civilized world, which assuredly owes a great deal to Christianity, but is hampered with a narrow, official conception of Christ's teaching—is a somewhat gloomy one. Who does not know the deep contempt for poverty which reigns in England, though poverty is placed by the Gospel so high above wealth?"

And if he had an opportunity of seeing it, as many have, would he not add that the scorn is well repaid—as scorn is likely to be—by the curse of the poor, a curse none the less deep or bitter because it has so little opportunity of making itself heard?

What, then, of the early Christians filled with the Holy Ghost in relation to the poor?

Well, they did not wait until they had some particular remedy, defined and approved, for this particular ill. They did not go forth proclaiming any patent political cure—socialism, communism; much less was there any hint of violence. Most of them did not proclaim anything at all. They never dreamed that they were going to introduce a revolution. It seemed of all things the most unlikely,—revolutions are begotten of firebrands, riot, bloodshed, tears. They had two things—the only two things that Christianity requires—they had the example of Jesus Christ, and they had power to follow in His steps. And that wrought the revolution, just as when God turns the dead world of winter into the beauty of the spring, by the warmth of a new life, a life of love.

Well has it been said: "Socialism's creed is this—All thine is mine; Christianity's creed is this—All mine is thine." But the Christian's creed is of all mockeries the dreariest unless it is lived. Irritating, aggravating, sickening are such sentiments when they are but pious utterances only and not grand realities. And they of old went forth as their Master did—to live it.

Let us, too, carefully look at the example and teaching of Jesus Christ in relation to the poor.

By his very coming Christ made poverty no more a degradation. Of all men who ever lived Jesus Christ alone had any choice in the circumstances of His birth, and He chose the poorest lot and the hardest fare that ever befell any man.

Henceforth poverty was no part of Divine disfavour. He who became poor was the well-beloved Son in whom the Father was ever well pleased. What wicked folly we utter when we talk as if the "providential path" was always one where men make their fortunes, and as if we could measure God's goodness by the income!

Jesus Christ took away the reproach of poverty. No more should any follower of Christ think poverty is dull, ignorant, unconscious, and incapable of any higher development, shut out from the wisdom and grace and the sublimer aspect of things. But, alas, the great Example does not affect men's estimate of poverty to-day. The dull money-grubber of whom Tennyson tells utters many a man's feelings towards the poor:

"Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs, an' taäkes their regular meäls.
Noä, but it's thim as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.
Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy lot,
For work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was got."

Jesus Christ lowered the greatness of wealth by passing it by, and uplifted and hallowed the life of poverty by deliberately accepting it.

But more than this—much more. The one supreme idea which Jesus Christ lived out to the full was this—true brotherliness. For the first time in all the ages Jesus Christ brought into the world a reverence for humanity. Everything in the life of the Lord Jesus Christ lights up His brotherly kindness. His deeds, His words, His manner, His look, His death all grew out of it; His gracious familiarity, His simplicity, His perfect approachableness and homeliness all proclaimed it. If so varied and many-sided a life can be put into a single word, this is the summary of its earthward aspect—it was perfect brotherly-kindness. This inspired His teaching and His actions, and His fiercest indignation was kindled by all that made light of this great law of love. His parables, alike in their sweetest tenderness and in their most lurid terror, set it forth again and again. His revelation of the Father established a new relationship amongst men—of old time neighbours only, now all were brought nearer to one another, and now they are brothers. The very word humanity and the idea which it expresses came in with Christ; never before had the oneness of the human race been thought of. It is this sacredness of human nature—its greatness, its dignity—which is declared and secured by the mystery of the incarnation—that God should dwell in man; by the crucifixion—that for man He should lay down His life; by the resurrection—that man should be exalted above all principalities and powers, and should sit upon the throne of heaven beside the majesty on high. This reverence for humanity constantly meets us in the utterances of Jesus Christ. "What shall it profit a man," He asks, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As if He set up the balances, and on the one side he put the round world and all that therein is—wealth, dominion, glory, honour, all things—and the man outweighs them all. Though the man be stamped and branded with vice, though he be too bad for earth and fit only to be nailed to the cross, yet is he so dear to Christ

that such a one is reckoned worth dying for!

And now His followers go forth into a world redeemed not with silver and gold but with the precious blood of Christ. Now was there an awful sanctity and preciousness investing every man and woman and child. No man was any more a mere beast of burden—he was made in the image of God. No woman, whatever her position, was a toy for the passing whim of lust—the great love of God held her dear, and thus endeared her to all His children. Every little child was sacred by the childhood of their dear Lord and Master, hallowed by that hand which blessed the children, bound to the heart of His disciples by the love that had called them His little ones. Of theories, theologies, definitions, these disciples knew perhaps very little; but love is truest knowledge, and with them love to everybody was supreme. What a great outburst of brotherly love fills these early chapters of the Acts! Before Peter had seen his vision, a great revival has set Samaria, above all places, in a blaze, and burned up old feuds and melted all into a blessed brotherhood. Need and poverty thrust no man down into suspicion or neglect; but as with the Master so with the disciples, in the very need they found their opportunity for service. He who was rich and for their sakes became poor, was their Example, as well as their Saviour; and they could be Christians only as they had the mind which was in Christ.

O for a breath of this Christ-like Christianity! O for a gale of it, like the mighty rushing wind of old! Where is it? We ask what a man is worth, and count the answer by his income. We reverence not the man, but the accidents of his position, titles, liveries, circumstance. The only Christianity which Jesus Christ acknowledges is that which treats every man as brother. The man's worth is himself, not his gifts. How are we rent and torn asunder for want of this one thing—true brotherliness, reverence for humanity! We hear of the sacredness of property—and it has its sanctities, for that, too, is of God; but we want to hear infinitely more of the sacredness of humanity. And this must reach upward as well as downward. It is not Christianity which blames or hates a man for being rich. The poor man has to love the rich as well as the rich man love the poor. It seems a hopeless thing that men should ever come to believe it, yet it is most true, that all men are bound by the love of God and the brotherhood of Christ into a closer union than any ties of social position can ever bind men. All sorts and conditions of men need this great brotherliness. We are marked off from all other creatures not only by our need of God, but by our need of one another. It is the wild beast only that is independent. The highest are as often shut off from other people by their height as the poorest are shut off by their poverty. There are as many sad hearts and burdened lives in the West End as in the East. And there is an awful mockery in weariness and want amidst such abundance. To have so much and yet to find so little in it! The rich need sympathy, and they get envy—that cruellest regard. The poor, too, need sympathy, and they get it from one another, which the rich do not; but, alas, how often are they dreaded and scorned and suspected! The great middle class, certainly the happiest of the three, is exposed to the envy of those below them, and the scorn of those above them; whilst genius too often sits mocking the wretchedness of all.

Now, for every man and woman who calls Christ Master, the great question is this—What can we do amidst such a state of things—scattered individuals without any great influence?

Well, do not wait until things are set right for us—these early disciples certainly did not do that. They believed that they served One who was come, not coming, to set things right, who was manifested already to destroy the works of the devil. Do not wait until we can find some definite plan that commends itself to everybody's judgment. What we have to do is to give ourselves up to Christ for the fulfilment of His great purposes in us and through us. We have in His strength and for His sake to live the life of a Christ-like brotherliness. Do not begin to think of such a life as a lofty ideal too high for commonplace and busy people—that, too, is what these disciples did not do. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," is a promise to us. Let us boldly ask for the glorious portion of good that is ours, and then, having the power, we too can follow in the Master's footsteps.

Let us consider the poor. Think about them tenderly, resolve to help them as wisely and well as you can. Here, too, does the proverb hold good, that necessity is the mother of invention, and the necessities of love alone have omnipotence for their designs. God is love; and it is good as it is true to think that as every sun-ray that touches the earth has the sun at the other end of it, so every bit of love upon God's earth has God at the other end of it. Love, true love, is the only law. When love, true love, says it, it must be; everything in God's universe waits to carry out the bidding. Loving, Christlike, tender considerateness is mainly needed in the world. Here is an extract from a statement by one who knows of what he writes:

"The poor herd together as best they may without even the scanty decency which the artisan, with a single room for a home, manages to secure. Intermixed with the working-class population, in the same street, next door, not infrequently in the same house, is the vicious population. From the daily sight and hearing of hideous, loud-tongued vice, the women and children cannot escape. A decent workingman from the quiet country (there are nearly a million and a half of country-born people living in London) must put up with a room. He is amazed at the scenes around him. He cannot escape from them. Alas! he quickly gets used to them and falls into London ways."

"That is very sad," you say; "but what can we do?" How have other great evils been removed but by the great brotherliness that has taken the matter to heart, and thought and prayed and talked until the people indignantly demanded a remedy at any cost? For this, too, which lies at the source of the misery and vice and drunkenness of London, there is a remedy, if only love were widespread and strong enough to compel it.

One result that would follow immediately from such considerateness is that every church and chapel would have some place open every night—warmed, cheerful and attractive, as easily got at as the public-house, as comfortable as the bar-parlour, where men and women and young people could sit and read without being either lectured or patronized—but welcomed simply as brothers.

I believe schoolrooms, too, would soon be opened as workshops, warmed, and to which girls could bring their work. One good man in the East End of London has set the example, and, by getting the work-girls thus together, has got rid of the terrible middleman. It would be a simple matter to have such a "church parlour" in connection with every place of worship. "The streets, the music-hall, and the public-house stand to these people in the relation of much that is called home in the country. They have no other resort from the one room, the heat of summer, the fog

and cold of winter. The churches, chapels and schools are generally closed, except for purposes in which the mass of people feel no interest. It is a terrible thing to say, but to many it is no wonder that these men bless the public-house which curses them, and bitterly oppose those who would shut it up."

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* of February, 1887, the writer, an authority on the subject, says: "They (the artisans) see the churches well built and nearly always shut up; they see the public-houses, towering above their own small houses, blazing at every turn, and always open; they see their own small rooms, often badly built, always too small for even the little furniture and often large families."

Some time ago I was going down a main thoroughfare of the city in which I then resided, when I saw about thirty men who were at work in some way about the road, laying drains or something of that sort It was dinner-hour, and there in the pelting rain they sat eating their provision — about as dreary and cheerless a set as one could see. In that road, within a mile, there were no less than five places of worship. But the very nearest was that of which I was then the minister. I at once got the schoolroom opened, and bade the men welcome; promised it should be at their service so long as they were anywhere near; and had a fire at which they could warm their coffee and themselves. I told them that they were at perfect liberty to smoke after dinner, but the whole time not a man touched a pipe within the walls. It was the instinct of a true gentleman, awakened by a little act of kindness. When their work lay further down the road another place was similarly opened to receive them. Now comes the interesting part of the story. On the Sunday some of those men walked a long way and endured the infliction of a sermon, because, as one explained, "You see one good turn deserves another." I certainly much appreciated the kindness of that good turn. Of this be sure, though it was so little a matter—a cost of half-a-crown for extra cleaning covering the whole outlay—those men will henceforth carry a more kindly feeling toward the religion of Jesus Christ.

Let us pray earnestly for the Christlike brotherliness toward men, and opportunities of service will not be lacking.

Another thing which assuredly should be seen to, and that very speedily, is the neglect of the godly poor by the churches. Surely Christ our Master is alike astonished and indignant at the extent to which we lavish money upon the fabric in which we worship Him, and leave the poor members of His Church—by their very religion refined and sensitive—to the miseries of pauperism. It takes a vast advocacy, which is but slightly successful, to rouse the Church to think about consecrating one-tenth of the income to all religious uses. The Jews gave three-tenths, and one-tenth was wholly for the poor. The only direction in the New Testament about "laying by" is in relation to the poor. The three religious organizations that wholly support their poor are the Jews, who are a great deal nearer to the religion of Jesus Christ than are most Christians in this respect, at any rate; the Friends, and the Plymouth Brethren; the three that spend the least upon luxurious worship. May we not insist upon this as a mark of a true Church, since Jesus Christ has made it again and again the test of our religion? How immediately this Christlike care for the poor followed upon the baptism of power! Turn to the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the thirty-third and thirty-fourth verses: "And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus;

and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

The first appointment of officers in the Christian Church was to this care of the poor; and the seven deacons were appointed "to serve the tables."

How significant is the contrast in St. Mark's record of how, whilst the disciples were marvelling at the manner of the stones, Jesus was far more interested in a certain poor widow who came bringing her gift to the treasury! The fabric, however costly and beautiful, has little charm for Jesus beside a living, loving heart.*

Well may we ask, startled and alarmed, Is it the Church of to-day which shall stand at the closed door, vainly crying, "Open unto us, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" Is it to these that He will say, "Depart from me. . . . I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

When once, and only once, Christ lifted the veil of the world beyond, it was to reveal one tormented in the "white heat of God's indignation," whose offence was not that he was rich—Abraham was as rich as Dives, perhaps richer—his sin was in this, that he found life's good in his goods, and not in doing good; and that he left his poor brother at his gate, unpitied, unrelieved.

*Any religious community which does not provide for its own poor—that is, for those who, in happier times, have consistently maintained a religious confession in communion with it—stands self-condemned. The relief of such is the special business of the pastor and officers of the church; and if any poor member is suffered by them to fall into such want as to be compelled to apply for extraneous alms or parish relief, the church is convicted of want of brotherly love, has denied the Christian faith, and is worse than infidel.—"Social Wreckage," by F. Peck.

SERVICE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THY holy will be done, most gracious Lord;
Thou knowest well that this is all my wish.
Not what my human heart might weakly choose,
Without Divine direction, do I ask,—
But just whatever Thou dost deem it best
To send me; though my earthly life thus hold
More grief than gladness; and although, instead
Of strength that finds its joy in active work,
There comes to me the weakness that must wait
With folded hands. Only, O Master dear,
Even in feebleness let me be used
For Thy blest purposes. Wielded by Thee
The frailest instrument becomes a power;
If Thou inspire, infants can utter praise;
The lowliest and weakest of Thy children,
Ordained of Thee, may speak Thy messages:
Dear Lord, give me a share, if such Thy will,
In *this* sweet service; whisper to my soul
Thy cheering words, and let them minister
Through me to other hearts. But if, instead,
Thou choose to lay Thy finger on my lips—
So they be closed for Thee I am content;
For Thou canst make their very voicelessness
To honour Thee, the while I wait Thy will,
E'en here and now.

And when, some happy day,
Thou call'st me to the land where sorrow yields
Its place to joy unmixed; weakness is lost
In perfect strength; and still submissiveness
Changes to eager action—I shall rise,
Sound forth Thy praise, and gladsome serve Thee with
Unwearying powers.

TORONTO.

CHRISTIANITY AND WOMAN.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

CHRISTIANITY has done so much for woman that it is difficult for us to realize how much. When Christianity came into this world, woman was the slave—it would often be literally correct to say the chattel—first of her father, then of her husband. Even in the most civilized countries she had practically no personal rights at all. Such rights as she did possess were hers, not for her own sake, but for the benefit of her father, her husband, or her son. She was practically treated as the toy or the drudge of the particular man who happened to have legal possession of her. Jesus Christ was distinguished from all other great leaders of thought and religion by the marked courtesy and reverence with which He treated woman. From Him she invariably received nothing but respect and kindness; and it is an interesting and delightful fact that, so far as we know, no woman ever persecuted Him, or did Him any injury, or deserted Him after becoming His disciple. His relation to the other sex was one of unbroken peace and good-will. Woman had no share in the wrongs and cruelties which ultimately broke His heart. He alone of all great Oriental teachers denounced and abolished forever polygamy, which under all circumstances must be the degradation of woman. He introduced into marriage its tenderness and its sacredness, and, in so doing, created for the first time in human history a true home. It is only so far as the influence of Christ extends that woman receives, either from her husband or from her children, the respect and reverence, and therefore the real affection, to which she is entitled.

What a contrast all this is to the most conspicuous facts in the lives and teaching of other leaders of mankind! Buddha began his remarkable career by the cowardly and disgraceful abandonment of his wife and child. The relation of Socrates to his wife is the darkest blot on his memory; even at the solemn close of his life, when his wife and children were weeping over him, what harshness he displayed in his references to them, and in his command that they should be removed from his presence! Of the infamous teaching of Mohammed with respect to woman, I need say nothing. No one, until Christ came, recognized and proclaimed the true sphere and mission of woman; and, indeed, Christ's teaching with respect to woman was so unheard-of and so revolutionary that it is only at the close of the nineteenth century of the Christian era that Christians themselves are beginning to act upon it. All through the Christian centuries until now, the teaching of the Christian Church with respect to woman has been largely heathen, in the very teeth of the doctrine and the example both of Christ and His apostles.

One of the most curious delusions respecting woman current in the Christian Church is a total misapprehension of the teaching of St. Paul on this subject. He has been supposed to advocate a subjection on the part of woman which the enlightened conscience of our own time resents and denies. But this interpretation of certain sentences used by St. Paul is wholly erroneous. There is nothing in the Scriptures itself more exalted than the true doctrine of St. Paul with respect to woman. He asserts, indeed, that as Christ is the Head of the Church, so

is man the head of woman; but what does that mean? Christ is not the Head of the Church to lord it over the Church, or to take advantage of the Church, or to use the Church for His own personal advantage; but in order that He may give all that He has to the Church, and to exalt the Church to share His own throne and His own joy. In like manner, argues St. Paul, the highest mission of man is to lift up woman to the full enjoyment of all the authority and all the happiness of which he himself is capable. There is no reflection upon woman in stating that it is the duty of man so to lift her up, because, as a matter of fact, in all heathen lands, and in all so-called Christian lands where the teaching of Christ is not yet accepted, woman is degraded. The selfishness of man has taken advantage of her physical weakness, and also of the way in which beautiful and sacred maternal duties handicap her in the mere struggle of existence, to degrade her and to wrong her. Now, the essential duty of the Christian man is to do the exact opposite, and ultimately to create a social order in which no degraded savage of the male sex will be able to take advantage in any way of the physical weakness of woman.

Every man's true position in the scale of real greatness is determined by his attitude and relation to woman. Any man who despises woman, or disparages woman, or takes any advantage of woman, may boast much of his honour, and of his wisdom, and of his greatness; but he is really a degraded and contemptible savage. All moral progress for man depends upon the extent to which he accepts and imitates our Lord's treatment of woman. And the true position of all communities in the scale of civilization is determined by the legal position which they concede to woman. In our own day the teaching of Christ has suddenly taken possession of the best men in all communities. During the last thirty years the Christian movement in relation to woman has made greater progress than during the preceding seventeen centuries. We are rapidly realizing the truth of St. Paul's teaching; and the most characteristic as well as the most revolutionary fact in the modern life of civilized communities is the way in which the personal rights of woman are being recognized in all directions.

There is not sufficient space at my disposal to enumerate all the astonishing ways in which, for the first time in history, woman is being emancipated from the servitude to which heathenism had doomed her. Neither is it necessary to enumerate them, they are so patent, so well known. Indeed, we are so familiar with them that we scarcely realize the change that has taken place in the lifetime of the present generation. Let anyone try to realize the advance which has been made in the direction of educating the minds of women. Now, for the first time in human history, woman is being educated. In the primary schools of England no heathen sex distinction is now made. The girl is treated exactly like the boy. In secondary schools this is also the case. Even in our universities the barbarous distinction of the sexes is rapidly disappearing.

Then, again, with respect to the various occupations, poor women have always been obliged to work for their livelihood; but, after a fierce resistance from reactionaries of all sorts, the learned professions themselves are now opening to women. I need not dwell on the extraordinary and increasing degree in which women participate in Church and public life. The Society of Friends and the Salvation Army have the immortal honour of being the first communities of Christians to accept the teaching of the New

Testament, that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female. In the activities of civic life woman is now for the first time taking active and beneficent part. You find her on Boards of Guardians and School Boards; she will soon be found in Town Councils and Parliaments.

All this is the direct and inevitable result of the teaching of Jesus Christ, who abolished all distinctions between the sexes except those that are natural and inevitable and blessed. Selfish and degraded men have tried to establish some mental superiority for their own sex; there is no evidence of this in reason, in Scripture, or in history. So far as any evidence does exist, it is the miserable result of the selfishness of men in heathen countries, where they have taken full advantage of their physical superiority.

A very curious indication of the effect of Christianity upon woman was brought to light by the late Professor Rolleston. He made, in the museum of Oxford, one of the largest and most remarkable collections of human skulls that has ever been brought together. A friend of his informed me that when the Professor instituted minute investigations with respect to the capacity of skulls before the advent of Christ and since, he discovered the striking fact that the difference in size between the male skull and the female skull is much less in the Christian era than in any previous period of history. Here, then, we have imbedded in the very physical frame of woman a striking indication of the way in which Christianity has already enlarged her intellectual sphere; and this is but a prophecy of the immense and limitless services which Christianity will render to woman in the holier ages before us.

Much as Christianity has already done for woman, there is still a great deal to achieve. The laws of England do not yet fully recognize the claims of womanhood as such, notwithstanding the enormous advance of recent years. The right of woman to her own property, to her own body, and to her own children, is now fully recognized and established by great legal decisions; and no words can describe the priceless value of each of these acts of justice, or the miseries which they will avert in millions of cases. Not a few excellent persons are still so misled by utterly un-Christian customs and traditions which have come to us from heathen, generally from Oriental, sources, that they are alarmed at the way in which many of the old disabilities of womanhood are now being removed. But there is not the least occasion for this alarm. To talk about woman being under any conceivable circumstances "unsexed," is to talk utter nonsense. Sex is a fact too patent, too vital, too essential, to be altered by any law or custom. There can be no doubt, however, that every purely artificial and conventional distinction between man and woman is on the point of being abolished. When that is achieved, it will be found that the necessary and inevitable sex distinctions will suffice, and will achieve, much more directly and thoroughly than any vain inventions of man, the purpose of the Eternal when He said, "It is not good for man to be alone." No doubt, in the daring attempt which is now being made to act on the teaching of Christ, there will be mistakes and blunders for which some must suffer; but it will end in an immeasurable enrichment and elevation of human life.

I am very much afraid that even now I have given readers who have not specially studied this subject, a quite inadequate conception of what women owe to Christianity; but if they will try to realize the existing condition of women in Africa and in Asia, they will be able to form some idea of the immense moral and

spiritual revolution initiated by our Lord Jesus Christ, which is slowly reconstructing human society.

I will only add that, as Christianity has done so much for woman, it is natural to expect that woman would befriend Christianity. This she has done in all ages. Women were last at the cross and first at the grave of Jesus Christ; and from that time until now they have rendered the Christian faith unspeakable service. Ignorant and degraded men have sometimes sneered at the marked devotion of women to Christianity; they could not in any way more conspicuously exhibit their own imbecility. There could be no higher tribute to the Christian faith than the reverence and affection with which pure women cling to it. There is no better test of any particular religious, social, or political movement than its probable effect upon the condition of woman; and the most hopeful sign of the future, as we now stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, is the ever-increasing interest which woman takes in every department of human life. Until now she has been unduly confined to the kitchen and the nursery; she has been prevented from taking her legitimate part in all spheres of human life. Now, however, she is realizing her many-sided mission, and those who would fain prevent her from fulfilling it are growing weaker every day. This is the brightest of all omens, and indicates that the twentieth century will probably be the best and the happiest in the history of mankind. —*The Independent.*

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.*

BY REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., LL.D.

CONCERNING the *immediate* future, it would seem that the Church has entered upon a period of outward prosperity, accompanied by the overthrow of false religions, with which the general progress of civilization and the conquest and colonization by Christian governments of large parts of Asia and Africa have much to do, and the missionary efforts of the Churches still more; a period also of superficial unity, growing out of a comparative indifference to convictions; and that in this seeming prosperity and unity a decline of spiritual and moral power may take place.

Judging by the past, material prosperity will continue until worldliness, with its attendant vices and resulting heresies, shall so cut the branch from the true Vine as to diminish its fruit-bearing power; alarming the remnant until they shall offer the prayer of Habakkuk with an earnestness not now felt: "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

Should this be a correct forecast, the rise of new denominations, seeking after spiritual piety, may be expected. As formerly, some of these will wander into excess of distortion, and others consolidate into permanent and powerful religious organizations.

In all the Protestant Churches which have not rejected the supreme deity of Christ and the need of supernatural regeneration by the Holy Ghost, there is the potency of renewal, and tidal-waves of divine power may restore them by the spirit of burning or melting, as the Infinite Mind may deem necessary. Reaction from prevalent tendencies

* Extracts from a paper read before the Methodist Œcumenical Conference.

which are in excess is sure to follow to the opposite extreme. But as the ages come and go the violence must cease, the oscillation will cover less distance, until the variation from the mean of truth will be only that which the mind at its best will always require.

No union of Protestantism and Romanism is possible. Their fundamental principles are absolutely irreconcilable, those of Protestantism being the all-sufficiency of the Word, and the right of private judgment in its interpretation; while Romanism demands absolute subjection of the individual mind to the visible fabric of which the pope is the head.

Turning from the immediate to the *ultimate* future of the Church, we may at once dismiss all fear; for is it not written of Jesus, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied?" And does not St. Peter, speaking of the time of His second coming, expressly declare: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance?" This is the place of refuge for the genuine Christian optimist. Whether the coming of Christ be delayed or hastened, the motive on the part of Him who sent His Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved, is to increase the number of the saved; and the same words declare that it is through the Church of Jesus Christ that this is to be done. Whatever, therefore, the changes which may take place, whether one denomination flourish or decline, the work of salvation must and does go forward.

The ultimate Church upon the earth will fulfil all the prophecies concerning it. Its standard of truth will be God's Word. It will enforce no theory of inspiration, but all its members will believe that its fundamental principles came by inspiration of God; and that miraculous displays of His infinite attributes attended the revelation. The Church will then have a simple yet comprehensive creed. Christian views of creation, sin, spiritual renewal, of Christ, of human responsibility, duty, privilege, destiny, will be so stated as to reveal the essentials of salvation. Metaphysical distinctions will be left to those who love them and can trace them.

The rules of the ultimate Church will be few. The mania for making new laws for God's people upon points upon which inspiration has not spoken will give place to the Christian liberty exhibited by St. James, and endorsed and illustrated by St. Paul. In it all believers will be equal, not intellectually, commercially, or socially, but in privilege and in spirit; caste and the tyranny of worldly aristocracy will be unknown. Cant will disappear. Believers will be as careful to use words in their true meaning upon religion as they are in making business contracts. The standard of living will be midway between asceticism and luxury, and all will joyfully conform to it. The servants of God will give as he hath prospered them, needing only instruction as to the best modes of serving Him with their substance. Stratagem and appeals to carnal motives will no longer be needed. Reason and enthusiasm will modify each other, so that knowledge will not be found without zeal, or zeal that is not according to knowledge; for God will have put His laws into their mind, and written them in their hearts. The immoral will not seek place in the Church. Discipline will be helpful to the penitent, but not tolerant to the incorrigible. Revivals will not be needed in the Church, but will arise from the united efforts of true believers to save sinners. The normal condition of the ultimate Church will be that of devotion; but while sinners remain upon the earth it will, from

time to time, according to the indications of God's providence and the movements of His Spirit, gird itself to aggressive movements.

Science and religion will walk hand in hand; though till the last there may be irreligious scientists, and some Christians so ignorant or timid as to fear that the increase of knowledge in the sphere of nature necessarily implies the destruction of faith in the realm of religion. Social questions as such, which in the interval must receive more attention than heretofore, will then have disappeared, Christians being governed wholly by the principles of the Gospel; the evils which vex and oppress society, so far as they are the result of un-Christian principle or spirit, will have faded away. The area of sin and of selfish competition will have diminished until the rich and the poor shall dwell together in unity, the brother of low degree rejoicing in that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low. In that happy time all true believers will be joined in heart, gladly emphasizing points of agreement, and true to their convictions where differing in judgment, maintaining the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

How shall this glorious result be achieved? The Church of to-morrow depends in large measure upon our living to-day; and all our powers should be applied to discover the mind of God. The ideal of abstract purity, reverence, zeal, co-operation, catholicity, supremacy, universality, and spirituality which we find in the Word should always be held before us as our model, and displayed by us for the guidance of others. Whatever we see in the Church of to-day distorted we should endeavour to mould into harmony with the spirit of Christ, or eliminate; and correct that which is defective.

Ever should we be comparing the principles of the Gospel with the age in which we live. Especially does it devolve upon us to beware of the delusive theory that the Church of Jesus Christ is to be the creature or servant of the age. Alliance with the world has ever been the precursor of wickedness. We are to sow in the hearts of this generation undoubting faith in God's Word, unselfish devotion to His law.. According to our teaching and living will future standard-bearers be strong towers or reeds shaken by every wind of doctrine; seekers after the unsearchable riches of Christ, ambitious only to hear his voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" or covetous only of the dross which perisheth, and thirsting for the applause of men.

Neither mournfully recalling the past, nor gazing feebly upon a conflicting present, nor paralyzed by an unworthy fear of the future, we should concentrate every energy of heart and mind upon the perfecting of our individual characters and the perfecting and strengthening of the Church of the present. Thus human providence will labour together with God's providence to make the Church of the future a glorious Church, "not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, holy and without blemish."

"How wrought I yesterday?" Small moment, now,
To question with vain tears, or bitter moan,
Since every word you wrote upon the sands
Of yesterday hath hardened into stone.

"How work to-morrow?" 'Tis a day unborn,
To scan whose formless features is not granted;
Ere the new morning dawns, soul, thou mayest wing
Thy flight beyond to-morrow, disenchanted.

"How shall I work to-day?" O, soul of mine!
To-day stands on her threshold, girt to lead
Thy feet to life immortal; strive with fear;
Deep pitfalls strew the way; take heed, take heed!

THE RETURN OF THE TIDE.

BY JOHN A. FREEMAN, B.A.

THE mackerel had come, and every boat from Cromley village, on the east coast of England, had been equipped and sent out to make the most of their short harvest. Their crews had grown up on the sea, and loved their floating home as much as their safer one upon the land.

Born seamen every one, but of them all none better than Tom Walters, and no vessel stouter than his boat, the *Jane*. On shore, too, he was as much envied, for no home was snugger, no wife trimmer, no children fairer than were his.

For three days they had been busy with the catch, the smaller boats going out in the morning and returning at night. But the larger vessels went further out, and remained away for days. Then the men made the boards their bed, and slept to the rocking and lullaby of the ocean.

On this afternoon they had been particularly busy until, suddenly, the fish had deserted them. Then, having time to look around them, they noticed the threatening appearance of the sky, and at once made for home, with the exception of Tom only. At that time he had been standing further out, and was in the midst of a hungry school. The fish rushed at the bait. The lines were drawn, the fish flipped into the barrels, the lines replaced and redrawn until arms and back ached with the exertion, and the perspiration ran in streams down their faces and necks. Then, in a moment, the fish vanished as they had from the other boats, and, in the pause, Tom and his crew, too, noticed the storm ready to burst upon them, and it filled them all with fear.

From west to north trailed a huge, inky cloud upon the horizon. Beneath, it seemed caught back and clinging to the earth and sea; above, it bulged out into one vast, motionless fold. Above this, though there was but little movement, there were signs of fearful force. The clouds rolled uneasily, swelled out, and were sucked back, while from within them were beginning to come low growls and moans of thunder.

Higher still, more terrible currents were contending. Masses of clouds, swirling into spirals, writhed and twisted like huge serpents. Still above this the lighter, grayish clouds came and went, passed and repassed in contrary currents, while some hung motionless, as if held in poise, or uncertain what impulse to obey. Skirting all, in mid-heaven, were blown out ragged, ghostly shapes, that ever changed within themselves, and seemed to point before with wicked glee and to marshal onward the awful force of the storm; while all around was that portentous, dead silence, that strains the nerves like the blanching pause before the battle.

Not a moment was wasted on board the boat. The sails were run up, every rope looked to, every brace examined, for the crew knew too well their danger—knew, too, that in a few moments it was to be a fight for life.

Up to that time the wind had been coming from the south and south-west, in warm, fitful breaths that scarcely kept the sails full; but in a moment it veered from south to west and to north-west. It smote the contending clouds, and with one blow it crushed their mutiny, and rolled them forward in a solid mass. The men saw it swoop upon the blackening sea and toss it into foaming billows. They saw it rush toward them in a wall of darkness, crested with gleams of white. Now the ves-

sel's sails filled to bursting, and she raced the madcap waves. Now the fury of the wind was all but on her. Down came the sails, but not a moment too soon. The sea shivered around the trembling boat; the storm struck her, and turned her half about; then she righted, and flew on, under bare masts, fast as the wind-driven foam. Above them stretched a low, hopeless, black-gray sky; about them one dim, wild commingling of mist and wave and wind.

A considerable time before this the remainder of the little fleet had reached the shore and safely secured their boats. All the women and children of the village had crowded around eager to learn of the success of the catch. At first all was shouting and laughter, and no one had an anxious thought about the absent ones. But presently they noticed the rapid changes, and the laughter was suddenly hushed. Few words were spoken now, and all watched with awful intensity that little white spot that soon would have to battle with sea and air.

"She'll blow a stunner soon, mate," said one, through clenched teeth, to his neighbour, and his answer was one brief "Ay," that came with a groan, for it was a father who spoke, and his son was on the *Jane*.

Then they, too, saw the wind and wave advance upon the little craft, and heard the far-off, sullen sweep rise into a fierce roar. Then it seemed as if a hand stretched out and drew a pall of darkness over all the ocean, and they could no longer make out the boat or see whether she still survived. They were standing on a height overlooking the sea. From either side extended a semi-circular arm of land, that projected for a considerable distance, until right before them the two nearly met. Through this narrow opening was the entrance to the harbour. To make it was to be safe from the strongest gale that could blow; to miss it was to be crushed like an egg-shell upon the jagged rocks outside.

Presently, either through the darkness lifting, or their eyes becoming accustomed to it, they saw far out the little wraith-like vessel swaying and tossing, still holding bravely on. The crew had been standing to the north-east of the harbour, and as the wind was from the north and north-west, they would have to beat up against it somewhat to make the entrance. They had gained as much as they could at first, knowing well that under the full force of the storm it would probably be impossible to control the boat at all. But now the question was soon to be settled whether she would ever gain the entrance or had made her last run to Cromley harbour. Nearer and nearer they were swept, and still they could not tell whether they would reach it. Now a fresh gust seemed to carry them too far down; again, a lull seemed to make them gain.

Brave seamanship, that! Grand calculation miles away, that brought them so near to that few yards of opening. Closer and closer, and still it was in doubt. The gazers on the shore could see them now upon the deck, and watch their movements. Every man was in his place, from Captain Tom to widow Wilson's only son, the last of her family to survive the sea, for every one of them—and there was not a coward among them all—had perished in its depths. Not more than ten seconds remained to settle the question of life and death. Those on shore watched them with eager eyes, and strong men braced themselves as though the shock was to be theirs, and strained until they could hear in their ears their heart beat above the storm. Still at the very entrance, the lurching of the vessel seemed sufficient to save or shatter. Just at this point, even while some had half drawn that

relaxing breath of relief, a roaring gust caught the stout craft, swung her over, and crashed her on the rocks. The brave boat gave one lurch, and sank. A brief struggle was seen here and there, a hand or two rose for a moment out of the water, a few barrels and planks floated off, and all was over.

On shore one heavy, universal groan had been succeeded by every demonstration of grief. Some women sobbed and shrieked, while others sank helpless to the ground. One man poured forth oaths and imprecations; another hung his head in dumb sorrow. Among these varied expressions of distress and sympathy they were startled by a cry that drew them, in haste, to the water's edge. There, entangled in a mass of boards and cordage that had drifted in, was seen an arm and a pale face.

Quickly they drew the man out, and discovered that it was Tom Walters. There were still signs of life; but all knew, after that fearful dashing, and with that cruel wound upon his head, that he could not recover, and that their sea-mate had made his last run to the harbour. Oh, how it cut them to the heart to see his wife, kneeling beside him, wipe away the trickling blood, and press her lips to his, as though she would breathe life into them again, pitifully calling him by name, and entreating him only to look at her and their poor frightened children. But no answering word or look came to her piteous appeal, and, stricken with fear, she swooned by his side. Friendly hands, kind if rough, bore them gently to the little home, and placed him carefully upon the bed, while others restored her to consciousness and grief.

For a considerable time the numbing effects of the blow kept him motionless; then his limbs began to strain, and a delirium came upon him. Again he seemed to live over the violence of the storm. All that night, and far into the next day, lasted the fight of the unconscious sufferer to reach his wife and loved ones. Brave fight, but hopeless, for every effort only left him farther from them.

The next day was calm and bright. Everywhere over land and sea rested the peaceful sunshine. Scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the smooth surface of the ocean; only at long intervals came the ground-swell, like the worn-out sobbing of a child. With the peace of nature came rest to the throbbing brain and weary limbs of the unconscious sufferer, and, in the afternoon, he fell into a quiet sleep that lasted until the sun was drawing near to the west. Its rays rested about the pale, drawn face like a benediction, and, caressingly, seemed to kiss him from his sleep.

Slowly his eyes unclosed and looked about with consciousness. They all came to his side, and Mary brought their children—sturdy little Tom, his father's miniature, and fair wee Kathie, their hearts' love. He motioned her to place them on the bed beside him; and with one hand resting on her curls, and an arm about his shoulders, with his last look into their faces, he told them, oh, so lovingly, how they were always to be good and thoughtful; how Tom was to be brave and manly, and help his mother, and shield his little sister when he was gone. Then he drew them close to him, and pressed repeated kisses on their lips, until they bore them, wonderingly, away.

Then his old sea-mates came, his life companions, and, clasping his hand, promised, unasked, to care and protect his loved ones, then turned away to hide from one another the manly tears they could not check. And last came the nearest of all, his wife, poor Mary. Into her eyes he gazed, as though he would bear their light with him, even within the grave. Oh, the pang of that last, never-forgotten look, till,

through softening time, it becomes the one most cherished memory of her being! Then, with his last farewell, his eyes closed, and his head turned wearily upon the pillow.

For several moments he lay in silence, then his lips moved, and, bending down, his wife caught, with surprise, the whispered words, "The tide is coming in!" and they could not understand, but thought he wandered. But again the lips uttered faintly, "The tide is coming in—coming in, Eva."

Eva! Their long dead child! Ah, now they knew. Yes, the tide was coming in to Tom. To them it was going out—out from the now darkening cliffs of old England. The tide that had borne him forth long years ago, that had carried him far and wide, had rocked him to sleep on its heaving bosom, and tossed him in sport on its foaming billows; the tide he had known and loved in storm and sunshine. And it was going out again, to Mary, to little Tom and Kathie, and to his old sea-mates; but to him it was coming in. It was lifting him gently, lovingly, without a fear, without a pang. Nearer and nearer it bore him; till he saw the shining walls, and the faces of the waiting ones bathed in the morning sunlight. Now it was bearing him, with full flood, into the harbour of God's city; and now it was creeping up, and up, and up the golden sands of the eternal shore. A smile lit up his face, his hands were outstretched. Father and child were reunited. The arms dropped back, the features relaxed—the tide was in.

WATERDOWN, Ont.

PULPIT AND PRESS.*

THE preacher and journalist have much in common. The preacher, if a true shepherd and not a hireling, is anxious to promote in individual hearts the reign of the higher law, and in the State the righteousness that exalteth a nation. The journalist who takes the right view desires the same things. I have heard an occasional journalist speak of the function of publisher or editor as simply that of purveyor, with no option but to serve up whatever a majority might be likely to relish, irrespective of moral quality; and this on the ground that if he did not do so, someone else would. Such doctrine is the doctrine of a scoundrel. Even the making of a pair of boots cannot be divorced from moral obligation.

The pulpit is an august institution. Previous to the introduction of printing, it did much of the thinking for the people. It does so still. I cannot say whether the golden age of the pulpit is some age of the past, or whether its influence and its glory are to find their climax in some day yet distant. I do not say that the influence of the pulpit has declined. I only say that the influence of the newspaper, whether for good or for evil, has advanced, and is advancing. The newspaper is read everywhere. It reaches those who listen to preachers; it reaches also those who do not. The pulpit finds its special opportunity one day in the week; the daily newspaper six days out of seven. It has been estimated that the annual issue of United States and Canadian newspapers and publications, other than books, would be equal to over one thousand square miles of white paper surface every year. But, you inquire, one thousand square miles of what sort of matter? I reply unhesitatingly, the larger portion of the matter printed is wholesome. Take an ordinary issue of the average newspaper of England, the United States or Canada; take an average issue of the Toronto *Globe* and judge for yourself how much is wholesome, how much stimulative in right directions, how much restful and recreative, how little really objectionable. No doubt, were a destruc-

* Extracts from an address given by Mr. John Cameron, founder and manager of the London *Advertiser*, before the London Ministerial Association.

tive critic to go over the six issues of the best daily newspaper ever issued, he could cut out this bit and that bit as something that "never would be missed." But let the destructive critic apply the same process to the preacher's two sermons a week. Would there be no diminution in bulk in that quarter also?

When one considers the pressure under which the daily newspaper is necessarily produced, it is surprising how few the mistakes of fact, how great the average accuracy. I venture this assertion, that in every well-conducted newspaper the average of inaccuracies, as compared with that which is accurate, would be small indeed. I must admit that reporters are not always fortunate in condensations of sermons. Many of the phrases employed are theologically technical, in some cases outworn. St. Augustine himself might find his work cut out for him in presenting in two or three inches of space a discourse which, if reported verbatim, would fill a newspaper page. If I were a preacher I should always be glad to furnish the reporter a suitable brief condensation of my sermon.

Not long since I heard a sermon to young men, from a minister who is incapable of being intentionally unjust; and yet, as I listened, I would have given something for ten minutes in which to answer. Nothing about the modern newspaper seemed to suit my friend. He advised young men to confine their newspaper reading to ten minutes, and that ten minutes chiefly to the headings. I do not know whether he meant that young men and others should devote their spare time solely to books like Bacon's Essays, Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. I have nothing to say against the reading of strong books; but let me ask my clerical friend if he or his clerical brethren adopt any such rules for the filling up of their own leisure hours? They must, of course, leave out of the comparison any reading which is done as a part of their professional work, as against those whose day's work is of a different nature. Without the evening paper the evening fireside of many would be rather lonesome. The young man who did not read his newspaper would soon find himself out of touch with the movement of the world.

Mr. Moody, at Toronto, took a line different from that of my clerical friend. He said truly that newspapers reached a hundred persons where the speaker's voice reached one. "God bless the newspapers!" he exclaimed. Different also was the view of the able American divine who recently said of the daily newspaper: "Malign it, criticise it, tear it to pieces as you may, it is a Gibraltar of power. Into its columns comes the artist, scientist, author, artisan, statesman, and minister of the Gospel. Such combined intelligence and knowledge would move the world if properly utilized."

The newspaper is important as the principal bond of democratic unity in the community. Nothing unites a community like a common public opinion, a common fund of information. The newspaper is read in common by rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, learned and unlearned, the preacher in the pulpit and the sinner on the street. The importance of this common bond of democratic unity may appear more clearly as years go by. For good or ill, the democracy proposes ere long to have the governmental machine run to suit its views. It is rather important to have it suited with what is right and what is wise. Mr. Kidd, in his recent book on the subject of social evolution, points out that no democracy of the antique world can be brought into recognizable comparison with the democracies of the modern English-speaking world. The latter, with the political equality of the franchise in their hands, are now pressing forward to betterment of their condition along the line of social equality—*i.e.*, a fairer distribution of necessaries and of leisure. Modern democracy has the advantage of being well informed of everything that is going on throughout the world, and that this is so it owes to the modern newspaper.

The pulpit often brings charges against the press of political partisanship, with laments over the difficulty, amid the strife of contending voices, of arriving at the truth. Well, the restless activity of the Atlantic is better than the calm of the Dead Sea. Active-minded people need an occasional outlet for their feelings, and these outlets are afforded by election contests and political discussions. Journalists espouse the side to which they lean, but do not divide any more than the people as a whole.

If I sometimes criticise the pulpit, I am no unfriendly critic. Deeply important and worthy to be upheld must be the work of those who have to do with character-building and its consequences. Without the Bible, the Sabbath, the pulpit, society would soon sink into license, recklessness and insecurity, as is shown by the practical heathenism into which new mining and other settlements fall when without these influences. The

collateral value of Sabbath services is great. Apart from the effect in sharpening once more the edge of spiritual life, blunted through the week, many must have noticed the effect of the changed point of view, in a certain fertilization of mind, which makes things intellectually clearer and easier on Monday than they were on Saturday.

Now, it is no part of my purpose to attempt to give many suggestions to those who fill our pulpits. I would here like to give my tribute to the high character of our Canadian ministers, and to recognize the important services they render to society in many unacknowledged ways. I shall not add to the controversy as to the length of sermons or services, except to say they should err on the side of brevity. I once experimented, in a particular service, by asking twenty reliable persons whether they had followed, without wandering, the "long prayer." Eighteen confessed they had not.

As an optimist, I would like the pulpit to be more generally optimistic in tone. Optimism is of God. Pessimism is of the devil. Optimism is hope, and hope is healing.

> "God's in His heaven ;
> All's right with the world."

I would advise the young minister to resolve, no matter how old his body may grow, to keep mind and heart always young. I sometimes think the young preacher comes too easily, for his full development, into his position of a certain authority and consideration—more easily, for example, than beginners in other professions. Emerson, you remember, for the would-be orator prescribed a course of mobs.

Public opinion will probably demand that in future more emphasis shall be placed by the pulpit on one concrete question, namely, that relating to the material well-being of the masses. An increasing number of people are no longer content to be told that the only treasure to which they have a right to aspire to a share is treasure in heaven. These looming social questions should be studied and discussed by the pulpit from the standpoint of sympathy and justice. Widespread is the belief of multitudes that the distribution of the necessaries, the luxuries, the leisures of life, is not only unequal, as all can see, but unjust. In exaggerated cases we readily see that this is so. It is impossible that one man can rightfully possess $500,000,000 on any principle that would not allow him rightfully to possess also the whole continent of America, or the whole world. What is the pulpit doing to settle this pressing world problem?

To conclude: In what ways can pulpit and press best co-operate to advance the highest interests of society in our day and generation? A beginning of co-operation might be found in recognition by each of what is best in the other.

UNCHANGING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

"I CHANGE not!" Words of love and truth, combining
To cheer our faith and make our weakness strong ;
The darkness flies before their radiant shining,
And all our sorrowing is turned to song.

We grasp the promise in its strength and sweetness,
Smiling to think that fear had made us weep ;
And, lulled to silence by its blest completeness,
Fear folds her sable wings, and falls asleep.

"I change not!" Lord, we need no other token
That Thou to us wilt ever faithful be ;
If but one word of love had e'er been spoken,
That word had proved Thy love's eternity.

VICTORIA, B.C.

AIRLIE'S MISSION.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Maitland of Laurieston," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT are you making, Cousin Janet?"

"An antimacassar for the bazaar next month. I have so much to do for bazaars I never have any time to sew for myself," said Janet Keith, a trifle impatiently. "You ought to lend a hand, Airlie, seeing it is for the zenana missions?"

"Is it? What zenanas?"

"Oh, I don't know. I do work and ask no questions. I believe it is somewhere in India. I think it is to provide medically trained nurses for the zenanas, to try and convert the women in them. I don't see much good in it myself. They must be quite used to their way of life, and I believe will be happier as they are. There are many things in missions I don't approve of, Airlie. I think all this education for the masses at home and abroad only tends to make them discontented with their station and circumstances in which it has pleased God to place them."

Janet Keith delivered her statement with a kind of quiet triumph, and looked at her cousin as she spoke as if desirous to see what effect it would have on her. They were alone together in the drawing-room at Errol Lodge one gray March afternoon, Airlie lying on a couch midway between the fire and the oriel window, from which she could see the green slopes of the Braid Hills, and the still snow-capped peaks of the Pentlands standing out clearly against a dark and lowering sky.

"Do you think so, Cousin Janet?" was all Airlie said just then, and Janet saw from the expression of her face that she was thinking of something else. It was a sweet, true, winning face in its repose, pathetic a little in its paleness and wornness, for Airlie Keith was not yet making much progress towards health.

"If I were able, Janet, I would argue the question with you," she said at length. "I think I could prove that you are mistaken. If you had any idea of what the women of India suffer in the zenanas, you would not speak so heartlessly. I only wish I had health."

"What would you do?"

"Go through the necessary training for zenana work. Perhaps, if I had my choice, I would prefer work like my father's, but a woman single-handed would be of no use in Tahai. It requires a man of decision and force of character to deal with the natives there. They need someone whom they can stand in awe of as well as love."

"Would you really rather do that than live here, Airlie? If you were only well, we would show you how very pleasant we in Edinburgh can make life."

"I don't doubt that, Cousin Janet. I am very happy here with you all, but if I were well I should not dare to sit still in pleasant idleness when there is so much to do and so few to do it."

"If these are your views, what must you think of us—me, for instance?" asked Janet, dryly.

A painful flush rose to Airlie's pale cheek. "That is hardly fair, Cousin Janet."

"All is fair in war, and we are opposed at present," said Janet, with a laugh. "Were I ever so willing, I could not leave home just now. You know how necessary I am to mamma. What do you suppose would become of the housekeeping of Errol Lodge if I were to rush off seeking work in mission fields? Is

there not a charity which begins at home, Airlie?"

"Cousin Janet, have I ever hinted that I thought you failed in any duty?"

"No, but you make me feel often as if I were a hardened, idle sinner," answered Janet, speaking with warmth, for she felt on the subject. "I am sure I do my duty. Few girls of my age do so much. You know what charge I have here, and all I have to do for these boys. Then I teach in the Sunday-school, and collect for church purposes, and work for charity bazaars, and I know not what else."

"Janet, Janet, hush! you hurt me!" said Airlie, quickly, and her lip quivered, for her cousin's tone cut her to the heart.

JANET SITTING BY AIRLIE'S COUCH.

"I don't mean to, Airlie," said Janet, quietly, and then there was a little painful silence.

"There is Errol's step on the gravel, Janet," said Airlie, suddenly.

"Is it? Then I must go and see what Susan is after in the kitchen,"

said Janet, folding up her work. "What a sharp ear you have, child! I have lived beside the boys all my life, and I could not distinguish Errol's step from Jack's yet."

Airlie smiled, for Janet's voice was kind and pleasant again; her fair face smooth and tranquil as was its wont.

"Airlie, dear, I did not mean to speak unkindly. Can't you see that you, in your sweet unselfishness, are shaming us out of selfish ease?" said Janet quickly, and stooping down, she pressed her lips to her cousin's cheek, and hastily left the room.

Before Airlie had recovered from her astonishment, Errol was at her side. Whatever room in the house held Airlie was a magnet to the boys. "Where's Airlie?" was their first question when they came in, so had the cousin from over the seas wound herself about all their hearts. Yet none could have told what her charm was, only it was felt in no small degree.

"Well, Airlie, how are you to-day?"

"Better, thank you, Errol," the girl answered, with her sweet, bright smile. Even in her keenest pain, and she *did* suffer sometimes, no word of complaint or murmuring had ever been heard to pass the lips of Airlie Keith. She did not talk much about her religion, but lived it, which is a much rarer and more potent influence than any talk, however eloquent.

"I thought you looked very sober when I came in. Have you and Janet been falling out, eh? I met her on the stairs with a very red face."

"Not exactly; but we've been having some words on a certain subject," answered Airlie, soberly.

"Won't you tell me about it, Airlie?"

"Yes, it was about mission work—the need for medical nurses for the zenanas; that was all. I think Janet is coming round, Errol."

"We're all coming round, Airlie," answered Errol, abruptly. "You have opened our eyes to a good many things since you came." Airlie was silent, and her face wore a very curious expression.

"How are the studies getting on, Errol?" was all she asked.

"Very well; I think I should get through in July."

"And then?"

"Oh, then to work, I suppose. In what way I have not yet decided on. I believe I could get the best part of my father's practice yet, if I were so minded."

"That would be a good thing," said Airlie. "And what about Jack?"

"That's what bothers, Airlie. If I step into father's shoes, Jack will need to 'find for himsel',' as Susan would say. As I am the elder, I should turn my face to the weather and leave the Edinburgh opening for Jack. Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

Airlie spoke quite quietly, and without the slightest hesitation, as if there could be no doubt about the course to be pursued.

Errol Keith bit his lips. It had cost him something to bring himself to say such a thing, and the calm matter-of-fact way in which his cousin received it was rather provoking. Sometimes Airlie was intensely aggravating, and yet it was impossible to be vexed with her longer than a moment.

"You seem to think it a very small matter, Airlie," he said quickly. "I assure you I do not think it so unimportant."

"I did not say I thought it small, Errol. I think you misunderstand me often."

"What do you mean by that brief, curt monosyllable, then, and the indifferent look which accompanied it?"

"Do you know what I was thinking, Errol?"

"No."

"What a blessed thing it must be

to know one's duty, and to be willing to do it," said Airlie, almost passionately. "Oh, Errol, if you only knew what it is to me to lie here doing nothing, when all my being cries out for action. If I am never to be strong again, I could almost pray that I might not be spared very long."

"Airlie, though you may not have been very active, you have done a great, good work in this house," said Errol, quickly, and his strong hand touched for a moment his cousin's dark curls. "Why, what meaning had duty for me before you came? I had neither aim nor object in life except to make the time pass pleasantly."

"How can I have done so much, Errol? I have not preached, have I? Don't you remember Jack warning me of the consequences if I attempted such a thing?"

"You haven't preached in words, perhaps, but then you are a living sermon," said Errol, with flushed cheek and kindling eye.

Airlie's head bent lower on her breast till her face was hidden, perhaps to hide the glad light in her eyes, or the motion of her lips in silent thanksgiving.

"I think I am stronger than I was, Errol," she said, after a little. "I can come upstairs alone now, and that is a great thing. Do you think I shall ever be well?"

She looked up wistfully into the kind, dark face; that look went straight to Errol's heart.

"I don't know, Airlie; I hope so. If you would let me bring Laurence, or some of them to see you, perhaps there might be something done. I have feared to speak of it, Airlie, but I am afraid sometimes of your back when I see you walking. Won't you let me get some advice other than old Chisholm's? It is of great moment to me, Airlie."

"If you care so much, Errol, do whatever seems best to you. Perhaps you are right. I ought not to have been so obstinate before."

"It is only where yourself is concerned you are careless, Airlie. You have such constant thought for others, you forget yourself; that is the explanation of what you are pleased to call your obstinacy. Supposing you were to grow strong, Airlie, what would you do?"

Airlie lifted her head, and fixed her eyes full on his face.

"Can you ask, Errol? All I love is bordered by the green hills of Tahai. I would ask no greater joy than to be permitted to live and die among those who loved and tended me from my birth?"

"*All* you love, Airlie? Then *we* are only strangers to you still?"

"Oh, no; I spoke without thinking. Strangers! after all your love and care. Oh, Errol Keith! you know I did not mean that. Here comes Jack in his usual hurricane fashion."

"Hulloa, Airlie, old girl!" called out the irrepressible in his usual boisterous way, "Not up yet, eh? I'm afraid it's a poor lookout for that waltz you promised me on Christmas eve. I'll have something under the mistletoe instead!"

"All right, Jack; anything to please you," laughed Airlie, looking with real pleasure on Jack's ruddy, smiling face. "Any prospect of skating yet?"

"Isn't there just? Why, it's perfectly freezing outside. But it's a jolly waste of time, I tell you; and I honestly mean to grind hard till Christmas. But when there's good ice, and all the jolliest people you know on it, I tell you, Airlie, it's hard enough lines to stick in the house. Needs courage, you bet; as much as to march up to the cannon's mouth. Oh, Airlie Keith, if you'd only rise for one little hour, and let me take you to Duddingston when the ice is good, I'd die happy. It beats those Tahai lakes, I tell you, all to sticks, in spite of the alligators and other interesting reptiles to be studied there."

"I only wish I could, Jack. I'm as willing to go as you are to take me, I assure you."

"But you are getting well, aren't you, Airlie?"

"I am not very sure. I hope so, Jack," said Airlie, quietly, and Errol suddenly walked away out of the room.

"Because if you aren't, you know, it's a shame. You're such a jolly little girl."

"Not too religious?" laughed Airlie.

"Oh, well, sometimes; only you don't push it down a fellow's throat, if you'll excuse my plain speech," said Jack, bluntly. "And you're always here when I want you, and you know everything, which few girls do. And so, you know, we can't do without you, Airlie."

"I am very glad I am so much to you, Jack. It almost reconciles me to lying still."

"And you've made me turn over a new leaf, I can tell you, though perhaps you don't think it. I never drink now, Airlie, and I used to often, you know, for company's sake, more than was good for me; and I'm honestly trying to stick in and get through soon. It's a shame the way we've idled our time and lived off our good-natured mother. But we're going to be better boys now. Errol's grinding no end. So that's what you've done, old girl. Don't call it nothing. There's the bell, and I'm off, for I tell you I'm as hungry as a hawk."

So saying, with a nod and a smile, Jack waltzed out of the room.

Left alone, Airlie lay still for a long time with her eyes closed, her face wearing a look of exquisite peace. She had had her reward for her year's patient bearing of her cross of pain, and she found it passing sweet.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

LETTY said no more. She put on her hat and went trudging along the dune, the nearest way toward the boathouse. She could not persuade Faith; she would go and see what was to be done with father.

Faith, something resentful of Letty's efforts at ruling her actions, and very indignant toward her father, stood leaning against the doorway, her hands lightly clasped before her, her eyes on Letty's vanishing figure. Poor, dear little Letty! Tears welled into Faith's eyes as she watched her. How heroically Letty bore her burdens! How she tried to care for both of them! Even if she had whims, why not indulge them? It was a pity to make the weight on that honest little heart heavier than it need be. Why not, to satisfy Letty, give up the last and only pleasant thing that was left to her? Perhaps in her way she was just as selfish and self-indulgent as father. Was she like her father? She hoped not. Impulsively she ran to the glass hanging on the wall and looked earnestly at her reflection. Were there lines there like father? Had she his expression? However, down on the beach lay her work, and there was Kenneth. Before long two figures might appear on the crest of the dune—one dogged or reluctant, the other patient, persistent; oh, poor little Letty!

Faith ran into her father's room and removed the basin and pitcher,

the chair—all that they usually took away when father was locked up; she closed the heavy outside shutter of the window, and made all ready for the prisoner. Then, back toward the beach again. But now the charm of the beach had departed. To her there seemed now no beauty in the gray, hazy sky, the ships slowly tacking to catch the fugitive breeze; the tawny sands, the whispering grasses, the lapping wavelets had lost their beguilement. Kenneth Julian could say nothing that would entertain her; she wished he would go home! Lace-work was an enormous drudgery, bonbons were detestable, that volume of Jean Ingelow from which Kenneth had been reading "Divided" —what a weariness it was!

She went back and took up her work, saying nothing.

"Has your sister gone to town?" said Kenneth, to say something.

"She never goes there. She cannot walk so far. She has gone to the boathouse."

"Did she want you to go with her?"

"If she had, I should have gone."

"What is the matter, Miss Faith?" said Julian gently. "Just now we seemed to be getting on very well and enjoying ourselves, and now what troubles you?"

"Everything is wrong!" cried Faith. "Nothing is ever right for me. My life got crooked long ago, and it will keep crooked to the end of it. No, don't pick up the book; don't read any more. I don't want to be read to; I am wretched. I want to be alone. I wish you would go home to the hotel, Mr. Julian. You belong where there are happy and reasonable people."

"If you are in trouble," said Kenneth Julian, "why not let me help you? I am sure I am willing. That is what friends are for, isn't it? Your brother is not here; let me do something for you."

"You can't; there is nothing to be done. Letty and I have to help ourselves. All you can do is"—and she swept an anxious look toward the dune—"to go." She was now past asking him to move around the point of rocks and continue reading and conversation, as she had suggested to Letty.

Kenneth rose from the sand, not offended, but calmly taking his dismissal as a matter of course.

"Good-morning, Miss Faith."

After he had gone a few rods he turned. Faith's face was bowed upon her knees; she was crying. At first he wanted to go back and comfort her, then he realized that she preferred to be left alone, and so he presently disappeared around a wide curve in the beach.

It seemed to Kenneth as he pursued his way that it was very unjust that he, a strong young man, should be care-free and in the possession of all the good things of this life, and that that fair young girl should be left to bear so heavy a burden. Could nothing be done for Faith? He had privately asked Kiah Kibble if Letty and Faith were in any personal danger from their father, and Kiah had said that he thought not; they seemed to know how to manage him, and he was not abusive; Letty always locked him up in time. But then, who could trust the vagaries of a drunken man? Sometimes it had crossed Kenneth's mind that this was quite the most charming girl he had ever seen, and that it would be a happy lot to have her share his life and build up with him the gracious pattern of a home that should be a type of heaven. But could or would Faith leave Letty, or would both the sisters leave their father? Could a home ever be built including father—that impossible element in home-making, a drunkard? That would be unjust to Patty and Uncle Doctor; and how could Kenneth say "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," with father to

account for? Besides, had he any reason to suppose that Faith would care for him, even if all were well? No; Faith had never given him any reason to think that; not half as much reason as some other girls had for whom he did not care at all. This question had too many difficulties; he could not settle it. He had reached the hotel. There his aunt met him.

"Oh, you are back? I'm glad of it. We want you to make up a party. You spend a deal of time up the beach, Kenneth; I would not, if I were you. It is not well—believe me."

Kenneth more than suspected that Letty shared that opinion.

Faith, meantime, had ceased weeping and was working with vigour, and Letty appeared along the dune urging her father homeward. It gave Letty some comfort to see Faith sitting there alone. Faith had taken her advice after all! How good of Faith! Faith heard from behind her father's voice, complaining, remonstrating, protesting. She did not look around. Letty was the only one who could govern her father at that stage. Step by step she led him, and at last into his room.

"Now lie down, dear, and rest."

"I tell you I'm thirsty. I am burning up."

"Lie down, dear; I'll get you some water."

"I say I won't have it!"

Letty was gently pressing him toward his pillow.

"Just rest there one minute, dear, till we think of it;" and then with a quick dart she was outside the door and had drawn the bolts. As for water, Faith had provided a two-quart tin pail of it near the bed; but father would never touch it at this stage.

Letty drew a long breath. She wanted love, sympathy, to be near someone who understood it all and knew how hard it was. She went slowly down to Faith, sat by her, and slipped her hand into hers; Faith held it fast. They were silent for a while, then Faith said:

"See here, I'm going to have my way now. We can't help father, and we are going to stay in my grotto the rest of the day."

She led the tired Letty there with gentle force, spread, as she had for Richard, a couch of dry weeds, then went up to the house for more work materials and a basket of luncheon and a pillow. She made Letty rest while she prepared their dinner, and then while they ate together she resolutely led conversation away from father and other unsafe and distressful channels. After that the two returned to their work as they sat there in the sheltered nook, and the wheat and poppies grew under Letty's fingers and Faith's lace collar advanced toward completion, as the hours of the afternoon wore on.

"What a dear, good girl you are to me, my Faith!" said Letty.

CHAPTER XIII.

KIAH KIBBLE, CHAMPION.

The house on the beach belonged to Kiah Kibble, and he often told the sisters that it was not needful for them to pay him any rent.

"Why should I care to accumulate money?" said Kiah; "I have enough for what little I want in my old age. My children are comfortably off. If I left money to my grandchildren, it might just make fools of them. I can't carry money out of the world with me, and it would be looked upon in the next world as very poor trash if I could. If the New Age dawns before I die, then I shall not want money, for then all shall have enough and none too much, and no one shall lack and none shall defraud his brother. I tell you, Miss Letty, that one of the most terrible diseases of old age is avarice, and the way to escape it

is by constant giving, just as people used to escape apoplexy by constant blood-letting."

"That is hard on us, Mr. Kibble," said Faith, "for Letty and I never have anything to give. We can't more than make two ends meet, and that by very hard pulling."

"Don't you mind, Miss Faith, how the apostle said to the lame man, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee'? Money-giving is not the only giving; and to my mind you and Miss Letty are daily giving the most and best that can be, to your father, for love's sake and the Lord's sake. I think I heard you might both be living an easy life with a rich uncle if you'd have deserted him."

"We couldn't do that, you know: it would not be right. But we are not too poor to pay your rent, and we mean to pay it. It is only twenty-four dollars a year, and at Christmas our brother sent us nearly half a year's rent. The Kemps have not gone so low that they must take a charity of house rent. If you don't want the money, give it away. There is plenty of call for money for missions; there are orphans and sick people, and the temperance cause needs help. If I were rich, I could find ways enough to use all the money I have to give."

"Oh, ay, so you could. I only thought I might as well begin by giving you the house rent."

"Well, thanks; but we won't take it."

"At all events no offence intended, Miss Faith."

"That is all right, Kiah; you are a good friend to us, and we know it."

Kiah had heard, about father's fresh outbreak, and he had come up to see about it the morning after. He always felt uneasy concerning the girls when their father was misbehaving.

"I'll go down to the rocks with you, Faith, if you like," said Letty when Kiah was gone. "You look real lost and forlorn, someway, sitting here in the house with your work."

"If you mean that offer because you think Mr. Julian will be there," said Faith, "you need not disturb yourself, for he won't. He has gone back to the city. He is in business now and he cannot take a whole summer as he did last year. He will be up once in a while for a few days or a week, and that is all."

Letty felt greatly relieved, but also she was sorry for Faith; this cheerful acquaintance had been such a pleasure and recreation in the dullness of her life. And how little the summer offered her to enjoy!

"There comes our Richard?" cried Faith, "and I must take him down to the rocks right away. I would not have him hear poor father going on for anything; and he may wake up and begin any minute!"

Up dashed Richard. "I'm so hot and so tired! I hurried so! I've brought some nice things for luncheon, and I'm to stay all day. The hotel folks are off on a sail and a clambake, but I'd rather be here with you, Miss Mermaid. Ken has gone off, and here's a book he told me to bring you—'A Daughter of Fife.' He told mother she was just like you—the Fife one, I mean."

"You run on to the rocks, Richard," said Faith, "and I'll bring some more lunch and we'll have a fine day together."

"Goody," cried Richard. "I'm awful glad that Ken's gone, so he won't be bothering round; aren't you, Miss Mermaid?"

"Delighted! Travel along and get the grotto in order," said Faith. "There!" as she watched the sturdy little figure travelling toward the rocks, "all is safe; he heard nothing. Are you coming, Letty?"

"No, dear. I should not be easy there, and besides, I'm tired. I went over to the boathouse pretty fast yesterday, and this—always tires me."

"This" meant father's outbreak.

"You poor little darling, you do look worn out. Now you shall not work a stitch for two hours. Lean back here and let me make you comfortable. And here is half a box of chocolates that I had yesterday. You eat away at them now, and you read this book that Richard brought up. You'll enjoy it, and I have this collar to finish and I can't read while the little fellow is with me, it disappoints him so."

Faith tucked up Letty's feet on a chair, took away her work, gave her book and candy, and made ready a neat little luncheon on a side table and covered it with a napkin. Then she put her own noonday meal in a little basket and prepared a small jug of water, ginger, and molasses, a drink which Richard greatly affected.

"Good-bye," she said, kissing Letty; "mind you read your story-book and don't worry yourself. It may cheer you up to find how well the story ends after all the bad troubles are over, as good stories always do."

"I know the evil will all end in good—some time," said Letty.

Faith was hardly out of hearing, and Letty, putting a caramel in her mouth, was reading the second page of her book, when she heard a sound in the next room—a shout, a groan, a rattle of half-articulate speech; father was awake. Then father began his usual Scripture quotations, than which nothing seemed to Letty more distressing, so much the letter of the Word differed from father's spirit and practice:

"'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. They have stricken me, . . . and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again!' Open this door and let me out! I will seek it yet again! That is according to Scripture! Sin is the cure of sin: like cures like—*similia similibus curantur*. If I could have made you two stupid girls good Latinists, you would know how to treat a gentleman and a scholar. Open this door! If the whole sea were brandy I could drink it up to quench this burning thirst!" and then followed a battery of kicks and blows.

Small chance for poor Letty now. The chocolate caramels lost their sweetness, the book failed to charm. She leaned back in her chair and tears rushed from under her closed eyelids. Then father was suddenly still, and in the pause of his exhaustion, sweet and clear as if some angel had stood by her side to utter them, sounded these words through Letty's shaken soul: "His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given to him; his water shall be sure. . . . Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge; the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us. . . . And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Thus the tossed spirit of the girl was tranquillized and she was lulled into rest.

Still the silence in the next room—still the hum of bees, the rustle of long grasses, and the gentle lapping of the sea—and so she slept.

It was past noon when she awoke, aroused now by her father's voice, quiet and self-reproachful: "'As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honour is not seemly for a fool.' I am a fool. 'As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come.' Letty!"

"Yes, father."

"I am once more in my right mind. The prodigal said, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.' You need not fear me any more now, Letty."

Letty rose, unlocked the door, carried father a pail of water, laid out fresh clothes. "Now, father, dress yourself while I make some strong coffee for you, and we will have dinner together. Then you can sit by me or read to me while I work, and when it is sunset we will walk on the beach."

"Where is Faith?"

"Down by the rocks."

"Ah! she can leave me, but you never do, my true-hearted Letty! Some time Faith will go her own ways, but you will not; you and I will still be left together, Letty."

"She will not leave us," said Letty with a sigh. "I know my Faith. But some day, father, you and I, whose fate is bound together, may go away and leave Faith—free."

Little Richard had gone home, and Faith, standing on the beach, was struggling between the duty of going back to solace Letty and the horror of hearing father's ravings, when she saw the two coming quietly toward her—father clean, well-shaven, and neatly dressed, holding Letty by the hand as if she were a child. They sat down upon the sands.

"I am really sorry, Faith," said Mr. Kemp, "that I forgot myself so seriously. I hope I have not done you any particular damage by it."

"Not any more to me, father, than to Letty; you always harm Letty most by your drinking. I fly, but she keeps by you."

"Has Mr. Julian been here to-day?"

"No, father. He has gone back to the city and is going to stay there—and I'm glad of it. A girl in my circumstances finds friends too dangerous. I don't want any."

Faith looked at her father intently. The man was undergoing a change of some kind.

"Letty," she said that night, when her father was safely asleep below, and she and Letty had gone to bed, "there is a change coming over father. He recovers from his drunkenness much more quickly and fully than formerly, and, on the other hand, he returns to it much more quickly. Until now, drink has made him, in its first stage, timid, self-distrustful, dogged, but capable of doing what we told him. Then came outbreaks of fury with long sleeps or stupors between; then recovery, with humiliation, silence, and self-reproach, and perhaps a long period of abstinence. Now all that is changing. He comes out of his intoxication soon, self-asserting, unashamed, and goes back to it speedily. He is on the way to being drunk all the time. I tell you, Letty, if he becomes unmanageable and dangerous to you, I shall see to it that he is taken care of and that you are too."

"How? What do you mean? What could you do?"

"We might leave father entirely and go to Uncle Wharton; but I think I could not do that."

"I could not," said Letty decidedly; "I must care for father."

"The only way would be, as soon as Hugh is twenty-one and free to do as he pleases, to ask him to put father in an asylum and pay his expenses there. That would be Hugh's

fair part, now we have done our share. And you and I could live together here or near Hugh and take care of ourselves."

"It would be so hard to have to do that with father: hard for Hugh, hard for father," sighed Letty.

"All there is about it is hard," said Faith; "but we should not wish to relieve Hugh of his due share of responsibility. He would be the better man for taking up duty, hard or easy. And you, Letty, have suffered enough; you shall not be further endangered by father."

"The way I manage it," said Letty quietly, "is to make the very best I can of every little quiet, easy time that comes. Then I get up courage and strength for the hard times. Now father will be good for awhile, and I shall keep my mind as easy as possible."

In fact, father kept the peace for nearly three weeks, and Kenneth Julian did not reappear, so Letty felt as if she had come indeed to a lull in life, a very truce of God.

Then troubles came up again, swift as a summer thunderstorm. Since the time when father sold his clothes, Faith had kept the clothes locked up when the well-known danger signals were flying. It was now late in July, and Kenneth Julian was coming back for a week. Richard had brought the news.

"'Fore he went he told me when I heard mother say he was coming back to come up here and tell you, Miss Mermaid, and if I did it right, he'd bring me one pound of sugared almonds and nine packs of firecrackers. You'll tell him I did it right, won't you? I'm going to give you half the almonds, after I give mamma some, but I don't guess you care much for the firecrackers—girls don't 'most always."

Thus the new Mercury carried messages between the gods.

The next day Kenneth would arrive, and Faith felt pretty sure he would be up the beach speedily. Perhaps she was glad of it. Faith was always the one to get the breakfast. She made Letty stay in bed until the meal was nearly ready.

"I ought to get it; I am the eldest, you know," said Letty.

"Being the eldest, with a Faith and Hugh younger but quite grown up, you have reached such venerable age that you must lie in bed in the mornings and rest."

And this morning when Faith came downstairs, lo! the door of father's room was open, and father gone! His bed had not been slept in; and from the wall of the front room those three engravings, "The Angelus," "The Return of the Mayflower," and "Cupid in Vacation," had vanished—gone with father, gone to buy drink! And Kenneth was coming, and he always called at the little house on the beach to shake hands with Letty and to bring her a bunch of flowers, a book of patterns, or a box of candy or a basket of fruit. He would see the vacant places on the wall; he would know what had happened!

At first Faith dropped into Letty's chair and cried heartily. Then she wiped her eyes and told herself that Letty must have a hot breakfast and so must she, and then she would have those pictures back.

She made great despatch about breakfast. When Letty came down she gave a moan at hearing that father was gone, but, absorbed in him, she never noticed the loss of the pictures. Faith did not call her attention to it.

"I am going for Kiah Kibble," said Faith, "and we will go to the town and hunt up father and bring him back. We must find out where he gets his liquor and put a stop to it. It will be fourteen months yet before Hugh can take care of father. Keep quiet here, Letty, and don't worry. Kiah and I will see to the rest."

That Kiah should give up a day's

and devote himself to search-
ır his tenant seemed to him a
r of course. In Kiah's opinion,
could not be better employed
in helping one's neighbour.
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"as to live until that beauti-
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Keep up courage, Miss Faith.
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th could not that sad morning
the comfort that Kiah did in
prognostications. She was
ger, and her present trouble
eavy.

'here are we to go, and what
e to do?" she asked Kiah.

)u'll go and sit in the railroad station, and I will go to the three saloons and find out pretty soon if your father has been there, and I'll find out if there is any person that they suspect of illegal liquor-selling. It is a crying injustice, Miss Faith, that any liquor-selling should be legal. The law ought to be for the betterment of the citizens, and not work out their destruction. As I take it, God is the only true fountain of law and of the authority of men over men, and the holy Bible is the pattern law book or statute book; but I tell you, the race of men has got to be mightily perverted! That is one thing that gives me courage. I think the measure of iniquity must be just about even full."

"And I think it has been heaped up and running over ever and ever so long!" cried Faith.

"Now, Kiah, I'll go over to the station to wait for you; but mind, I am not going home until I find my father and get back my pictures; and I have some money with me, so that as soon as we do get father and the pictures we can take a carriage and drive back as far as your boathouse. If there is money needed, spend it; I have some."

"Go thy ways, child," said Kiah kindly. "I too have brought money, and this much good I can get out of my earnings, that they shall be used to cure sorrow and rescue my neighbour."

THE WHITE STONE.

ME time I shall behold it!
What will the wonder be
om hands that now enfold it,
To read the name for me?
ıknown to any other,
Designed for me alone,
hen my dear Elder Brother
Shall make the gift my own.

stone of beauty waiting!
With polishment most rare;
ıe King Himself translating
The words engraven there:
Yes, I shall understand it,
My Saviour's thought alone,
When He to me shall hand it,
My name upon the stone.

'Twill only be His story
In the enjewelled phrase,
And His shall be the glory,
And mine to speak his praise;
Then shall I know the measure
Of all His love to me;
The sum of all my treasure
Safe in my hand shall be.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

The Methodist Church.

General Superintendent.—The annual Conferences in Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia have all been held. The General Superintendent could only be present at Toronto, Hamilton, and London Conferences, and only for a few days at each. Before going to the Conferences in the Maritime Provinces, he made a hasty trip to Nashville, Tenn., where he preached the baccalaureate sermon at Vanderbilt University. The Southerners were pleased with him and regretted that his stay was so short. The addresses by Dr. Carman at the opening of the Conferences which he attended were, as usual, comprehensive and powerful, and the ordination sermons which he preached at Hamilton and London Conferences were appropriate and full of Gospel truth. The several Conferences were held at Toronto, Hamilton, Strathroy, Picton, Smith's Falls and Victoria respectively.

Presidents and Secretaries.—The following brethren were elected to the offices of president and secretary in their respective Conferences. Toronto—Revs. M. L. Pearson and G. K. Adams. Hamilton—Revs. W. Kettlewell and S. Sellery. London—Revs. W. Williams, D.D., and R. J. Treleaven. Bay of Quinte—Revs. F. B. Stratton and T. J. Edmison, B.A., B.D. Montreal—Revs. J. Armstrong and F. G. Lett. British Columbia—Revs. S. Cleaver and J. B. Bowell.

Jubilee Sermon.—An incident occurred at the Montreal Conference which was of more than ordinary interest, the venerable Richard Whiting preaching a jubilee sermon. He had borne an honoured name among his brethren all these years, and had filled various important positions, such as chairman of district and president of Conference, and now he told of the way God had led him all these years, and exhibited the first ticket which he received when he joined "the people called Methodists."

Deaths.—There was a large mortality reported among the ministers. Not less than thirteen had been called from to rest, some, like Fathers Shal Graham, had long been venerabl age; others, such as J. C. Slat Lund, T. Cleworth, J. Fairchil Blanchard and J. H. Andrews, ha retired a few years. W. Hall, Annis, D. G. Sutherland, E. D. and W. Torrance were in the activ and might be said to have died a post. They were blameless in lif and peaceful in death. Their co in arms bore testimony to their in preaching the glorious Gospel.

Ministerial Character.—Happil were few cases which required di ary action. One brother in the M Conference was deposed from the try for refusing to go to the stat signed him in 1894, and for actin irregularly in holding evangelist vices in various places without the c of the ministers in charge, thus c divisions in the churches and much injury. A few probationers, acted irregularly, were dropped in s and one, found guilty of immoralit expelled.

Statistics.—It is not an easy t obtain correct statistics, but as we have been able to examine the r there have been received into ful nection and ordained not less than ty-five probationers; and 130 can received on probation. So larg the supply that all vacancies i ministry through superannuatio removal by death, were filled. Th no scarcity of labourers, but there i lack of means for their support. Conference where there are 150 mi and probationers, the total deficie salary reported was $3,999.

Governor-General.—As usual the several welcome visitors to the Conferences. At Hamilton the E Aberdeen was among the number his Excellency, on being invited platform by the president, kindly ed to the request, and spoke a fe words to the Conference. He w

companied by Hon. W. E. Sanford, senator.

Holiness.—London Conference had secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Keen, a distinguished revivalist from the United States, who held several pentecostal services which were seasons of great spiritual power. At all the Conferences special services for the promotion of holiness were held.

Funds.—Owing to the almost universal depression of every kind of business the various connexional funds were not sustained as they should have been. At the time of writing these notes the returns to the Missionary Fund are not completed; but, so far as reported, there is a considerable deficiency. This is the more to be regretted as not only can there be no extension of the work into the "regions beyond," but there must necessarily be considerable reduction in the scale of allowance to those who are now labouring in poor fields. In Toronto Conference the amount paid to the ministers exceeded $129,000, but a deficiency of more than $7,000 was reported. Several married ministers received less than $500.

Young People's Societies.—The reports from the Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues contained many interesting incidents. Hundreds of conversions were reported among the scholars, and several thousands have signed the total-abstinence pledge. The appointment of the Rev. A. C. Crews to the position of Secretary for the Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies, has given universal satisfaction. Great hopes are entertained that his visits to various connexional centres will be the means of largely augmenting the number of the members of those societies, and also increasing their efficiency.

Debts.—A few of the Conferences are greatly encumbered with church debts. This is a matter greatly to be deplored, as much time must necessarily be occupied in contriving ways and means which could be better spent in spiritual labours. A lay member in Toronto Conference expressed the hope that in future greater care would be observed in church erections so as not to increase the burdens which in some places have become almost intolerable.

Education.—The reports from the educational institutions were of a most encouraging character. Victoria never had such a large attendance as during the past year. Of those in attendance more than 150 have made the choice of the ministry as their life work....The Wesleyan Theological College in Montreal has not been retarded in its prosperity by the death of its late eloquent and gifted principal, Dr. Douglas. Principal Shaw is to be congratulated on the successful year with which he and the members of the faculty have been favoured....Manitoba College reports a successful term. The liberality which has been called forth among both ministers and people in supporting the institution is worthy of the highest praise....The Columbian Methodist College in British Columbia has struggled manfully to carry forward the work of higher education. More than forty pupils, male and female, have been in attendance, and a still larger number is expected next year. Valuable property has been secured in New Westminster as the future home of the college. Mr. H. A. Massey has greatly aided in this enterprise, and the friends are hoping that the time for them to build will soon come....The friends of Albert College, in Belleville, have fought hard against the most adverse circumstances to bring their institution to its present state of prosperity. They must of necessity increase their accommodation. Mr. Massey promised $10,000 if the friends would raise an equal amount. They have actually raised $15,000....The ladies' colleges are being vigorously maintained. The institution at Whitby cannot make further progress without enlarging its borders. Here again Mr. Massey has acted a most generous part by donating a large amount, providing a reasonable response is given by the friends of the college. The corner-stone of the new wing has been laid by a daughter of the generous donor whose name has just been mentioned. Dr. Potts delivered the oration. The commencement and the corner-stone laying made a grand red-letter day....Alma College, St. Thomas, reported 150 pupils enrolled. Principal Austin was full of gratitude for the past and of hope for the future. The debt was being reduced. The young ladies were doing a good deal of real missionary work; indeed, this is a feature in all the colleges. The zeal which is being displayed in Christian missions augurs well for the future....Hamilton Ladies' College, which is the oldest of its kind in Canada, has, we learn on the authority of its principal, enjoyed a most prosperous year. He claimed that four hundred young ladies have graduated within its walls since its inception. Several of these are filling important positions both in our own and other lands.

The Book-Room.—Great interest is always felt in the report which Dr. Briggs presents from year to year at all the Conferences. However dry figures may be the genial Book-Steward so presents his bill-of-fare that it suits even the most fastidious of his hearers. He stated that about $430,000 of cash was turned over in the year. Notwithstanding the hard times he claimed that the House had enjoyed a prosperous term, as a proof of which $7,500 had been donated to the Superannuation Fund—the largest amount ever donated. The Book-Steward, however, startled some of his hearers when he told of the debts owing to the Book-Room by certain ministers, some of whom were not at all courteous in the replies which they sent him to letters asking for payment. With great regret he stated that unless there was a diminution of these obligations severe means would have to be adopted.

Sabbath Observance.—Ontario reveres the Sabbath, and probably Toronto excels all other cities in its efforts to keep the Sabbath day holy. There is an increasing effort on the part of many to break down the sacredness of the day of rest. All the Conferences spoke in strong terms in favour of maintaining the sanctity of the Lord's day. Sir Charles H. Tupper's efforts to secure an amendment to the Lord's Day Act, which would prevent the publication and sale of all newspapers on the Lord's day, were highly commended; while the praiseworthy and zealous manner in which John Charlton, Esq., M.P., has contended for parliamentary enactments to further promote the sanctity of the Lord's day received like recognition from the various Conferences. The members of our churches were urged to avoid travelling by all kinds of public conveyances on this day, to avoid late shopping on Saturdays, to support all those efforts which were being made to secure a better observance of this holy day, and wherever possible to secure a half-holiday during the week. Works of necessity and mercy alone should be performed on the Lord's day.

Temperance.—Of course, all Methodist Conferences favour temperance. When the subject was not so popular as it is at present our ministers and people were among its most zealous advocates, and such they have remained to the present time. A temperance meeting is held at every Conference.

Deaconess Movement.—A delegation from the Deaconess' Home visited Toronto Conference and greatly interested the members with an account of what the sisters are doing on behalf of the sick and suffering. As the deaconess work becomes better known it will be better appreciated. It is a work of mercy such as we feel sure the Lord will bless.

Rev. W. S. Griffin, D.D.—This esteemed minister is treasurer of the Superannuation Fund. He looks well after the interests of the fund committed to his care, and his annual visits to the Conferences, and his labours on circuits, both in the pulpit and at conventions, are a great inspiration.

Manitoba School Question.—It was not possible to avoid expressions of opinion on this vexed question. Some were afraid of politics, and cried aloud "hands off," but for good or for evil the Conferences voiced their sentiments. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the people of Manitoba should be allowed to settle the matter as they think best. In this opinion no member of Conference desired to injure their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects a single iota.

The Outlook.—No doubt some are disappointed. But taken as a whole we trust that the various Conferences have entered upon a successful year. If the religious services that were held, more particularly the devotional meetings at the opening, with the love-feast, reception and ordination services, are an indication, we may anticipate that showers of blessing will descend upon all the Conferences during the present year. God grant that our expectations may be realized!

Other Canadian Churches.

The Presbyterian Assembly met in London. More than five hundred commissioners were appointed, but not more than three hundred were in attendance at any single session. The retiring moderator was the apostolic Mackay, the founder of the mission in Formosa. His sermon and addresses were of the most arousing kind. The new moderator, Dr. Robertson, has long been known by his indefatigable labours as General Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba. He richly merits the honour thus conferred. Some of the aged Presbyterian veterans, such as the venerable Dr. Reid and Dr. Gregg, were compelled to retire, but they will be succeeded by other efficient men. The missions at home and abroad were reported prosperous, though for obvious reasons those in China and Formosa ex-

cited the greatest interest. The band of workers have returned to China, and Dr. Mackay will soon return to Formosa and spend most of his time in raising up a native ministry. The support given to the ministry reflects the highest honour upon the Church. The Augmentation Fund is a great boon to poor churches. The more wealthy churches and several of the ministers subscribe munificently to it. Methodists might learn a lesson here and treat their Sustentation Fund more liberally. Presbyterians in Canada claim 100,000 families, or 500,000 souls, and 174,000 communicants.

Congregational Union.—This annual gathering took place at Hamilton and was attended by delegates from different Provinces. The Colonial Missionary Society had offered $1,250 to the support of missions in Canada, but the offer was refused, so that our friends possess a large share of independence. We love the principle of self-reliance. Lack of funds greatly retards the progress of the Union.

Baptist Convention.—The Baptist Church has made great strides in Canada during the last few years. The recent convention held in Toronto was numerously attended. Several members were appointed to attend the Pan-American Congress. Much time was occupied with the reports of the colleges, which were satisfactory in every respect, though there was a small monetary deficiency in some of the funds. The home missions were regarded as particularly prosperous. The average salary of the missionaries is $557.30. The late Senator McMaster, whose gifts to the Church were so great, did not forget aged ministers. His legacy has brought in $31,035. His example might be observed by the wealthy of all Churches.

The Anglican Church.—The Synod of Toronto met in St. James' school-house. Bishop Sweatman delivered a lengthy address. There was a loss of ten clergymen, but not less than twenty had been received, which now makes 150 engaged in parochial work, besides others, including ten superannuates. His lordship reported 552 communicants by confirmation. He quoted numerous statistics which clearly proved the advancement made both in Canada and other parts of the world. A new officer called Canon Missioner had been instituted. A new diocese is contemplated which will reduce that of Toronto, and the Bishop of Algoma is likely to be made principal of the university in London. The change will be made on the ground that the climate of Algoma is too severe for the health of the bishop. The Anglican Church would favour the establishment of parochial schools.

Items.

Archbishop Whately said, "If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.

Washington Square church, New York, has been sold for $250,000. The amount is to be used solely for evangelistic work in the lower part of the city.

The Governor of Chin-Kiang, China, some time ago visited the Methodist girls' school in the city and gave each of the principals $50 in appreciation of their work.

Three women have lately been ordained by as many Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church. Another Conference refused to ordain a young lady, even though she had graduated at a theological seminary.

In the British navy there are not less than 5,680 enrolled Wesleyans. In the ships of the Mediterranean and Red seas there are 736 Wesleyans, and 252 in those at the Cape and West Coast of Africa, while others are in China, West Indies, Australia, etc.

November 21st, 1894, was the birthday of the Queen of Madagascar. The first pocket-edition of the revised Malagasy Bible was then issued. This pocket-Bible is a great boon, and when the consignment reached Antanarivo, there was a rush to secure copies. In a few days every copy was sold, and the people were crying out for more.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society is recovering from its discouragements of the past few years. The proposal to establish a society somewhat akin to the Epworth League has been received with great favour. Methodists are very conspicuous in the ranks of temperance and social purity workers. The Local Option Bill of the Government received special favour.

A granddaughter of Charles Wesley recently died in London, aged seventy-seven. Like her ancestor, she was a lover of music, and could compose music as well as perform the duties of organist. Her funeral was conducted in Wesley's chapel, City Road. Her surviving brother is organist in that famous Methodist cathedral and has done much to raise the standard of the service.

Book Notices.

An Introduction to the Study of Society. By ALBION W. SMALL, PH.D., Head Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago, and GEORGE E. VINCENT, Vice-Chancellor of the Chautauqua System of Education. New York: American Book Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

Long ago Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man." With a larger meaning than that of the poet is this being realized every day. The great problem of the age is, not the scientific problem, nor even the religious nor the economic problem, but the social problem. This is being more and more discussed in the pulpit, on the platform and in the press. The *Sunday-school Times* even has a department for the sociological study of the Sunday-school lessons. Bishop Vincent has given it special prominence at Chautauqua and in the Itinerant Clubs of Methodist preachers. Most of the colleges have departments of sociology on their curricula. But the volume before us is the first text-book on the study of society that we know.

And a very admirably constructed text-book it is. The position of its authors, Prof. Small and Dr. Vincent, as instructors in this new science gives an authoritative value to the volume. The first book treats of the origin and scope of sociology, its relation to special social science and social reforms. The second book illustrates the evolution of organized society from its simplest elements, a single family on a farm, through the rural and village group to the fully developed town and city. This is illustrated with maps and diagrams and a chart showing the distribution of functions with their many bifurcations and ramifications in complex modern life.

By a stroke of genius, as we think, the three remaining books discuss the social anatomy, social physiology and pathology and social psychology of modern civilization. The book on social physiology and pathology is largely a discussion of morbid pathology, the characteristics of social disease, while the last book is on what may be called social therapeutics, the reconstruction of society in accordance with morality and law—on the eternal basis of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule.

The book is of fascinating interest and will be exceedingly helpful to this important study.

The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1686–1895. By DEAN HARRIS. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 352. Price, $2.00.

It is an evidence of the growing popularity of the Methodist Publishing House and of the growing liberality of our Roman Catholic friends that a distinguished Catholic priest should choose for his publisher an uncompromisingly Protestant institution. This is as it should be. We are fellow-citizens of a common country. It is part of true loyalty and true Christianity to recognize one another as allies in the war against intemperance, infidelity and vice. It is wiser to promote peace and good-will than to foment strife and ill-will.

Dean Harris' ably-written volume is the most valuable contribution that we know upon the early history of the Niagara peninsula. He describes the heroic achievements of the French and English pioneers, the explorers and path-finders of empire, who laid broad and deep the foundations of the Canadian commonweal. He records the stirring adventures and severe privations of the early settlers.

"The true history of Canada," says Goldwin Smith, "is written on the gravestones of the pilgrim fathers of the country." To them the accomplished Dean renders a due meed of praise. Of course, he gives special prominence to the labours of the clergy of his own Church from the time of the pioneer missionary fathers to the present. The book is exceedingly well manufactured, is illustrated with excellent cuts of Indian relics, with copies of rare old engravings and with some handsome full-page plates.

The Innuits of our Arctic Coast. By HIS HONOUR J. C. SCHULTZ, LL.D., F.R.S.C., M.D., Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba.

In this admirable paper, read before the Royal Society of Canada, Lieutenant-Governor Schultz gives an exceedingly interesting account of the little-known denizens of Canada, the Eskimo of our Arctic coast. These diminutive but hardy people have many admirable moral qualities, much physical courage, and show great ingenuity and skill in the construction of their dwellings, preparation of their clothing, and the capture of their food supplies. The monograph is of exceeding interest. Bishop Bompas, of Moosimee, has done much for the evangelization and religious training of the Canadian Innuits.

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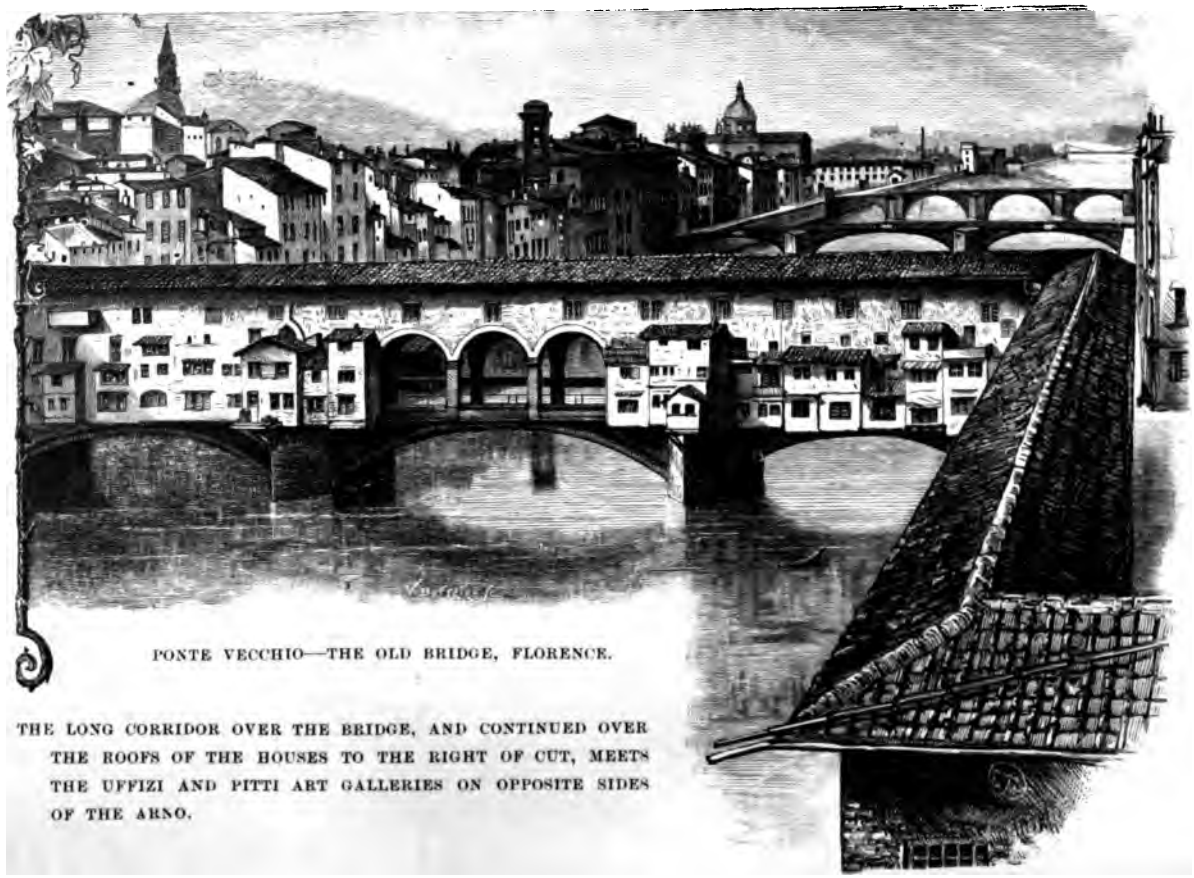


PONTE VECCHIO—THE OLD BRIDGE, FLORENCE.

THE LONG CORRIDOR OVER THE BRIDGE, AND CONTINUED OVER THE ROOFS OF THE HOUSES TO THE RIGHT OF CUT, MEETS THE UFFIZI AND PITTI ART GALLERIES ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ARNO.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

SAVONAROLA, THE MARTYR MONK OF FLORENCE.

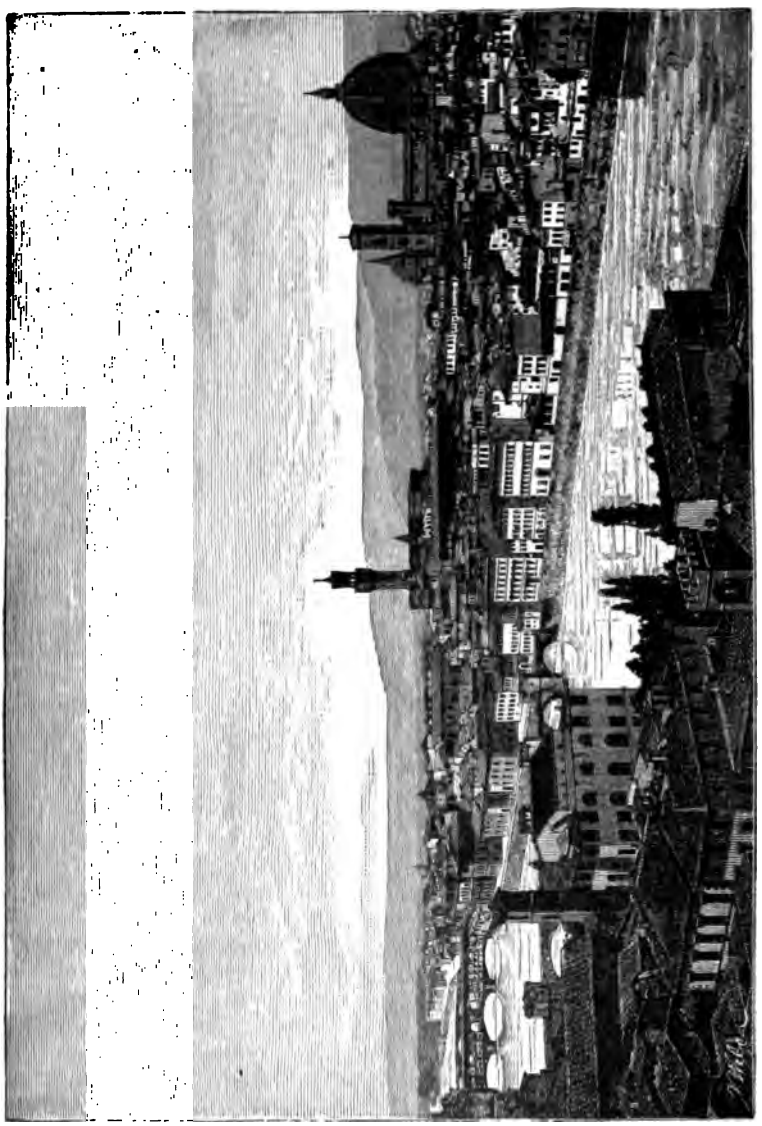
BY THE EDITOR.

GEROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

IN a bright July day I stood in vast and shadowy Duomo of rence, where, four hundred years , the great Savonarola proclaimed, a new Elijah, to awe-struck asands, the impending judgments Heaven upon their guilty city. ent thence to the famous Mon- ry of San Marco, of which he prior. I paced the frescoed sters where he was wont to con breviary, and the long corridors d on either side with the prison- cells of the cowled brotherhood. ood in the bare, bleak chamber of the martyr-monk, in which he used to weep and watch and write and pray. I sat in his chair. I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his crucifix, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine clear hand—and his MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy. The same day I stood in the dungeon vaults of the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, lurid with crimson memories, where the great Reformer was imprisoned; and in the great square whence his brave soul ascended in a chariot of flame from the martyr's funeral pyre; and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic spirit who, amid these memory-haunted scenes, four centuries ago spoke brave words for God and truth and liberty, that thrill our souls to-day.

The age in which Savonarola lived was one of the most splendid in the history of European art and literature. Even during the darkness of the middle ages, the lamp of learning was fanned into a flickering flame in many a lonely monkish cell, and the love of liberty was cherished in the free cities of the Italian Peninsula. But with the dawn of the Renaissance came a sunburst of light that banished the night of ages. The fall of Constantinople scattered throughout Western Europe the scholars who still spoke the language of Homer and of Chrysostom, and taught the

philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. The agents of Lorenzo il Magnifico swept the monasteries of the Levant for the precious MSS., the flotsam and jetsam of the ancient world, which had drifted into these quiet retreats. The invention of a German mechanic gave new wings to this rescued learning, and from the presses of Florence, Venice, and Rome, and later, of Amsterdam, Paris and London, it flew abroad on all the winds. In Italy the Arethusan fount of long-buried art and science sprang to life, sparkling and flashing in the new-found light. From the rich soil of the Campagna were daily rescued fresh relics of the past — lovely marble torsoes, whose very fragments were at



FLORENCE, SHOWING THE ARNO AND BRIDGES.
Duomo to the right, Palazzo Vecchio in centre.

once the rapture and despair of the new-born instinct of art. Rome woke to the consciousness of the priceless wealth long buried in her bosom. The earth seemed to renew her youth. There were giants in those days. Michael Angelo, great as poet, painter, and sculptor; Da Vinci, Ghiberti, Cellini, Fra Lippi, Macchiavelli, Petrarch, Politian—a brotherhood of art and letters never equalled in the world.*

But no good or evil is unmixed. This revived learning brought with it a revived paganism. This quickened art contained the seeds of its own moral taint. Social corruption and political tyranny and treachery flourished amid this too stimulating atmosphere. The moral antiseptic of a vital Christianity was wanting. The salt had lost its savour, and moral corruption ensued. The state of the Church was at its very worst. The Papacy was never more Heaven-defying in its wickedness. A succession of human monsters occupied St. Peter's chair. Paul II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and the infamous Borgia—Alexander VI.,— had converted the Vatican into a theatre of the most odious vices. While wearing the title of Christ's Vicars on earth, they were utterly pagan in sentiment and worse than pagan in life. "They regarded," says Macaulay, "the Christian mysteries of which they were the stewards, just as the Augur Cicero and the Pontifex Maximus Cæsar regarded the Sibylline books and the pecking of the sacred chickens. Among themselves they spoke of the Incarnation, the Eucharist, and the Trinity in the same tone in which Cotta and Velleius talked of the oracle of Delphi, or of the voice of Faunus in the mountains."

Said Leo X.—himself a priest at eight and a cardinal at fourteen years of age—to his secretary Bembo, "All ages know well enough of what advantage this fable about Christ has been to us and ours." The same Bembo cautions a friend against reading the Epistles of St. Paul, "lest his taste should be corrupted." Of the works of Macchiavelli, the foremost writer of the times, says Macaulay, "Such a display of wickedness, naked yet not ashamed: such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity, seem rather to belong to a fiend than to the most depraved of men." Yet the highest honours of his age were heaped upon him, and at the first courts of Italy his atrocious sentiments evoked no condemnation, but rather the warmest approval.

The city of Florence was, not even excepting Rome, the chief seat of the Renaissance revival in Italy. It was the very focus of art, of literature, of commerce. Its revenue was greater than that which both England and Ireland yielded to Elizabeth. Its cloth manufactures employed thirty thousand workmen. Eighty banks transacted its business, and that of Europe, on a scale that might surprise "even the contemporaries of the Barings and the Rothchilds."

"Every place," says Macaulay, "to which the merchant princes of Florence extended their gigantic traffic, from the

* Not among the "giants" of the time, but as one of its tenderest and most loving spirits, is to be mentioned Fra Angelico, whose lovely frescoes of saints and angels and Madonnas still adorn the cells of San Marco. He could not preach, but he could paint such beatific visions as fill our eyes with tears to-day. He never touched his brush till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer. Overcome with emotion, the tears often streamed down his face as he painted the Seven Sorrows of Mary or the raptures of the saved. He would take no money for his work: it was its own exceeding great reward. When offered the archbishopric of Florence he humbly declined, and recommended for that dignity a brother monk. He died at Rome while sitting at his easel —caught away to behold with open face the beatific vision on which his inner sight so long had dwelt. The holy faces of his angels still haunt our memory with a spell of power. Well did the saintly painter wear the name of Fra Angelico – the Angelic Brother.

bazaars of the Tigris to the monasteries of the Clyde, was ransacked for medals and manuscripts. Architecture, painting and sculpture were munificently encouraged. We can hardly persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, barbarity and ignorance. From the oppressions of illiterate masters and the sufferings of a brutalized peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened states of Italy—to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort and luxury, the manufactories swarming with artisans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the Palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence. . . . But alas for the beautiful city! A time was at hand when all the seven vials of the Apocalypse were to be poured forth and shaken out over those pleasant countries —a time for slaughter, famine, beggary, infamy, slavery, despair."

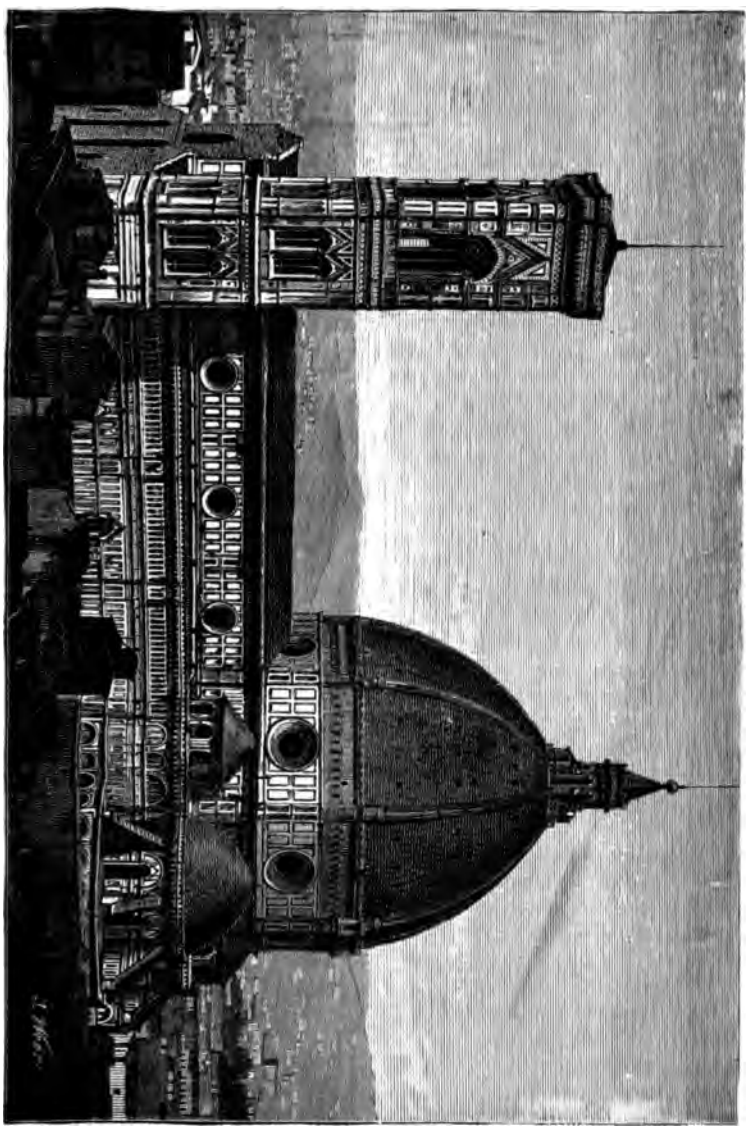
A characteristic of Florence has ever been her passionate love of liberty. On her arms for six hundred years has been inscribed the glorious word "Libertas." When other cities crouched beneath the heel of tyrants she flourished as a free republic. At length the princely House of the Medici obtained a sway which was really that of a monarch. The ostentatious prodigality of Lorenzo the Magnificent at once beguiled Florence of her liberty, corrupted her virtue, and hastened the calamities by which she was overwhelmed.

At this time, and on such a stage, God called the great Savonarola to play his brief but heroic part. The grandest soul of the fifteenth century animated his frail body. He beheld with dismay the awful corruptions of the times. He foretold the outpouring of the vials of wrath upon the land. He sought to set up Christ's throne in the earth. Like John the Baptist he was a voice crying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is a hand." Like John the Baptist he fell a martyr to the truth which he proclaimed.

Savonarola was the scion of a noble family of Padua, but he was born at the ancient city of Ferrara, whose mouldering palaces and deserted streets still speak of its former opulence and splendour. He derived much of his heroic character from his brave-souled mother, who recalls the noble women of the early days of Rome. To her unfaltering faith his heart turned ever for support and inspiration even in his sternest trials and his darkest hour. He had been educated for the profession of medicine, but the deeper misery of the world's moral maladies were to demand his sympathy and succour rather than its physical ills. He felt in his soul a call of God to devote himself to a religious life, and he fled from a world lying in wickedness to the cloistered seclusion of the Dominican monastery of Bologna. Here he performed the humblest duties of the convent, toiling in the garden, or repairing the garments of the monks. "Make me as one of thy hired servants" was the cry of his world-weary heart as he sought refuge in the quiet of God's house. At the same time he devoted every hour of leisure to the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelical Doctor, to those of St. Augustine, and, above all, to the study of the Word of God. He was much given to prayer and fasting, to perplexed and often tearful thought. Like all great souls he nourished his spiritual strength by solitary communings with God, and wrestling with the great problems of duty and destiny. In two poems of this period, *De Ruina Mundi* and *De Ruina Ecclesiæ*, he mourns over the moral ruin of the Church and of the world.

In his soul there rankled, too, the deep and tender wound of disap-

pointed human affection. In his youth he had loved with all the passionate ardour of his nature a daughter of the princely House of



THE CATHEDRAL, OR DUOMO, WITH GIOTTO'S TOWER, FLORENCE.

Strozzi. But the impaired fortunes of his family caused the rejection of his suit — it is said with scorn — by the proud patrician.

The zealous neophyte was greatly grieved at the ignorance and worldliness of the monks. But he found congenial employment in teaching them the principles of philosophy, and in expounding the Scriptures. His first attempts at public preaching, by which he was afterwards to sway so wonderfully the hearts of men, were very disheartening. In

his native town of Ferrara he could not get a hearing, and he bitterly remarked, "A prophet has no honour in his own country." Even in Florence his first audiences never exceeded twenty-five persons collected in the corner of a vast church. "I could not," he said, "so much as move a chicken."

But "the Word of God was as a fire in his bones," and could not be restrained. On his removal to the convent of San Marco he besought the prayers of the brethren and essayed to preach. He began a course of sermons on the Book of Revelation "and applied," says his biographer, "with tremendous force the imagery of John's vision to the condition and prospects of Italy. With a voice that rolled like thunder or pierced with the wild and mournful anguish of the loosened winds, he denounced the iniquities of the time, and foretold the tribulations that were at hand." Soon, so rapidly his audience grew, he had to leave the chapel and preach in the open cloisters, "standing beneath a damask rose tree," to the multitudes who thronged to hear. To this day the place is pointed out, and a damask rose tree still marks the spot. He had found, at length, his work, and for the remaining eight years of his life his voice was the most potent in Italy.

The burden of his preaching, he tells us, were these three propositions: "That the Church of God would be renovated in the then present time; that fearful judgments would precede that renovation; and that these things would come soon." With the anointed vision of the seer, discerning wisely the signs of the times, he exhorted men to repentance from sin and reformation of life. Soon the convent of San Marco became too small to hold the crowd of eager listeners, and the great Duomo became thenceforth the theatre of the mighty eloquence of the preaching friar. The pale face and deep, dark eyes gazed around on the vast assembly, and the thrilling, awe-inspiring voice filled the mighty dome.

His bold preaching proved very distasteful to the princely Lorenzo de Medici, by whom he had been promoted to the dignity of prior of San Marco. After attempting in vain to bribe him with gifts, the Prince sent a message threatening banishment from the city unless he learned more courtly ways. "Tell Lorenzo, from me," was the intrepid answer, "that though he is the first in the state, and I a foreigner and a poor brother, it will, nevertheless, happen that I shall remain after he is gone." These bold words were afterwards called to mind, as the greatest of the Medici lay upon his death-bed. In that solemn hour the dying prince sent for the only man in Florence who had dared to cross his will. The faithful preacher urged, as the condition of divine pardon, reparation for deeds of oppression, and the restoration of the usurped liberties of Florence. But the ruling passion was strong in death, and the prince passed to the tribunal of the skies without the priestly absolution that he craved.

The succeeding prince, Piero de Medici, was no less a tyrant than his sire. But the pulpit of Savonarola continued to be the ruling power in Florence. The bold monk was therefore banished to Bologna, where he ceased not to proclaim the judgments of God. At length he returned, on foot, with nothing but his staff and wallet, to the destined scene of his brief triumph and glorious martyrdom.

Foreseeing the evils that threatened the state, he saw, or thought he saw, in the midst of the smiling heavens, the vision of a sword bearing the words "*Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter*—The sword of the Lord on the earth, swiftly and soon." That sword proved to be the French king,

Charles VIII., who, with a powerful army, subdued the peninsula as far as Naples. As the tread of armies drew near, again the prophetic voice of Savonarola was heard in the great Duomo, proclaiming the judgments of God in tones which come across the ages and move our souls to-day. His text was, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth."

"Behold," he said, "the cup of your iniquity is full. Behold the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is naught—the Mercy-seat is bare; we may sin behind the veil and who will punish us? To you I say, the presence of God shall be revealed in His temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence; for God will no longer endure the pollution of His sanctuary; He will thoroughly purge His Church.

"Hear now, O Florence, chosen city in a chosen land! Repent and forsake evil; do justice; love mercy; put away all uncleanness from among you, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt.

"Listen, O people, over whom my heart yearns as the heart of a mother over the children she has travailed for! God is my witness that, but for your sakes, I would willingly live as a turtle in the depths of the forest, singing low to my Beloved, who is mine and I am His. O Lord, Thou knowest I am willing, I am ready. Take me, stretch me on Thy cross; let the thorns press upon my brow, and let my sweat be anguish—I desire to be like Thee in Thy great love. But let me see the fruit of my travail; let this people be saved!"

Nor were the labours of Savonarola for the welfare of Florence confined to the pulpit of the Duomo. He went forth alone and on foot as an embassy to the invader, Charles VIII. In the spirit of Elijah rebuking Ahab he boldly admonished him.

"Most Christian King," he began, "thou art an instrument in the Lord's hand, who sends thee to assuage the miseries of Italy (as I have foretold for many years past), and lays on thee the duty of reforming the Church which lies prostrate in the dust. But if thou failest to be just and merciful; if thou dost not show respect to the city of Florence, to its women, its citizens, its liberty; if thou forgettest the work for which the Lord sends thee, He will then choose another to perform it, and will in anger let His hand fall heavily upon thee, and will punish thee with dreadful scourges. These things I say to thee in the name of the Lord."

Once again "a poor wise man by his wisdom delivered a city," besieged by its enemies. The humble monk was a stronger defence of Florence than its walls and moats and armaments. Its ruler, Piero de Medici, fled in the hour of peril, and, in the disguise of a liveried lackey, sought an asylum in Venice. His palace was sacked and his art treasures scattered by the fickle mob, whom only the influence of Savonarola could call back to order. The French armies entered the city as allies instead of as enemies. Their long stay, however, wore out their welcome. Charles submitted an *ultimatum* which Capponi, the tribune of the people, refused to accept. "Then we will sound our trumpets," exclaimed the irritated king, threatening force. "And we," cried the patriot tribune, rending the parchment in pieces, "we will ring our bells." And the old cow, as the Florentines called the great bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, began to low,* its deep reverberations sounding like a tocsin over the city, where every house would become a fortress and every citizen a soldier for the defence of its ancient rights.

Again Savonarola became the

* *La vacca muglia* was the phrase for the ringing of this great bell, whose deep-toned notes still boom from its lofty tower.

champion of liberty. Again he bearded the lion in his lair, and in the name of Heaven commanded the invader to depart. And again the haughty King of France obeyed the words of the preaching friar.

Piero had fled, Charles had retired, and Florence was free to adopt a new constitution. Again all eyes were turned toward Savonarola, as the noblest mind and most potent will in Italy. And he shrank not from the task. He longed to see Christ's kingdom established in the-

PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

Loggia dei Lanzi to the right. In front of this building Savonarola was burned.

earth — a kingdom of truth and righteousness, with God as its supreme ruler and law-giver.

A Great Council, a Council of eighty, and a Court of eight magistrates were therefore appointed to administer the affairs of the city, on the model of the ancient Republic of Venice. Taxation was equalized, and a right of appeal secured to the Great Council of the people. Yet the prior of San Marco sought no personal power. "He was never to be seen in the meetings in the Piazza," writes his contemporary, Vellari, "nor at the sittings of the Signoria; but he became the very soul of the whole people, and the chief author of all the laws by which the new Government was constituted." From his bare and solitary cell his imperial spirit ruled the souls of men by the right divine of truth and righteousness.

"The authority of Savonarola," writes an unfriendly critic,* "was now at its highest. Instead of a republic, Florence assumed the appearance of a theocracy, of which Savonarola was the prophet, the legislator, and the judge." A coin of this period is still extant, bearing a cross and the legend, JESUS CHRISTUM REX NOSTER—Jesus Christ, our King; and over the portal of the civic palace was placed the inscription, JESUS CHRISTUS REX FLORENTINI POPULI.

The great object of Savonarola was the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the earth, and the bringing into conformity thereto of all the institutions of this world. He began with his own convent of San Marco, putting away all luxuries of food, clothing, costly ecclesiastical furniture, and vestments. He enforced secular diligence among the monks, and assigned to the more gifted regular preaching duties. Hebrew, Greek, and the Oriental languages were sedulously taught, and San Marco became a famous school of the prophets and propaganda of the Christian faith in foreign parts. Yet the prior's rule was not stern, but kindly and gentle. He carefully cultivated the hearts and intellect of the youthful novices, and sought the inspiration and refreshment of their company. With a true philosophy he used to say, "If you wish me to preach well, allow me time to talk to my young people, for God often speaks by these innocent youths, as by pure vessels full of the Holy Ghost."

The moral reformation of the people was the great object of Savonarola's preaching and prayer. And seldom, if ever, has such a general reformation ensued. A pernicious carnival custom of long standing was an obstacle to the completeness of this reform. The youths of the city had been wont, in masquerade costumes, to levy contributions on the citizens to be spent in convivial excesses around great bonfires in the public squares. Savonarola sought to turn this enthusiasm into a pious channel. He organized the youths into companies, and, dressed in symbolic white and crowned with laurel, they sang soft Tuscan hymns and begged alms, not for themselves but for the poor.

A new sort of bonfire, too, was substituted for those of previous carnivals—a "bonfire of vanities." Troops of white-robed and impulsive young inquisitors, therefore, went from house to house asking for "vanities," whose proper place was the fire; and stopping the gaily bedizened holiday-makers in the street, exhorted them, for their souls' health, to make a burnt sacrifice of the "anathema" — the unseemly fineries upon their persons.

The attack of the little reformers many a [illegible] mischief-loving young Florentine sought out the [illegible] and brought to light the [illegible]

* Roscoe, *Life of Leo X.*, p. 30.

and masks and frippery with which they in vain attempted to conceal the ravages of age. The artist's studio gave up every picture that could raise a blush upon the cheek of innocence, and the vice-suggesting writings of Ovid, Boccaccio, and Pulci were heaped upon the growing pile. The heart of the city seemed moved by a common impulse to this moral purgation, as when at Ephesus, under the preaching of Paul fourteen centuries before, "many of them which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men."

In the great Piazza del Signoria, a pyramid of "vanities" was collected, sixty feet high and eighty yards in circuit. After morning communion, a vast procession wound from the Duomo to the Piazza. The white-robed children lined the square, and their pure, clear voices chanted the "lauds" and carols written for the day. Then the torch was applied; the flames leaped and writhed and revelled amid the things of folly and shame; and the trumpets blared, and the clangorous bells filled the air with peals of triumph and joy.

"Florence was like a city burning its idols, and with solemn ceremony vowing fidelity in all the future to the worship of the one true God. One more offering up of 'vanities' by fire took place in the following year. Then followed a burning of a different sort on the same spot, in which the person of Savonarola furnished food for the flame and excitement for the populace; which burning ended the grand Florentine drama of the fifteenth century."

Already the clouds were gathering which were to shroud in a dire eclipse of woe the glories of that auspicious day. There were many in the once gay and luxurious Florence who were not in harmony with the high moral tone to which society was keyed. There were also secret agents and friends of the fugitive Medici. These combined against the *Frateschi,* or followers of Savonarola, and chief supporters of the Republic. A conspiracy for the restoration of Piero was detected. Five of its leaders were tried and found guilty, and suffered the inevitable penalty, in that age, of high treason. Savonarola was averse to their execution, would have preferred their exile, but was overruled by what were deemed necessities of State.

Under the civil disturbances, trade languished and idleness and poverty prevailed. Then famine and pestilence followed—the mysterious and awful plague of the middle ages—and the sick, the dying and the dead were in every street and square. Savonarola remained at his post, although the plague entered the monastery, and was himself the chief source of succour to the terror-stricken community.

But the chief enemy of the intrepid friar was that "Nero of the Papacy," the infamous Borgia, Alexander VI. The Pope sent first a flattering invitation to "his much-beloved son, the most zealous of all the labourers in the Lord's vineyard," inviting him to Rome, in order to deprive Florence of his wise counsels. Savonarola respectfully declined the invitation, urging his broken health and the need of his services to the new Government. Then the tiger-claws which stroked so smoothly in their silken sheath were shown; and "Gerolamo Savonarola, a teacher of heritical doctrine," was summoned under heavy penalties to the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. The prior of San Marco refused to leave his post; when the enraged Pope, dreading the power of his eloquence, prohibited his preaching.

For a time Savonarola yielded obedience, but the sweet constraint of the Gospel compelled him to proclaim its truths. "Without preaching," he exclaimed, "I cannot live." His Lenten sermons, as his voice

ıng once more through the great uomo, fell with strange power ı the hearts of men. Their fame ıng through Europe, and even there ran an undertone of sadness, and prescience of his impending doom.

The Pope, thinking every nature

LOGGIA DEI LANZI, FLORENCE.

ıe Sultan of Turkey had them anslated, that he might understand e controversy that was shaking ıristendom. But through them all as venal as his own, now tried the effects of bribery, and offered the preaching friar a princedom in the Church and a cardinal's hat, if he

would only cease from "prophesying." "Come to my sermon tomorrow," said the monk to the ambassador, "and you shall have my answer." In the presence of a vast assembly in the Duomo, Savonarola, with burning words, refused the glittering bribe. "I will have no other crimson hat," he exclaimed, with a foreboding of his coming doom, "than that of martyrdom, crimsoned with my own blood."

When the bold defiance was reported to the Pope, for a moment conscience-stricken at the spectacle of such heroic virtue, he exclaimed, "This must be a true servant of God." But the strong vindictive passions soon awoke again. The terrors of the major excommunication were launched against his victim, and all men were commanded to hold him as one accursed. The Cardinal of Siena, afterward Pope Julius II., sent a secret message to the persecuted friar offering to have the ban removed for the sum of five thousand crowns. "To buy off the Pope's curse," was the defiant answer, "was a greater disgrace than to bear it."

The commission of an awful crime in his family again stung the guilty conscience of the Borgia to a brief remorse. The dead body of his son, the Duke of Gandia, was found floating in the Tiber, pierced with many stabs, and the crime was traced to his brother Cæsar, a cardinal of the Church. The dreadful fratricide smote the world with horror; and Savonarola wrote the wretched Pontiff a letter of pious counsel and condolence. But the tide of worldliness soon overflowed again that sordid nature. The resources of the Church were lavished on the murderer, and the man of God was persecuted with still more bitter malignity.

Savonarola's last Lenten sermons seemed burdened with a foreknowledge of his near-approaching fate. They were more intensely earnest than ever, like the words of a dying man, to whom the verities of the unseen were already laid bare. The light of his eye was undimmed, and the eloquent voice still thrilled as of yore the hearts of the multitude who thronged the vast Duomo. But the frail body was wasted almost to emaciation. An inward fire seemed to consume his outward frame. So intense were the emotions excited, that the shorthand reporter of his sermons narrates that "such was the anguish and weeping that came over him, that he was obliged to stop recording his notes."

The anathema of the Pope, at which conquering monarchs have turned pale, was upon him, but his high courage quailed not. "A wicked, unbelieving Pope," he said, "who has gained his seat by bribery, is *not* Christ's Vicar. His curses are broken swords; he grasps a hilt without a blade. His commands are contrary to Christian life; it is lawful to disobey them—nay, it *is not lawful to obey them.*" And turning away from the wrath of man to the righteous tribunal of God, he inly said, like one of old, "Let them curse, but bless Thou."

One of his last public acts was a solemn appeal to Heaven in vindication of his integrity of soul. Taking in his hand the vessel containing the consecrated Host, he thus addressed the listening multitude:

"You remember, my children, I besought you, when I should hold this sacrament in my hand in the face of you all, to pray fervently to the Most High, that if this work of mine does not come from Him, He will send a fire and consume me, that I may vanish into the eternal darkness away from His light, which I have hidden with my falsity. Again I beseech you to make that prayer, and to make it *now.*"

Then, with rapt and uplifted countenance, he prayed, in a voice not loud, but distinctly audible in the wide stillness:

Lord, if I have not wrought
ity in my soul, if my word
ı not from Thee, smite me in
oment with Thy thunder, and
fires of Thy wrath consume

the awful silence of that mo-
he stood motionless, when
ıly a beam of golden light,
ıg on the pale and furrowed
lit it up as with a celestial
"Behold the answer," said
man in his heart and many
their lips. Then, with the
ing solicitude of a father for
ildren about to be orphaned,
etched out his wasted hand,
ı a voice in which tears trem-
›ronounced the benediction on
›ple—"Benedictione perpetua,
icat vos, Pater Eternus."

the curse of Rome was a
to all weaker souls than that
intrepid martyr. The Pope
ened, unless Savonarola were
d or imprisoned, to lay the
city of Florence under an
ict, which should cut it off
ll intercourse with the world,
ınder its merchants and citi-
iable to the confiscation of
goods. That argument con-
l. The voice through which
poke to Europe was soon si-
forever.

›airing of the reform of the
ı by the Pope, Savonarola
ritten a letter to Charles VIII.,
r the convocation of a General
il for that purpose. This
was intercepted by fraud and
› the vindictive Borgia, who
pon launched new fulmina-
against his victim. These
errors influenced the magis-
of Florence to abandon the
to his impending fate, and at
become the instruments of his

the last time Savonarola ad-
ł in words of cheer and coun-
brethren of San Marco. As
were assembled for evening
s, sounds of tumult were
heard without, and soon a mob of armed men assailed the gates. Some thirty monks barricaded the doors and fought in their long white robes as bravely for their beloved prior as ever Knight Templar for the tomb of Christ. "Let me go and give myself up," he said, seeking to quell the strife. "I am the sole cause of this myself." "Do not abandon us," they cried. "You will be torn to pieces, and then what shall become of us?" Yielding to their entreaties, he summoned them to the choir that they might seek God in prayer.

Meanwhile the frantic mob set fire to the doors, scaled the walls and burst into the choir. The civic guards soon entered and led away, as prisoners, Savonarola and his intrepid friend, Fra Dominico. A brutal mob, made up of the very dregs of the city, clamoured for his blood and wreaked their rage upon their unresisting victim. He was kicked, smitten, spat upon, and bitterly reviled. "This is the true light," cried a low ruffian, as he thrust a flaring torch in his face. Other wretches buffeted him with their fists, and jeered, like another mob in the presence of another Victim, "Prophesy who it is that smote thee." But, like the Master whom he served, who, when He was buffeted answered not, the patient confessor endured with meekness the very bitterness of human rage and hate. He was thrust into prison, and was soon brought to trial. Charles VIII. died, and all hope of General Council or of succour for Savonarola was at an end. The Pope and his creatures had their victim in their power.

"During many days," says the histor an of the event, "the prior was subjected to alternate examination and torture. He was drawn up from the ground by ropes knotted round his arms, and then suddenly let down with a jerk, which wrenched all the muscles of his sensitive frame. Fire, too, was at times put under his feet. How often torture was applied to him we

have no means of learning. One witness (Violi) declares that he had seen him, in one day, hoisted by the rope no fewer than fourteen times!"

In his lonely cell, in the intervals of his torture, the brave soul turned from the strife of tongues to commune with God. With his mutilated hand he wrote his meditations, which are still extant, on the thirty-first and fifty-first Psalms. "I shall place my hope on the Lord," he said, "and before long, I shall be set free from all tribulation."

His doom had long been decreed. Alexander Borgia had declared that Savonarola should be put to death even though he were John the Baptist. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced upon him and on his two devoted friends, Fra Dominico and Fra Salvestro.

On the morning of the 23rd May, 1498, after early communion in the prison, the destined victims walked together to the place of doom in the great square of the ordeal and of the "Bonfire of Vanities." The Pope's commissioner stripped off their gowns and pronounced the last anathema: "I separate you from the Church militant and triumphant." "That," replied with a calm, clear voice, the hero soul of Savonarola, "is beyond your power." A vast mob surged around the scaffold and the martyr pyre, but he seemed to see them not. With unfaltering step and with a rapt smile upon his pale, worn face, he went to his death. His last words were, like those of his Lord and Master and of the proto-martyr, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." His comrades in life and in death with equal dignity met their fate. They were first hanged till dead and then burned to ashes. As the torch was applied, writes the biographer, "from the storied Piazza, the saddest and most suicidal 'burning' that Florence had ever witnessed sent up its flame and smoke into the bright heaven of that May morning. On this 23rd day of May, 1498, aged forty-five years, the greatest man of his day—great on every side of him, great as a philosopher, a theologian, a statesman, a reformer of morals and religion, and greatest of all as a true man of God—died in a way which was worthy of him, a martyr to the truth for which he had lived."

"Lest the city should be polluted by his remains," says a contemporary, "his ashes were carefully gathered and thrown into the Arno."

STATUE OF DANTE, FLORENCE.

In the narrow cell at San Marco, in which Savonarola wept and watched and prayed, hangs a contemporary painting of this tragic scene, and by its side a portrait of the martyr monk with his keen dark eyes, his eagle visage, his pale cheek, and his patient thought-worn brow. In a case beneath are his vestments, his crucifix, rosary, Bible and MS. sermons. As we gaze on these relics, thought and feeling overleap the intervening centuries, and we seem brought into living

with the hero-soul, who
not his life dear unto him
estimony of Jesus.
ngrateful city which exiled
ier greatest sons, Dante and
)la, was overtaken by a
emesis. Soon the Medici
in power, and long ruled
n iron hand. When Rome,
id city of the Seven Hills,
is eternal named," was be-
taken and sacked by a
army, the prophetic words
reat prior were remembered.
for a time again drove
lcian tyrants from power.
the Council elected, and
ed Christ the King of Flor-
d the famous cry, *'Viva
risto Nostro Re,'* was once
e watchword of the city."
)otism was again installed
on the ruins of freedom, "and for long centuries the light of Florence was extinguished."

In fitting words a recent biographer of the great Reformer thus concludes his fascinating memorials of his life:

"It seemed like the acting of a piece of historical justice when, nearly four hundred years after the martyrdom of the prior, the late King Victor Immanuel opened the first parliament of a united Italy in the city of Florence, and in the venerable hall of the *Consiglio Maggiore*. The representative assembly, which gathered in the hall of Savonarola's Great Council, bridged over centuries of darkness and misrule, connecting the aspirations of a hardly-won freedom in the present with those of a distant and glorious past, and secured permanently, let us hope, for the whole of Italy the precious liberties for which the Monk of San Marco died."

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
the sunny clime?
growth of an hundred years
s its blooming time;
wondrous bud at its crown
nto a thousand flowers;
queen, in its blooming seen,
ide of the tropical bowers.
ant to the flower is a sacrifice,
ms but once, and in blooming *dies*.

eard the tale of the Pelican,
ba' Gimel el Bahr,
in the African solitudes,
irds that live lonely are?
eard how it loves its tender young,
s and toils for their good?
hem water from fountains afar,
es the seas for their food.
it feeds them—what love can de-
—
of its bosom, and feeding them

eard these tales: let me tell you

r and better than all.
heard of Him whom the heavens
e,
hom the hosts of them fall?

How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the Cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer Divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life; His loss is our gain.
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

O hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others yield up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

—*H.H.*

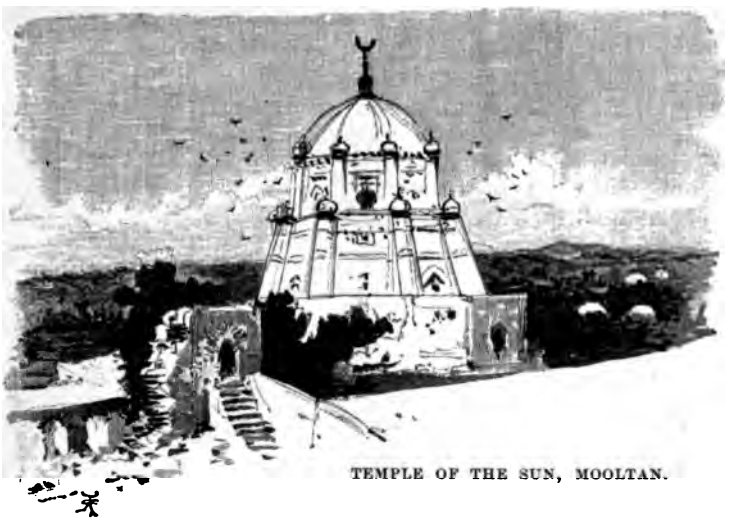
CITY, RICE SWAMP AND HILL; OR, MISSIONARY TRIUMPHS IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH G. ANGWIN.

EVENING PRAYER ON THE GANGES.

THE headline of this article is the title of a "Manual of Missions," by W. Johnson, B.A., Missionary of the London Missionary Society in Calcutta for thirty-one years. Such a writer expressing his convictions, detailing his experiences, and making his suggestions, is certainly not open to Lord Dufferin's criticism of "the intelligent traveller who has come to India for three months with the intention of writing an encyclopædic work on its government and people, and who is therefore able to speak in a spirit of infallibility denied to us lesser men." Mr. Johnson's long and close contact with the Indian peoples, as well as his extensive experience in missionary work among them, makes him a safe guide in any attempt on our part to become more perfectly acquainted with the vastness, complexity and difficulty of the Church's problem in that strange land. It is proposed, in this paper, to follow the leadership of this veteran, and so far as our limits will allow he shall speak for himself.

The field open for our inspection, if not the world, is a large fraction of its habitable surface, and a larger fraction of its human masses. If Russia be excepted, the continent of Europe will about cover the area of the Indian Empire. The last census gives 280,000,000 as its population. Two religio-political communities—the Hindus, numbering 200,000,000, and the Mohammedans, 50,000,000—include the larger part of the people. Burmah, recently annexed, gives 10,000,000, who are Buddhists in religion and Mongolian in race.



TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MOOLTAN.

These are in their turn divided and subdivided into nationalities distinct and different from each other in race, language, customs, character and civilization. The divergence here is as great as is to be found in the climate of the country, as it varies from the sweltering heat of the southern plains to the cool and bracing atmosphere of the northern mountains. Both ends of the scale of civilization are in India. Perhaps nowhere else will one be in so good a position to study the various stages of the development of the human animal, from the naked and savage hill-man, with his stone hatchet and arrow-heads, his head-hunting and polyandrous habits, to the Europeanized native gentleman, polished, refined, literary, and of advanced political ideas. This is upon the surface everywhere visible.

There is another India, that "of hoary superstitions and errors, of deep prejudices, of ancient traditions, of long transmitted antipathies. Into this deeper and darker India the missionary has to descend, to familiarize himself with it, and there to 'wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.'"

The difficulties of this field are as numerous as its human millions, as varied as their languages and customs, and as gigantic as their hoary systems of idolatry. With reference

TEMPLE AT LAHORE.

to this last Mr. Johnson says, "The visitor to North India, let us say, is struck with the sight of thronging multitudes in the great cities. He sees scores of thousands absorbed in the celebration of their religious festivals. Let a man stand on a housetop in the city of Benares and look down on eighty thousand people celebrating the Ram Lela in honour of their favourite hero and god Rama. How interested the

ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE.

multitudes are! . . Day by day he will see the sacred river alive with men and women standing up to the middle in the water worshipping and washing away their sins. He will meet crowds of pilgrims on their way to holy shrines. The temples are thronged. Hinduism fills the air. It sweeps on in its might, self-absorbed, self-sufficient, disdaining or not noticing aught but itself."

The central station of the London Missionary Society's work in Bengal is situated at Bhowanipur, the largest of the four suburbs which form the southern boundary of Calcutta, "The City of Palaces." At the Mahratta ditch, which is the boundary of the city, "the stately ends, dirt and squalor begin. Dust clouds fill the air. An open drain runs alongside the foot-path, a bed of liquid typhoid. The shops in the native bazaar are sheds without windows. Piles of sweetmeats are exposed, unprotected from dust, with swarms of wasps and fat flies buzzing about them. Bah! how strong is the smell of rancid fat! .... Grogshops, alas, are numerous. The rumseller squats aloft on the beams that support his spirit-casks, waiting, like an evil bird, for his prey."

In the midst of this human hive the cross has been planted, and "The London Missionary Society's Institution" stands out in bold relief and noble prominence, with library, lecture and class-rooms having accommodation for 1,100 scholars. This educational building, with adjacent home for Christian converts, zenana home, and missionary residence, forms a complete and extensive station. Of these erections not one is more necessary or useful than the home for Christian converts. This is really a refuge to meet hard necessities, when the youthful convert is driven with threats, curses and bruises from his ancestral home—when the young man is under compulsion to forsake father and mother and houses and lands for Christ's sake and His Gospel's. Christian life in the Hindu home has been to the present, except in rare cases, an impossibility. One of the early converts gives

OLD DELHI.

WEAPONS.

his own experience in the following words:

"When all resources failed, my father began to shed tears, and cried like a little child. This was the most dreadful of all the trials I had to pass through. Even now it sends a pang to my heart as I think of it after more than thirty-four years. He passed his arms under mine, and pressed me to his breast, and weeping said, 'Come home with me and do not be a Christian. It breaks my heart to think of it. You will be the cause of my death. Come home with me or I shall die.' Oh! that was a most fearful trial, but grace was given me to endure it. Seeing
l last attempt fail, he changed.
s anger was awful. 'I see,' he
d, giving vent to his indignation,
ou will not change your mind.
, then, and be a Christian or what-
er you like. But never see my
e again. Do not dream of enter-
r my house. If you come there I
ll kill you or kill myself. You are no more my son. You are dead to me.' So saying, he turned his back on me, and kept his word for full seven years. Never for a single night was I allowed to sleep under his roof."

This man, the Rev. Nundo Lal Doss, found refuge in the converts' home, and laboured many years among his countrymen.

At Bhowanipur prominence was early given to education as a means to evangelization. Six Hindu youths entered the school on the day it was opened in 1837. There followed rapid growth. In five years the scholars had increased to three hundred and fifty. The present establishment was prayerfully set apart for its work on the 2nd of February, 1854. The educational work at Bhowanipur is part of a Christian movement in India which has deeply and widely influenced the peoples of that continent.

The first reason for this mode of missionary work is in the fact that India is part of the British Empire. Where we rule there we must take our language. The second reason lies in the conviction that Western education must be destructive to faith in the Shastras as a Divine revelation. While the Bible is not the only text-book used in such schools, it is a prominent one, and every effort is made to fasten its sublime and saving truths on the minds of the young men who are present in the class-rooms only that they may learn English. Mr. Johnson writes, "Sometimes, when speaking with the Book of Proverbs open before me, I have seen every eye fastened on mine, and the silence

has been profound. Then have I said within myself, 'Now the Word is sinking into their hearts. The Lord give it power!' I have heard a young man say of the missionary, 'I used to keep away from his Bible class. I could not bear to go. It made me miserable to hear him and yet remain a Hindu.'"

Sometimes a letter or message would reach the patient teacher from a former pupil, who had entered the school a heathen lad, and so far as was known had left it a heathen young man. Here is an extract from such a letter: "My poverty has driven me to accept a post here, so remote from you all, who have poured into my mind the day-spring of the Word and the fear of God. But though this has been the case, I know that your warnings, and especially your blessings, will always keep me safe from the extreme evil passions of my mind and from the wiles and fraud of this world. A new life I have found there, and hope God will help me always in the fulfilment of my duties to Him."

WATER CARRIER, BENARES.

These "old boys" are to be met with in all parts of the land. Some are in very important positions; others occupy more lowly places. The testimony of one, a medical student, given in answer to a question, is sufficiently clear: "I worship the one true God and Father. A few young friends and myself meet together for prayer every week." Through the influence of these schools mighty changes are being wrought in the Indian world of mind. Ancient foundations that have long stood unmoved are being shaken. Religious souls are seeking after God, and with strong cryings are beseeching Him to manifest Himself unto them. One such seeker said: "I desire to know God, and to get near to Him. There is one thing I desire: *I burn for spiritual perfection.*" Who shall say that the truth is not finding a place of lodgment in the Indian heart and conscience, and that by the instrumentality of education? Such testimonies are more than sufficient answer to those who inveigh against the cost in men and money of the literary side of missionary effort.

Two great hindrances stand in the way of the evangelization of India—caste and the jealous seclusion of women, specially those belonging to the more influential and wealthy section of the population. In Hinduism the barriers of caste are insurmountable. To be born a priest, a warrior or a labourer is to have the whole fate fixed. The Brahman is a divinity, and to be worshipped. The Khaist, though inferior, is of the twice-born. But "the Self-existent created the Sudra merely for the sake of the Brahman." To become a Christian is to break caste. The problem before the missionary is to break down caste, and to fuse into one gracious whole the diverse and often antagonistic elements of Indian society. Hopeless as the task may seem, it has in some small measure been accomplished, and gathered about the Lord's table

or operating side by side in harmony and love as pastors or evangelists are to be found representatives of all the castes.

Another and not less powerful hindrance is the fact that the outsider is completely excluded from the inner domestic life. The visitor is admitted only to the outer chambers of his neighbour's house.

HINDU WOMAN.

There is a section of India which has been almost unapproachable. It is that section composed of the wives, mothers, daughters and young children of the land. The Hindu looks upon woman as "not only weak, but naturally and incurably evil." The men are instructed to keep the women of their household in constant dependence. "A woman is never fit for independence," is the teaching of Manu, the Indian lawgiver. "Both day and night a man must keep his wife so much in subjection that she by no means is the mistress of her own actions. A woman shall never go out of the house without the consent of her husband, and shall never hold converse with a strange man, and shall not stand at the door, and must not look out of the window."

To meet this curious and perplexing condition of affairs, zenana missions have been established, and are now by the agency of sanctified women, native and foreign, bearing into the dark and dreary homes of India the light of salvation and the consolations of the Gospel. One of

the zenana women, who had been made a widow when only nine years old, and who had by a series of providences been led to the mission establishment and then to Christ, testifies of her work: "For thirty years I have never ceased to labour for God. Christ said to the woman of Samaria, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life.' I am joyfully offering this water to others. I thank God that He has spared me so long to labour for Him." This department of toil is being more fully occupied.

The results are becoming more and more visible. Access to the apartments of the women is more easy. The women of India are slowly emerging from the seclusion of centuries and from the dense darkness of the night of heathenism. One of the marked results of zenana work is seen in the rapidly increasing interest taken by natives themselves in female education. The latest Government report shows two thousand girls' schools in operation, containing more than eighty thousand pupils. To-day there are young lady B.A.'s and M.A.'s in Calcutta. A number are devoting themselves to the study of medicine. At one examination a young woman carried off all the honours, standing at the head of all the candidates. At a recent convocation a young wife took the degree with her husband. When Governor-General, His Excellency Lord Dufferin presided at a college gathering when two of the dusky beauties of Hindustan came forward to receive their diplomas, and were cheered to the echo by the immense concourse of spectators.

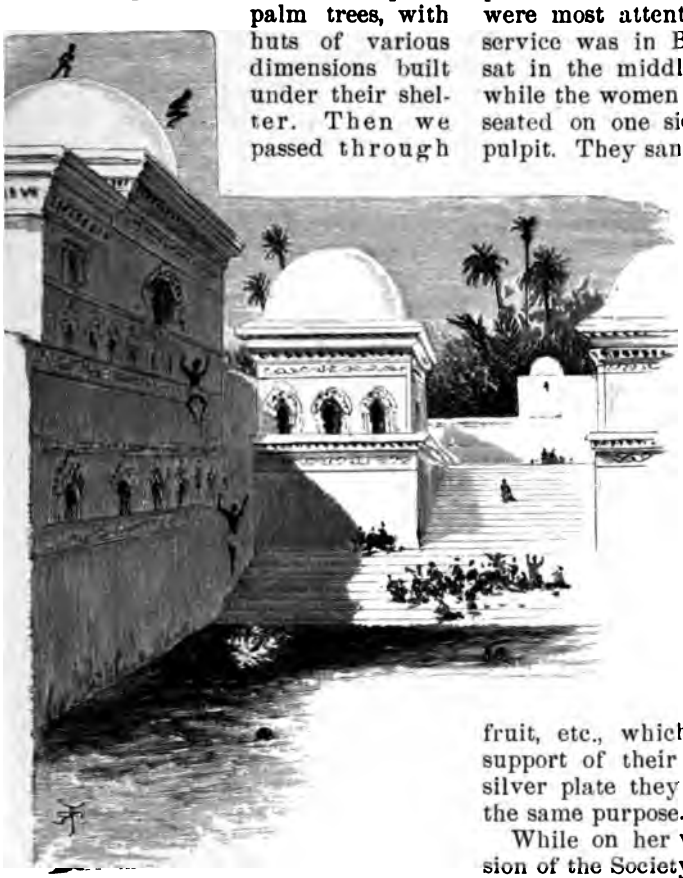
To the south of the City of Palaces lie the great rice fields, where is carefully and patiently cultivated the grain which is almost the sole food of hundreds of millions of our fellowmen. For months in the year the land is under water, and has the appearance of a vast lake dotted here and there with small islands which are occupied by the steadings of the farmers. As the seasons change the country becomes green with the growing and yellow with the ripening grain. In this section is situated the village of Karapukur, the centre of a most successful mission of the London Missionary Society.

As long ago as 1825 Mr. Trawin was the means of introducing the Gospel into these communities. Preaching one day under a shed in the great market of Chitla, he was rudely interrupted by a stalwart farmer who angrily protested against the teaching. Mr. Trawin invited his opposer and his friends to a private interview. The invitation was accepted and many visits were paid to the home of the missionary. The immediate result was that these men opened their hearts to the truth, and on October 18th, 1825, Ramji Pramanik and his two friends were publicly baptized. The home of the converts was next visited, and a congregation was speedily gathered. A church was soon built, and on November 7th, 1826, was set apart for worship. This church occupied the site of, and was in part constructed from materials which had previously formed a temple of Siva. A gentleman of Calcutta has given his impressions of this mission, received during a brief visit:

"We had heard of the South Villages, one of the mission stations of the London Missionary Society, and paid it a visit. The minister had at one time been a high-caste Brahmin, but is now an earnest preacher of the Gospel, and has jurisdiction over seven churches within a radius of thirty miles. The total congregation of the seven churches is between 1,000 and 1,500. His own numbers nearly 300, and of it we have now to write. We left Calcutta about

noon, and after driving out of town, we passed along the bank of a canal, which was crowded with quaint-looking craft of all kinds, from the *bhur*, which resembles a large thatched hut built on a broad boat, to trunks of trees hollowed out, which come up from the Soonderbunds laden with rice to be sold in Calcutta.

"We passed close to clumps of palm trees, with huts of various dimensions built under their shelter. Then we passed through



THE HAMYAN JUMP, DELHI.

an expanse of rice fields, mostly of rich yellow, ripe for the harvest; then through groves of palm, mango, and tamarind trees, till about a quarter to two we reached our destination.

"The bell began to ring, and at two o'clock we walked over to the church. Outside a bell was hung between two palm trees, and a little boy sounded the chimes with a piece of bamboo. The church we found to be pretty large, accommodating over three hundred people. The sides and roof were of bamboos matted and thatched, the pillars being trunks of palm trees. The congregation, who were all of the peasant, fisherman or artisan class, were most attentive hearers. The service was in Bengali. The men sat in the middle of the building, while the women and children were seated on one side and round the pulpit. They sang lustily, and were accompanied by a tom-tom—a species of native drum—and a pair of cymbals. The service consisted of singing psalms and hymns, reading from the Old and New Testaments, prayer, and a sermon, through all of which the interest never seemed to flag. The collection was taken in a basket and a silver plate. In the basket are put rice, eggs, fruit, etc., which are sold for the support of their catechist. In the silver plate they collect money for the same purpose."

While on her way to visit a mission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Lady Dufferin made a brief call at this Christian community in the rice swamps. She was received with enthusiasm. Her gracious reply to an address from the people, presented by their pastor, Tin Kaori Chaterjo, showed how fully her ladyship's heart was in sympathy with the work.

In south-western Bengal is situ-

ated a hilly table-land inhabited by a people of small stature and dark skin. They are active and industrious, and in pursuit of remunerative work have found their way into other parts of Bengal. They are frequently seen as scavengers cleaning the public drains. Missions to this people were established in Ranchee, the capital of their province, by the Germans in 1845. The beginning was accompanied by death and disaster. Unwise zeal, coupled with ignorance of climatic conditions, wrought in this instance what they have often wrought elsewhere, and as a consequence the work was almost paralyzed. Five years of work and waiting passed away before the first-fruits were gathered. Even then the harvest was very small. There was no great prosperity before the Sepoy mutiny. The mutineers destroyed the mission. Sword and flame were ruthlessly employed. A price was set on the heads of the converts. God's children were scattered abroad, and once more "went everywhere preaching the word."

On the restoration of peace the missionaries returned and were soon surrounded by a band of earnest and faithful co-workers whose hearts "the Lord had touched." Christ became the subject of conversation, and the object of love and trust in villages to which the missionary had not penetrated. A countryman who had come to Ranchee was once asked, "Who told you about Jesus Christ?" "Who?" said the man; "why, the teaching is all over the country." "So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed." The year 1865 witnessed the baptism of nine hundred converts, many of them the fruit of seed sown by native Christians.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising to find much ignorance of Christian truth. A convert appeared at one time before a missionary for examination in order to reception, at the same time begging to be excused, and affirming that he could not answer questions, but if permitted could pray. "Let us pray, then," said the missionary, and there followed such a prayer as left no doubt in the minds of the listeners that the petitioner was versed in the "deep things of God."

To tabulate the triumphs of the Cross in India is almost impossible. There are many secret Christians. There are many more far removed from Christian centres of operation who are ready to confess their faith so soon as their district or village is visited by the itinerant preacher. This, however, can be said, the increase of professed Christians is unprecedented. Sixty-four per cent. is the advance for Bengal in the decade 1881 to 1891. The whole of India, including Ceylon and Burmah, shows an increase of thirty-four per cent. in nine years. The Cross is in the ascendant. The kingdom militant is increasingly victorious. The nations wait for its coming. The outlook is bright with promise. India, brightest gem on Britain's crown, will in the near future be one of the most brilliant jewels on the crown of Jesus, King of kings and Lord of lords.

BURLINGTON, N.S.

PRAYER.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my palms in secret prayer
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room,
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

And never through those crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way,
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the spirit words I say.

One hearkening, even, cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er
For He alone, who hears my prayer,
Has heard the shutting of the door.

WALKS IN LONDON.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NEVER did the earth, in all her pilgrimage through the years, carry in her great, kind arms a city of such proportions as the London of to-day. It is not the language of extravagance when we state that, in this most imperial of all the renowned capitals of earth, we may touch the pulse-beat of the age, and feel the push and heart-throbs of the world.

London has relations with almost every nation, race and clime, and the tidings of every event on sea or land speed on swiftest wing to this great centre of intelligence and life. No disaster by fire or flood, by fierce and terrible tempest, by famine or earthquake, but sobs its story in this ear of the world.

It is a striking fact, as Herschel, the astronomer, has stated, that London is literally the centre of the land system of the globe, and from this spot is ruled the mightiest empire which has ever in the whole history of the past owned the sway of a single hand. From this peerless metropolis of the present hour are governed about one-fourth of the human race.

The magnitude of this queen city of the world is so vast that it becomes almost bewildering. A few statements may, however, assist us in forming some fair idea of its colossal extent.

In a single decade there were 165,954 houses added to London, then estimated to contain 700,000 houses, and as many as 27,000 being added in one year. The area of this proud capital is 700 square miles, and its streets if placed end to end would reach some 3,000 miles. Imagine a street extending from Nova Scotia to California!

In this "province covered with

houses," there are at present over five millions of people, or as many as are found in all the far-stretching lands of the Canadian Dominion. "In other words," as a forcible writer has said, "the population of the British metropolis is three times larger than that of Scotland; equals that of nine* Chicagos; and is almost as great as that of the State of New York, with the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse and Buffalo included. Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Genoa, Florence and Milan may all be consolidated before London is surpassed. Even Paris, its most ambitious competitor, may be consolidated with either Vienna or Berlin, and Naples, Rome, Genoa, Cologne and Dresden may then be added, and still this unmatched city of London would yet be unsurpassed. Every year about fifty thousand are added to the population and nearly fifty miles of new streets."

Archdeacon Farrar, who has made London and its life a special study, stated recently that since the beginning of this century three millions have been added to the inhabitants of the great city, and, at the present rate of increase, before another hundred years are over London will be a city of more than *twenty millions!* Every inch of ground in the city proper, when placed in the market, is ardently contended for and secures returns almost fabulous. A special plot of land in Lombard Street recently brought a price equal to *ten million dollars per acre!*

To stand on the golden gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, some four hundred feet high, one gazes upon a denser mass of humanity than can elsewhere be seen from any other spot on earth.

All the panoramas of life and human affairs that have ever been unrolled in any city in the past, must for extent and deep and thrilling interest be pushed aside when London, with its sights and sounds and ever-expanding greatness, comes upon the stage. "I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit," said Heinrich Heine. "I have seen it and am still astonished —forever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forest of houses, amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men—I mean London." Few, if any, of the great centres of the world's life have so many historic recollections thronging around them as are found in the metropolis of the British Empire.

About the towers, abbey, churches, palaces, prisons; the monuments, galleries, halls, museums, streets, squares, and the noble Thames, are crowded a thousand memories which long ago have been committed to the "everlasting custody of the printed page." Here have been witnessed scenes of bitterest conflict and darkest tragedy; deeds of lofty achievement which have crowned the actors with undying fame, and still the vast drama moves on and on and unrolls its mighty story full of splendid incident and touching pathos, of heroic toil, of magnificence and ruin.

What an unparalleled aggregation of human beings meets one in this mammoth city of the globe! What a strange, fascinating romance does its development present! What a change from the little town of Lud which stood there before the Romans came, or still greater, as Mr. Loftie in his recent history of London tells us, since in the pre-historic time the "elephants roamed on the banks of the Thames, when Westminster was a haunt of stags, and when the men who slew them slew them with weapons of stone."

And yet in this vast ocean of human life, with its ceaseless tides of commotion, its everlasting roll of

* Now three.

ement and energy, its light shade, splendour and squalor, ts bloodless Waterloos in which st destinies are lost and won, is to most minds an irresisti- ascination and peculiar charm. rushing to and fro, this whirl hunder in the crowded streets, urning intensity to which life ched, this fierce, feverish race things, until it seems as if the axles of this greatest chariot rth were hot with the speed at l all this grand sum of vital s is being driven—all this and becomes an inspiration and ing wonder as you sail on this tiest current of human affairs ime has ever seen.

s said that Charles Lamb used d tears of joy as he stood amid oving thousands pushing their cross the Strand, at the thought much life. "When a man is of London," says Dr. Johnson, is tired of life, for there is in on all that life can afford."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

a sanctuary, temple and tomb, glorious Abbey has won the tion of successive generations, a celebrity which has long gone out to the ends of the . Millions of pilgrims have ed the stately and solemn aisles s Mecca of the British Empire, ave looked with admiring eyes the memorials as they speak almost every inch of space in great metropolis of departed l. As we pass through the ificent doorway and enter this hallowed spot on English soil, ce our poorer selves are hushed t behind in the ceaseless tides ndon's tumultuous life. We do onder that Daniel Webster was d to tears when for the first he stood surrounded by this nse congregation of distin- ed dead. To be irreverent or erent here,

"Where every step is o'er a nation's dust,
And every sound awakes an echo of the past,"

is to be guilty of a coarseness and profanity which at once betrays the smallness of the man who can walk unmoved on ground like this, where thousands have been lifted and thrilled as by the power of some deathless and mighty charm.

Looking at the memorials, busts, statues, tablets and tombs as they fill and crowd this spacious temple, we are struck with the rich variety of characters and names that have here found a place or grave, where the record of their brave and brilliant deeds shall be safely treasured in the grateful recollections of an admiring people for years to come.

Kings, queens, statesmen, warriors, scholars, philanthropists, divines, orators, soldiers, explorers, missionaries, poets, writers, musicians, painters, sculptors, captains, scientists, philosophers, and a long line of distinguished and heroic names from almost every calling—here, as in some rare triumphal procession, pass before you in majestic silence and leave upon the mind and heart impressions almost too deep for words.

In this peerless assembly we have the fruit and flower of the nation's history, the Apocalypse of an ever-extending Empire, and a gallery where the true aristocracy of mind and heart and life have become invested and crowned with an immortality of earthly and honourable fame. It may be said of many whose names are here perpetuated, that they came up into this illustrious company of a nation's heroes "out of great tribulation," but with unwavering souls they went forth to serve their country, their brothermen and God, until their work was done. So,

"When you speak of human heroes, tell this story where you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man;

Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with
tears and quickened breath,
Manhood's stronger than the storm, and
Love is mightier than death!"

Many a common and discouraged life has here been touched to brighter and braver convictions, and has met its first impulse to a career which has at last been crowned with a great success. Canon Farrar tells of a poor bookseller's boy who, one day just a hundred years ago, sat down by the northern door of the Abbey, weary with his load of books, and burst into tears at his prospect of a dreary and drudging life; but as he lifted up his eyes and saw the statues around him of men who had fought bravely the battle of life, he took heart and courage and went his way, and after weary struggles became in India a benefactor of mankind.

The very pavements in this far-famed house again and again are made beautiful by the many-coloured hues as they softly fall upon them from the richly-painted windows. So loving and sympathetic contact with this matchless gallery of the wise and good makes the admiring soul a sharer in the finer, costlier treasures which festoon this splendid sanctuary and tomb.

It is said that when the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople was built, the mortar was charged with musk, and to-day the perfume fills the air, though hundreds of years have rolled away. But a sweeter fragrance clings to the walls and floors of Westminster Abbey, for the very atmosphere is filled with influences which give tone and strength and hope and intellectual and moral health to all who place themselves within the range of their inspiring and electric touch.

Here, then, in this consecrated edifice, diademed with the applause and coronets of a nation, we have history, biography, poems, and victorious principles in stone, but in stone wrought out in countless forms of wondrous skill and beauty, and glorified by the transfiguring ministry of the human intellect, and the patient, marvellous creations of the human hand. In the clustering columns, pillars, arches, transepts, stalls, naves, cloisters, aisles, and windows, and all the contents of this century-crowned Abbey, we have a psalm—rich, solemn and grand.

Into this great national hymn of praise have been wrought lives that toiled for years amid disappointment and disaster; but at last, out of all the dust and darkness, the pain and strife and fire, Westminster Abbey, with all its inspiring contents and architectural grandeur, becomes the pride of a nation and the wonder of the world.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

APART WITH CHRIST.

"COME ye apart into a desert place!"
The Master's voice is fraught with tenderness
As thus He bids us from the world retrace
Our steps, to join Him in the wilderness.

Apart with Christ for forty days and nights—
Oh, joy unspeakable and full of grace!
To dwell with Him whatever foe affrights,
To learn the teachings of the desert place.

Lord, we have heard Thy call, and we obey;
We follow where Thy sacred feet have trod
Into the wilderness, to fast and pray
With Thee, our Master, and our Saviour, God!

—*Churchman.*

IN A SLEDGE THROUGH FAMISHED RUSSIA.

BY E. W. CARES BROOKE.

ıe delights of sledge locomotion
ı not vouchsafed to those who
ıeyed through Russia during
terrible winter of the famine.
sual quantities of snow fell
. one end of the land to the
:. Many of the paths when
blocked were not reopened
use of the dearth of horses and
weakness of the few that had
kept alive, while the practi-
ə roads and paths were, as a
very uneven. The difference
'een the easy progress of a launch
ıe calm surface of a river, and
helpless pitching of a coaster
dirty night on the Channel, is
greater than that of sleighing
ıe levelled drives of St. Peters-
· and Moscow, compared with
ıtruggle to get across the snow-
ɛed country outside the towns.
comparison is not a far-sought
for people subject to sea-sick-
are almost invariably seized
vomiting when sledging over
roads. It is also an extremely
ous means of locomotion, and
ı at the end of a hundred-miles'
ə I didn't know on which side
e down to rest, so bruised was
body from my having been
ınually thrown against the sides
e sledge, and occasionally clean
them into the snow.

ɜerved my apprenticeship in a
ɣe with M. Alexander Novikoff,
fadame Olga Novikoff's estates
ovo Alexandrofka, in the north-
ɔart of the government of Tam-

Amongst other things, he in-
ɛd me into the *modus operandi*
ı followed in case of a snowstorm.
e storms constitute the great
ɣer of sledge-travelling in Rus-

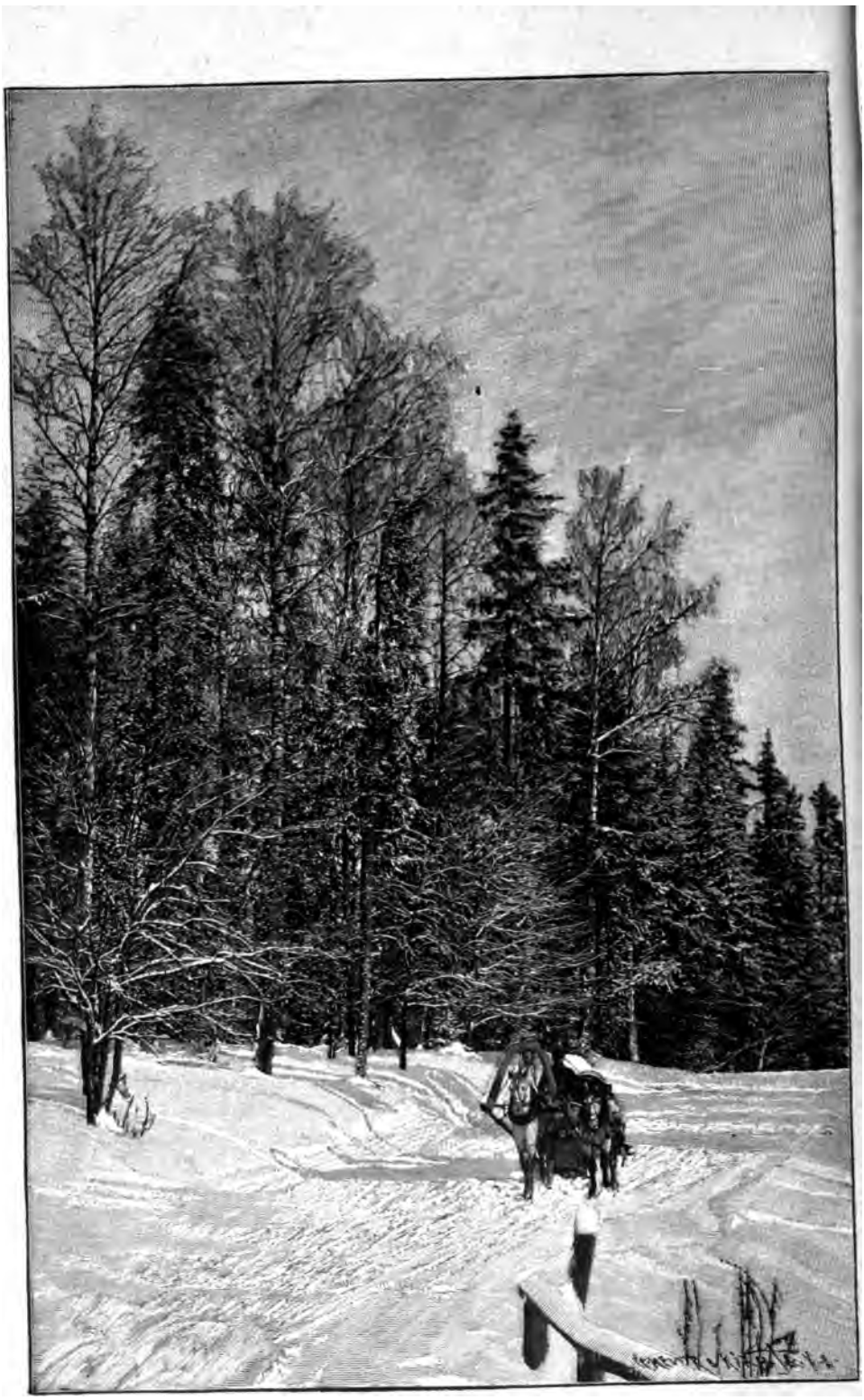
The dry branches and wisps
ɪraw which are placed in the
· to mark the highways are
ıently covered up or carried away by the force of the storm. If this happen, the traveller is helpless, scarcely daring to move lest he miss his foothold on the hard-beaten track and sink girth deep in the soft snow that lies on either side of it. Should he find himself in such a position, he is to be congratulated if he has horses that know the locality, for he can then give them their heads, and in all probability they will drag the sledge safely to the next post-station, even in a blinding snowstorm, through which it is impossible to see a couple of yards ahead. The sagacious animals can feel when they are on the beaten track by the resistance of the snow to their hoofs. But should the horses be strange to the country, or should they happen to run wide of the path and sink in the deep snow, they must be cut loose and allowed to take care of themselves while the traveller turns his sledge on end, bottom against the storm, and makes himself as comfortable as he can in the shelter it affords. As the snow beats against the bottom of the sledge it forms a bank over which the storm will drive, and if the weather-bound voyager be not suffocated or starved, there is little danger of his being frozen to death, for the heap of snow accumulated around the sledge will keep him warm.

"Touch your nose occasionally," said M. Novikoff, who was explaining this as we drove in a high wind one morning.

I put my gloved hand up and felt where my nose ought to be. There was nothing! I took off my glove and tried again.

"Look here," I said. "It's gone!"

"Rub it," replied M. Novikoff, who continued talking as if the loss of



WINTER SCENE IN RUSSIA.

my nose was a matter of the smallest concern.

I gathered a handful of snow from the collar of my furs, and applied myself to the task of getting life back into my nose.

It was not long before I ran near to having to put M. Novikoff's instructions into practice. I was making a journey with Count Alexis Bobrinskoy to his estates in the government of Samara, where the famine was working terrible ravages amongst the peasants. We started from the railway town of Sizran on a hundred and fifty miles' sledge-drive into this part of wildest Russia. As the journey proceeded, the roads became worse and worse. Immense quantities of snow obstructed them, and frequently we were obliged to harness the three horses tandem and put a man on the leader to pick out some sort of a path. The track lay over the ice of the Volga. It might be supposed that travelling on the surface of the frozen river would be easier than over the uneven, unmade country roads. It is not always so. When this great river freezes, the floating masses of ice are driven upon one another until the surface is not unlike what a choppy sea would be were it possible to freeze it instantaneously. A thick layer of snow gives the appearance of a level path; but appearances are deceptive, and the passage of the sledge soon shows up the irregularities. At one moment the sledge is on end, being strained over the front of an enormous block of ice; the next instant the vehicle goes down with a shock on the other side, nearly knocking the horses off their feet as it overtakes them. A moment later it is skidding sideways down another incline, or is careering half sideways, half backwards off the track, menacing to drag the horses after it.

The paths across the desert of snow were often as though a devastating army had passed over them. At nightfall wolves prowled the country, and fed on the bodies of the cattle which had fallen dead by the side of the sledge-tracks. Every now and then I came upon one of the brutes. It would trot leisurely from the carcass and watch the passage of the sledge, its lean form exaggerated out of all proportion by the evening mists. There was no danger for the living, because the plains were strewn with dead cattle, and wolves are cowardly creatures when running singly.

Out on the Ural steppes, away from town and village, the lower animals paid their tribute to the plague that occasioned so much suffering amongst men. There are hundreds of thousands of birds on the desert between the Volga and the Ural which are entirely dependent for their subsistence on the leavings of horses, the sundry ears of corn that fall from laden sledges, and the broken food thrown to them by people who traverse the country.

Every little thing breaks the monotony of journeying across these Russian plains. I recollect one afternoon hearing talking close beside me—it seemed as if somebody had got into the sledge. Turning sharply round I found my face close to the blade of a brightly polished axe-head. A Tartar lad had thrown it over the back of the sledge as a kind of grappling hook, and, hanging on to the handle, he ran behind for an hour or so with the razor-like edge remaining by the side of my head the while. I felt like pushing it off in sign of protestation, but I did not do so for fear the young Tartar might attempt to grapple the sledge a second time and put the blade of the axe through my head instead of by the side of it.

I have not mentioned my equipment for this formidable journey through a famine-stricken land. It was of the simplest. I had a portmanteau and a hold-all, and what

the hold-all would not hold was strapped in my travelling rugs until their bright colours caught the eye of an artful driver, who managed to "leave" them at a spot the police never succeeded in discovering. In the hold-all I carried a small supply of beef tea and dry biscuits, to be prepared for such emergencies as a delay *en route* or snowing-up might occasion. I also carried a packet of candles, for I knew that wherever there was a food famine it was accompanied by an oil famine. The biscuits were in turn frozen and sodden. In sledge travelling nothing is proof against the frost and snow.

At one point of my journey I had been living on beef tea, spread like butter on biscuits, for about a couple of days when I arrived at a village where famine-bread was being handed out to starving peasants. How welcome a piece would be! I did not wait in the dreary file of haggard, ill-clothed men and women, who crowded round the door of the building, but pushed my way straight into the bakery, and while making the usual journalistic inquiries as to the state of things in the stricken hamlet I took up a lump of famine bread and ate it. The local police officer probably noticed the appetite with which I devoured this piece of black, insipid bread, for with a tact that amused me immensely when I thought of it afterwards, he invited me to lunch with him. The invitation was conditional, though the spirit in which it was given was not the less kindly for that.

"You are a journalist," he said. "If you come into my house I shall be obliged to ask you to show me your passport. If it is not inconvenient to you to have your passage through my district reported, come and lunch with me."

At that time I was lying low and working under the illusion that my movements had not excited the attention of the authorities. It would not do to spoil my work for the sake of a lunch.

"How will you advise St. Petersburg of my passage?" I asked.

"By letter to the Governor. He can do as he likes."

It took me very few seconds to decide. I was at least three days' distance from the governmental town. By the time the authorities received the police officer's report I should be—I hadn't the faintest idea myself where — certainly far from the hospitable place where this incident was happening.

I had a nice lunch, and, with the aid of a little German that the officer spoke, I learned a good deal, and was shown much that interested me. On leaving, I looked at my passport and noticed that the *visé* was No. 1, indicating, perhaps, that I was the first foreigner who had passed through that out-of-the-way locality for many years.

It was early in the spring when I returned to Kazan from a trip up the Siberian road, and I had to hurry to Nijni Novgorod without stopping either for food or rest. The governor of Kazan very kindly sent to the post-station on the eve of my departure to say how necessary it was that I should reach a railway centre before the break-up of the ice on the Volga would cut Kazan off from the rest of the world for weeks. I had relays of no fewer than fifty-seven horses for the journey between these two towns; still, it was a grave question whether I should reach Nijni Novgorod before the ice gave way. The Volga, swollen by the volume of water that had fallen into it from the melting snow, rose beneath the ice, and at some spots lifted it and broke it away from the banks. In places the sledge ran for miles through several inches of water. Every now and then it dropped into a pool of slush a couple of feet deep and I was drenched, and everything I had

me was soaked. But this was he worst. At a spot where the g river had broken the ice y from the shore one of the es nearly perished. Making a step, it slipped into a gaping ice, but by a miracle the animal ggled out of the water before r the driver or myself had to realize the gravity of the lent. It is due to a much-ed country to say that the ers of travelling in Russia are tly exaggerated. Storms are ys to be feared, and accidents often occur when the ice breaks up, but there is little to be dreaded from either man or beast. I drove two thousand miles alone through the wildest parts of Russia in the height of the famine and the depth of winter. I carried no revolver or other arm of defence of any kind. There were only two occasions when, had I been armed, I might have been led to use any weapon in my possession; but, in either of these cases, I feel certain that recourse to fire-arms would have cost me my life.

"UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THE night drew on apace; a wild, dark night,
A night of rushing wind and rising wave;
Heaven's beacon lights all hid behind thick clouds.
And on the heaving bosom of the sea
A boat reeled to and fro, and vainly strove
To gain her rest. With straining at their oars
The weary mariners were well-nigh spent;
And Jesus was not yet come unto them.
(For these were His disciples, and the Lord
Had tarried on the land.)
The night grew more
Obscure; more boist'rous roared the wind; the waves
Surged higher still;—when lo, a Form of light
Dawned through the gloom! for, o'er the tossing sea,
Walking serene as upon solid earth,
The Master came. And though the astonished men
For one brief moment grew wide-eyed with fear,
Not knowing Him, anon their hearts leapt up
In joyous welcome, for a sweet "Fear not"
Fell on their ears; and, as they gladly made
Room in their midst for Him, the winds lay down;
The foaming sea grew calm; and straight the boat
Was at the land whereunto they were bound.

Lord Jesus,—mighty still to save, as when
Upon the earth Thou walked'st visibly,—
Come to my help across life's troubled sea!
I, too, am Thy disciple; and the waves
Buffet my fragile barque. The wind and rain
Do beat upon me, till I grow so weak
That scarce my trembling hands can grasp the oar.
The darkness presses me.
O Thou, the Star
Of deepest night! Ruler of raging blasts!
Calmer of storm-tossed seas!—Lighten this gloom;
Hush Thou the angry wailing of these winds;
And bid the waves so crouch before Thy feet,
That they—the very dangers which I most
Do dread—shall form a road, for Thee, my King,
To come to me.
And, when Thou drawest nigh,
Clear Thou my vision; make it quick to know Thee;
So fear may vanish in adoring joy.—
Lord Jesus, come! for, at Thy blest command,
Swift shall my boat's keel touch the longed-for Land.

TORONTO.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA.

BY THE EDITOR.

A CHESTER MYSTERY PLAY.

THE mysteries and miracle plays of the Middle Ages present a rich mine of poetical material for the modern explorer. His labour will be rewarded by not a few nuggets of virgin gold, although he may have to sift a large quantity of worthless ore to find them. The gems of thought he may discover are in the rough, it is true, unpolished and unwrought, yet they are often precious gems notwithstanding. These plays are interesting as giving vivid illustrations of the manners of our forefathers and of the condition of mediæval society. They exhibit the conceptions of religious truth then entertained, and the mode of its communication to the people. They contain also the germ of that noble dramatic literature which so wonderfully blossomed forth during the Elizabethan era in the writings of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Their origin is somewhat obscure. According to Voltaire they first came from Constantinople, where the Greek drama was Christianized

in the fourth century. They were probably brought thence by returning palmers and pilgrims during the Crusades. In France, indeed, there was an order of pilgrims called the Confraternity of the Passion, from their representation of that subject. In England these religious plays seem to have been first exhibited at the universities, and were written in Latin. The monkish influence is very strongly marked on every page. They were afterward written in the common tongue, both in France and England, and are among the earliest relics of the vernacular literature of those countries.

This early drama is of three sorts: the mysteries, the miracle plays, and the moralities. The first represented the principal subjects of the Christian faith, as the fall of man and the nativity, passion, and resurrection of Christ. The second exhibited the miracles of the saints and their astounding adventures. The third were, properly speaking, purely allegorical representations of vices and virtues. They sometimes set forth the parables of the New Testament and the historical parts of the Old; then, however, they became indistinguishable from the mysteries. The voluminous religious plays of Calderon and Lope de Vega partake largely of the allegorical character of the moralities.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these plays were performed in the churches for the instruction of the people; but the monks, finding that the exhibitions of the jugglers at the Easter revels drew the populace away from the churches, gave their plays a more attractive character and performed them in the open air. Reading was an art confined, of course, entirely to the clergy, and the ignorant masses could only vaguely comprehend the dull homilies they heard; but the public representation of the nativity, the passion, or the resurrection, at the appropriate season of Christmas, Good Friday, or Easter, was easily understood and vividly remembered.* But these sacred representations soon became subject to abuse. Droll characters, comic scenes, and ridiculous speeches were introduced in order to excite mirth; and a flippant and irreverent treatment of the most sublime themes became a prevailing vice. Many of the clerical performers degraded themselves to the level of buffoons, and the miracle plays, originally intended to communicate religious instruction, frequently degenerated into broad and indecent farce. The lower clergy adopted this vehicle for the abuse of their superiors, and the rude populace found in them both subjects for burlesque and caricature. Thus the most sacred associations of religion became degraded into objects of vulgar mirth. The language of even the female characters—generally represented by boys, however—was frequently exceedingly coarse, and gives us a low opinion of the manners of the age. The devils, or "tormentours," as they were called, were the clowns of the play, and caused infinite merriment by their rude jokes and buffoonery.

The stage was divided into three parts, to represent heaven, earth, and hell; and very intricate and ingenious machinery was often employed to produce theatrical effects. These stages were frequently on wheels, so that they might be drawn about. The gross ideas of the age

* A passion play is still represented every ten years at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, in fulfilment of a vow made on the cessation of a pestilence in A.D. 1633. As many as five hundred peasant performers take part, and the spectacle is witnessed by thousands of visitors from all parts of Bavaria and Tyrol and from more distant places. The rehearsal lasts several days and, like the Greek drama, is performed in the open air. It partakes of a highly religious character, and the representatives of sacred persons are selected for their piety of life and are set apart by prayer. Similar plays, but of inferior merit, are also performed in the villages around Innspruck.

concerning the material torments of the damned were faithfully delineated. The monks, doubtless, thought a very salutary lesson was inculcated when a man who refused to pay his tithes or a woman who adulterated her ale or sold too scanty measure was dragged off forcibly to hell-mouth, from which belched fire and smoke. The devils wore flame-coloured and grotesque clothing and carried clubs of buckram stuffed with sawdust, with which they vigorously belaboured each other and the crowd. In one play Satan and a "nigromancer" dance, when the latter is suddenly tripped up and carried off bodily. Yet the sign of the cross or the invocation of the Virgin or the saints immediately discomfits them; and of holy water they have a mortal terror. In the "Nativity Play" they roar horribly when Christ is born and make a great noise under the stage. The various parts, originally performed by monks, came, in course of time, to be enacted by companies of citizens. Different crafts and guilds vied with each other in the representation of the plays allotted them. The rivalry between the worshipful tanners, chandlers, vinters, mercers, bowyers, skinners, and weavers was keen and exciting.*

When we consider how humble were the talents employed, the majestic sweep and the sublime compass of these plays astonish us. They comprehend the entire drama of time, from the creation of the world to the day of doom. Nay, the daring imagination of the monkish writers went back beyond the dawn of time to the counsels of eternity and, scaling the battlements of heaven, laid bare the secrets of the skies. They shrank not from exploring with unfaltering step the regions of the damned, and depicted with Dantean vigour and minuteness the tortures of the lost. They pierced the mysteries of the future and revealed the awful scenes of the last judgment and the final consummation of all things. In recording in his lofty numbers the story of the fall of man and loss of paradise, how far soever he may have surpassed his predecessors, the sightless bard of English poesy, whose inner vision seemed more clear for that the outer ray was quenched forever, could hardly be said to have pursued

Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.

For not only in the miracle plays and mysteries, but also in the still older legendary poem of Cædmon, the Saxon monk, is the same story related with wondrous vigour and sublimity.

The literary execution of these plays, as might be expected, is very imperfect. The most absurd anachronisms and solecisms perpetually occur. The Old Testament characters repeatedly swear—a habit to which they are generally addicted—by "Sanct Peter and Sanct Poule," by "Mahoun and the Sybill." Titles are strangely modernized. The "knights" who crucify our Lord speak of "Sir Pylate" and "Bishop Caiaphas." The devils talk of "Sir Satan" and "Lord Lucifer." The interlocutors in the play quote from "Gregory," "Austyne," and "Sir Goldenmouth." The geography is inextricably confused. The local topography of England is transferred to the fields of Palestine; and London and Paris are familiarly referred to by the shepherds of Bethlehem.

The awful scenes of the passion are most painfully realized, and are delineated with all the force and breadth of Rubens' sublime painting. The ribaldry and scurrile jests of the rude soldiery throw into stronger

* In the book of accounts of these plays some strange charges are recorded; for example, "Item payed for mending hell-mouth. ij d.; for keeping fire at ditto, iiij d.; for settying the world on fire, j d.; ij worms of conscience, iij s.; whyte or saved sowles, and ij blake or dampnyed sowles, v s.; baryll for ye earthquakes, ij s.;" etc.

contrast the dread terrors of the scene. The monkish authors do not scruple to heighten the dramatic interest by the introduction of legendary stories, often absurdly, sometimes with wonderfully picturesque effect. English and Latin are strangely intermingled, according to the necessities of the rhyme or rhythm.

The writers manifest a sublime disdain of the servile rules of syntax and prosody, and each spells as seems right in his own eyes. The same word will occur in two or three different forms on the same page. The rhymes are frequently so execrable that in some manuscripts and printed copies brackets are used to indicate the rhyming couplets. This was, of course, the very childhood of dramatic art, and it was therefore extremely infantile in its expression; it nevertheless gave token, like the infant Hercules, of a power of grappling with difficulties which was an augury of the glorious strength it was afterward to manifest.

With majestic sweep of thought the drama of the ages is enacted in these plays. All the converging lines of providence and prophecy centre in the cross of Christ; and from it streams the light that irradiates the endless vista of the future. Heaven itself seems open, and the vision of the great white throne and the procession of the palm-crowned, white-robed multitudes pass before us. We hear the "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies," the choiring of the cherubim and seraphim, and the song of the redeemed in the presence of God. Anon the scene is darkened by the shades of endless gloom, is lurid with the glare of quenchless fire, and awful with the ceaseless wailing of the lost.

Compared with these lofty themes the sublimest tragedies of Greece or Rome and their noblest epics pale into "faded splendour wan." What parallel can be drawn between the petty conflict around the walls of Troy, or the wanderings of Ulysses, or the building of a Latin town, and the fall of man, the redemption of the world, and the Judgment Day? What terror of Æschylus or Sophocles can shake the soul like the record of the drowning of the world by water or the vision of its destruction by fire? What pathos of Euripides can melt the heart like the tender story of the nativity or the awful tragedy of the cross? The ignorant populace of a petty burgh and the boorish inhabitants of the surrounding country, in that ultimate dim Thule of the West, where such plays were enacted, had brought before their minds, and doubtless often deeply impressed upon their hearts, holier lessons and sublimer truths than Plato wrote or Pindar sung, or than were ever taught by sage or seer in Stoa of the temples or grove of the Academy.

And these were no mere poet's fancies. They were solemn realities and eternal verities to their unlettered hearers. The Judgment Day, whose terrors they beheld portrayed, they believed to be at hand—at the very door. Through the purifying flames they felt that they themselves must pass, till the foul crimes done in their "days of nature," were "burned and purged away." Though there may have been little in this homely drama to refine the manners or to cultivate the taste, there was much to elevate and strengthen the character and to project the acts of every day upon the solemn background of eternity. To such Christian teachings as these do we owe the grave and God-fearing Anglo-Saxon manhood of the heroic past. The outcome of such sacred influences may be seen in every great work of our literature, in every noble act of our history—in "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth"; in Milton, Bunyan, Burns; in Cromwell and Hampden, in Sydney and Vane; in the deeds

of Marston Moor and the memories of Plymouth Rock. Wherever the eternal principles of right and justice have met with injustice, oppression, and wrong, whether in battle shock or in council hall, on bloody scaffold or in silent prison, there has been felt and seen the influence of the Christian teachings of the dead and buried ages on the human mind.

A better idea of the general character of the mediæval drama will be obtained from a brief outline and a few extracts than from a lengthened description. The subject is best known to most readers from the short yet characteristic miracle play in Longfellow's poem, "The Golden Legend." The admirers of that noble poem will, doubtless, like to know more of the sources from which it is, in part, derived. From the entire dramatic series, which was generally enacted at Whitsuntide, and sometimes extended into forty different plays,* a tolerably correct idea of the Scripture narrative might be gathered—tinged, of course, with the superstitions and errors of the times. There is frequently among the characters an "expositor" or "doctor," who comments upon the passing events and inculcates the moral to be derived therefrom, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus, or rather the corypheus. In the following brief and fragmentary extracts we shall modernize as far as possible the uncouth spelling.

In the opening of the first play, the "Fall of Lucifer," the divine Being thus speaks:

> I am Alpha and O;
> I am the first and last also.
> It is, it was, it shall be thus.
> I am the great God, gracious,
> Which never had beginning.

Here follows the creation of the nine orders of angels. The pride and ambition of Lucifer are strikingly exhibited. He exclaims:

> Above great God I will be guide
> And set myself here as I ween.
> I am peerless and prince of pride,
> For God Himself shines not so sheen.

The revolt and punishment of the archangel and the mutual recriminations of the fallen fiends are quite Miltonic.

Next follows the play of "the Creation and the Fall of Man." Adam's prophetic vision, as he looks down the vista of the future and beholds the heritage of woe he has bequeathed to his posterity, is exceedingly impressive. This scene is also the basis of one of the finest episodes in Milton. Eve's yearning affection for her "sweete children, darlings deare," and her agonized grief on the death of Abel are expressed with strong human sympathy. The earth refuses to cover the body of the first victim of murder and rejects it from the grave. Upon the death of Adam, Seth returns to paradise for a branch of the tree of life to plant on his father's grave. From this, in the course of time, was derived the wood of the cross. According to another legend this was the aspen tree, which ever since has shuddered with horror at the woeful deed of which it was the instrument. A good deal of humour is introduced into the account of the flood by the contumacy of Noah's wife, a veritable virago, who scolds like a shrew and refuses to obey her liege lord's commands:

Noah. Wife, come in; why standest thou there?
Thou art ever froward, I dare well swear.
Come in, come in, full time it were,
For fear that lest we drown.

Wife. Yea, sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail.
For withouten fail
I will not out of this town,
But I have my gossips every one;
One foot further I will not gone.

*See collections of Coventry, Chester, and Townley mysteries, published by the Shakespeare and Surtees Societies. From these the following extracts are taken.

They shall not drown, by Saint John!
An I may save their life.
But thou let them into thy chest,
Else row thou where thou wist,
And get thee a new wife.

The story of the offering up of Isaac is skilfully told. Isaac piteously entreats:

If I have trespassed in any degree,
With a rod you may beat me;
Put up your sword if you will be,
For I am but a child.

Abraham. Ho! my heart will break in three.
To hear thy words I have pitie.
As Thou wilt, Lord, it must be,
To Thy will I must yield.

Isaac. Would my mother were here with me!
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Praying you, father, if it may be,
For to save my life.

Isaac meekly asks, "Is it God's will I should be slain?" and then quietly submits. He begs pardon for all his faults, craves his father's blessing, sends his love to his mother, and asks to be slain with as few strokes as possible. Abraham kisses him, binds his eyes, and is about to slay him, when the angel arrests his hands. The sacrifice of Iphigenia cannot be compared for pathos with this. The "doctor" expounds the scene as having reference to the perfect obedience, even unto death, of Jesus Christ. A messenger interrupts his lengthy exposition by exclaiming,

Make room, lordings, and give us way,
And let Balek come in and play.

Balaam and his speaking ass are a source of great merriment. Balak, desiring to be avenged on those "false losel Jews," swears horribly at the prophet when they are thrice blessed.

There are also plays about Joseph, Moses, David, and the other leading characters of the Old Testament; but the chief interest of the drama gathers about the life of Christ. The Gospel narrative is largely supplemented by legendary lore or embellished by the fancy of the poet, frequently with intense humanness; but sometimes its beauty is marred by coarseness or frivolity. The "Emperoure Octavian" and the Sibyl both prophesy of Christ's advent; and on His birth the gods of Rome fall down, as also do those of Egypt when He goes thither. Joseph complains that he is only a poor carpenter, who has his meat by his hammer and plane, and so can ill afford to pay the newly levied tax. He and the Virgin Mary arrive, weary and wayworn, at Bethlehem, at the approach of night, and take refuge in a cave used as a stable; and there, between an ox and an ass, that night the Holy Child is born. Joseph is very tender in his bearing toward the virgin mother, addressing her with such fond, caressing words as "Loe! Marye sweete, my darling deare," "my deare hearte root," and other loving phrases. A signal judgment punishes those who dare to doubt her maiden purity. The humanizing influence of these affecting scenes and of this worship of holiness and meekness, of the divine Child and stainless mother, upon our uncouth ancestry must have been of incalculable benefit. It did much in a rude and stormy age to invest with a tender reverence all womankind, and inspired the iron chivalry of the time with a religious enthusiasm for the succour of human weakness and sorrow.

The play of the "Shepherds" abounds in a good deal of coarse humour and rude mirth. It gives a minute picture of mediæval country life. In some versions a wrestling bout occurs, in others a sheep-stealing plot is discovered. On the whole the shepherds are rather a disreputable set, although one of them self-assertingly boasts that there is

A better shepherd on no side,
From comely Conway unto Clyde.

They lunch on Lancaster jack-cakes and Hatton ale. Their names, too

—Harvey, Tudde, Tibbs, and Trowle —have a remarkable English sound. They wrestle and engage in rude horse-play till the voices of the heavenly choir are heard singing, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*" The shepherds were evidently unacquainted with Latin, and offer some very absurd interpretations of the unknown words. When the star appears they sing a doggerel chorus and proceed to offer their rustic gifts to the infant Christ. One gives Him a bell, another a spoon to sup His pottage, another a cape, "for he (the giver) has nothing elles." In the meantime the three Gypsy kings have seen the star in the East and bring more seasonable offerings. They arrive at Herod's palace inquiring,

> Can you ought say what place or where
> A child is born that crown shall bear
> And be of Jews the king?
>
> *Servant.* Hold your peace, sirs, I you pray,
> For if King Herod heard you so say,
> He would go mad, by my fay,
> And fly out of his skin.

Herod is at any rate very angry when he hears of the inquiry, and exclaims:

> I am the greatest above degree,
> That is, and was, and ever shall be;
> The sun he dare not shine on me,
> If I bid him go down.
> . . . . . .
> A boy, a groom of low degree,
> To rise against my royalty!
> Sir doctor, that are chiefest of clergy,
> Look up at thy books of prophecy,
> And what thou seest tell thou me.

The "doctor" quotes Jacob's prophecy concerning the Shiloh, when Herod bursts out:

> That's false, by Mahound, full of might!
> That old vylarde Jacob doted for age.
> What presumption should move that peevish page
> Or any elfish godling to take my crown?

He rages horribly, and orders the slaughter of the children.

> Have done and fill the wine high,
> Fill fast and let the cups fly,
> I die, but I have drink.

In the meantime the kings present their gifts to the baby Sovereign of the world. The first gives gold:

> For it seemeth by this place
> That little treasure his mother has.

The next offered incense, and the third thirty pieces of money—"gilt pennies" they are called. These "pennies," according to the veracious legend, were the identical coins with which Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah, for which Joseph was sold by his brethren, and for which Judas afterward betrayed his Master. Of few things else, save the Holy Grail and the stone on which the English sovereigns are crowned—which last, it is well known, was the very stone that Jacob used as a pillow—can the history be so marvellously traced. "Our Ladye Marie" left most of the presents, with the child's swaddling clothes, in the cave when she fled into Egypt; and there they remained till discovered by the pious Empress Helena! During the flight into Egypt the holy family are attacked by robbers. One of these relents, beholding their poverty; but the other is exceedingly fierce. The infant Christ foretells that they shall both be crucified with Him; but that he who had mercy shall find pardon in his hour of doom. It is in the play of the "Slaughter of the Innocents" that the king of Jewry fairly outherods Herod in his cruelty. He summons all his barons, burgesses, and baronets—Sir Lancler, Sir Grímbald, and the rest—to destroy the children. There are some rather coarse passages of wit between the soldiers and the women, and one cowardly officer is driven off. But the slaughter is completed, and the soldiers toss the dead babies upon their spear-points through the town. Then is heard the voice of lamentation:

> Out and out! and wellaway!
> That ever I did see this day;

Out and out! and woe is me!
Thief, thou shalt hanged be!

In the confusion Herod's own son is slain, and the wretched father, smitten with despair, cries out,

Alas! my days now are done;
I wot I must die soon.
Bootless it is to make moan,
For damnèd I must be.

He falls down, writhing with pain and eaten with worms; hell opens, and devils drag him within its horrid jaws. No more tragic and awful poetic justice is there in any drama of ancient or modern times.

There is a striking incident in the play of the "Presentation at the Temple." Old Simeon had been reading the prophecy that Christ should be born of a virgin, which seemed so incredible that he obliterated the expression, but found that it reappeared in red letters; and, having again obliterated it, he was convinced of its divine inspiration by its appearing once more in letters of gold. In Christ's twelfth year, the doctors in the temple observing His attention, one of them remarked:

Methinks this child would learn our law,
He taketh great heed to our talking;

to whom our Lord replies,

You clerks that be of great cunning,
Unto *my* talking take good heed.

Great dramatic vivacity is thrown into the account of the raising of Lazarus. The "prelates," however, think "that lurden Lazarre should be slayne." The merchants whom our Lord drove out of the temple complain to "Bishop" Caiaphas, who with the priests seeks to arrest Christ; but, fearing to do so, they offer money to him who will betray Him. Judas accepts the unholy bribe and arranges the time and place of his betrayal of his Master.

The awful scenes of the passion are delineated with a coarse and rugged strength and with a painfully realistic power, which must often have stricken terror to the soul. But amid the rudeness of the ruffian soldiery and the ribaldry of the mocking multitude is heard the gentle falling of woman's tears:

Alas! alas! and woe is me!
A doleful sight is this to see.
So many sick savèd has He,
And goeth now this way.

The soldiers disrobe the divine Sufferer with many a wanton gibe and jeer:

"Be thou wroth or be thou fain,
I will be thy chamberlain.
This coat shall be mine
For it is good and fine."
"Nay, fellow, by this day,
At the dice we will play;
This coat withouten seam
To break it were a shame."

The anguish of the virgin mother is described in a manner exceedingly pathetic:

Alas! my love, my life, my dear,
Alas! now mourning, woe is me!
Alas! thieves, why do ye so?
Slay ye me, let my Son go.

The "Harrowing of Hell" is a very popular mediæval legend, according to which Christ descends into the regions of the dead, vanquishes Satan, and delivers the patriarchs, prophets, and the ancient worthies who have been waiting for His coming. They greet Him with rapture, and He leads them in triumph; while in lofty strophe and antistrophe the angels chant a psalm of victory. Our Lord's greeting to His disciples after the resurrection is very tender and gracious:

Peace be among you, brethren fair,
My sweet brethren lief and dear.

Their surprise, fear, doubt, and joyful recognition of the Saviour are admirably described. The ascension, also, is finely conceived. After giving them their commission our Lord parts from His disciples with the words, "I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God"; and, as He ascends in mid-air, in sublime antiphonies the angels sing His triumphs over death

and hell, the opening of the everlasting gates, and His eternal exaltation at the right hand of God. The Twelve, while awaiting the descent of the Holy Ghost, compose the Apostles' Creed, each one contributing a clause to that first formulated confession of faith. Then follow the unfolding of the prophecies of the Apocalypse, the downfall of antichrist, and the day of final doom. The terrors of the last judgment are strongly limned and must have produced a deep impression on the unsophisticated spectators. The finally saved chant lofty strains of laud and honour to Almighty God, for that their sins have all been burned away in the purifying fires of purgatory; while the condemned lift up their voices in everlasting wailing and despair. Popes, emperors, kings, queens, justices, and merchants in turn confess their guilt and the justness of the eternal bale which is their doom. A condemned pope thus exclaims:

> Now bootless it is to ask mercie,
> For, living, highest in earth was I;
> Also silver and simony
> Made me a pope unworthy.

A wicked queen piteously cries out:

> Where is my beauty that was so bright?
> Where is the baron, where is the knight,
> Where in the world is any wight,
> That for my fairness now will fight?

The kings of the earth and the great men and the rich men and the chief captains and the mighty men all wail because of the coming of the Judge; for the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand? Christ, sitting on a cloud with the instruments of His passion — the cross, the crown of thorns, the nails, the spear—exhibits His body more marred and wounded by the sins of men than by the tortures of His Jewish murderers, and pronounces sentence of final doom. To the saved He sweetly says:

> Come hither to me, my darlings deare;
> While I was on the earth here
> Ye gave me meat in good manere.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yes, forsooth, my friendès dear,
> Such as poor and naked were
> Ye clad and fed them both in fear,
> And harboured them alsoe.

Turning to the wicked He severely says:

> Nay, when ye saw the least of mine
> That on earth sufferèd pine,
> To help them ye did naught incline;
> Therefore go to the fire.
> And though my sweet mother deare,
> And all the saints that ever were,
> Prayed for you right now here,
> Alas! it were too late!

Thus ends this remarkable series of religious dramas. Their language may often be uncouth, and their treatment of these lofty themes inadequate and unworthy, sometimes coarse and repulsive, shocking our feelings of reverence and our sense of propriety; but assuredly the drama of no age ever addressed itself to a nobler task, and we doubt if, on the whole, any drama ever better accomplished its purpose. Its object was not merely to amuse, but to instruct—to instruct in the most important of all knowledge, the great truths of religion. Its exhibition of these truths may have been imperfect and mixed with much of error; but its influence, in the absence of purer teaching, must have been most salutary. No man, no woman, no matter how unlettered and rude, could but be awed and solemnized by the contemplation of the sublime subjects which it presented; and doubtless many may have been led thereby to apprehend the saving truths of the Gospel, to forsake sin, and to live godly lives. If this hasty incursion into one of the more obscure regions of English literature should stimulate curiosity to a further exploration of its hidden treasures it shall have accomplished its purpose.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

BY THE VEN. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,

Dean of Canterbury.

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?"—Gen. iv. 9.

We hear very much in these days of what is called the "Higher Criticism," that is, the application of certain literary and historic methods to the study of Scripture; and it is viewed by a great many in its results with much vague, but unnecessary alarm. One thing is certain, that no amount of criticism can ever take away from Scripture that moral depth and that spiritual intensity which make its lessons exceed in wisdom those which can be derived from the lessons of all the sages. Whether, for instance, we take this story of Cain and Abel for literary history, or for profound allegory, the results remain the same. It is full of the deepest lessons.

In the envy of Cain, in the rapidity with which the slumbering grudge broke into the fiery serpent of murder, in the revelation that the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, in the fact that the collapse of a man from his original innocence into apostasy was so fearfully swift, that of the first beings born into the world the one became a murderer and the other his murdered victim—in all these things we have lessons of tremendous import; and if we want to find the comment upon them, we find it in all national history, in all war, in sedition, in riots, in discontent, in things which we may see in our common streets. We see it in murders, in every kind of disorder and violation of law; we see it in the internecine struggles of Capital and Labour; we see it as the red fool fury of revolution with its lullaby the carmagnole, and toy the guillotine; we see it in that devilish type of manhood which is created when all the passions of men's minds seem changed into one incarnate rage and one incarnate hatred; we see it, I say, wherever we turn, in all the records of our daily newspapers, at once the fruits of the evil passions described in this passage, and also the most tremendous lessons of the peril of neglecting those passions, and of overlooking the consequences to which they inevitably lead.

Now I must pass over all the other significance of this narrative, and must fix your mind upon the sequel. Abel lay dead upon the earth, and the innocent flowers of the earth first shuddered under the dew of blood, and the Lord said unto man, "Where is Abel thy brother?" and he answered—because the first murderer is also the first liar—"I know not"; and he added—for the first murderer is the first egotist—"Am *I* my brother's keeper?" The voice of the Lord swept away the callous question and the shameless falsehood, and He said unto him, "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground"; and Cain was driven forth from the presence of the Lord into the land of his exile, with the brand of the wrath of heaven upon his soul and upon his brow.

UNCONSCIOUS HYPOCRISY.

Now, leaving the narrative altogether, let us consider the significance of it all these millenniums afterwards. I can only do so in the most brief and inadequate way, and yet I think that we ought to have brought

before us considerations which are well worthy of our most earnest thought. We each of us ask in turn, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And God answers to every one of us, "Yes, thou art thy brother's keeper." And the world, with all its might, declares in answer, "No, we are not our brother's keeper." And the vast majority of ordinary conventional, compromising Christians, all the sects and churches of the Laodiceans, the luke-warm, the facing-both-ways, the neither hot nor cold, the neither one thing nor the other, while they do hesitatingly with their lips say, "Yes, we are our brother's keeper," yet, for the most part, live exactly as if they were not. Did not Christ Himself point out this wide unconscious hypocrisy when He described men as divided into two classes—first of all, the bold rebels, who, when bidden to go to work in the vineyard, answered, "I will not"; and on the other hand, the smooth and decent hypocrites who said, "I go sir," but went not? We ordinary Christians, let the truth be confessed, are a very poor set. There is reason for the question of a French writer, "Christ hath come, but when cometh salvation?" We have preached Christ for centuries,

> Until at last men learn to scoff,
> So few seem any better off.

Now when we ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" some men interpose a sort of excuse in the words of the sneering lawyer, Who is my brother? or, Who is my neighbour? And the answer comes to us as it came to him, All men are our brothers, especially all who sin and suffer, and therefore need our help; all who lie murdered like Abel; all who, like the sick and wounded traveller, are left by the thieves and murderers of the world; all who are neglected by the cold priest and scrupulously sacrificing Levite; all those who but for us would perish from neglect.

Yes; and when we in our carelessness injure our follow-men; when we injure them by our lives, by our sneers, by slanders and calumnies, by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, by our intrigues, by our want of thought, by our want of heart, by lust of gain, by absorbing selfishness, then we are the inheritors of the spirit of the first murderer. But let us confine our thoughts to-day to those who most pressingly need our efforts and our assistance; to all the poor, the hungry, the miserable, the suffering, the outcast. In them, depend upon it, we must find, if we are to be true Christians, the great sphere of our duty. I shall not enter into any question as to the origin of their existence, or of our responsibility; but I only say that if we believe Scripture at all we must recognize the immensity of this duty, and that if we neglect it at our pleasure, we also are neglecting it at our peril. This was the great, the incessant lesson of all the mighty Hebrew prophets; this is repeated again and again in page after page of Scripture by the evangelists and apostles. This is the incessant lesson of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE "CRIME" OF GIVING.

We are told again and again in these days by callous and worldly persons that we are guilty of a positive crime if we give a penny to a beggar; and we are lectured with the utmost possible severity about our "maudlin sentimentality" if, moved by compassion, we give a subscription, for instance, to the starving families of men who are on strike. Well, let us by all means attend to our political economy; let us, if it be necessary, tame down the splendid passion of the prophet, lest it should tend to Socialism. Let us check the impulse of the philanthropist lest it should interfere with the ratepayer; but in Heaven's name let us remember that after we have

talked and urged and insisted upon these lessons of political economy the majestic claims of charity are by no means exhausted.

Many men seem to think that they have done their duty to society when they prove to their own satisfaction that those men whose passionate enthusiasm of humanity has led them to plunge into all kinds of schemes for the amelioration of their fellow-men are nothing better than contemptible fanatics. There are men working in the midst of us who have done more for mankind with their little fingers than ninety-nine hundredths of us have done with our whole loins. There are men working among us whom we are taught to regard with a sneer, who have saved the miserable arabs of our streets by thousands, who have gone out into the slums, who, from one end of the world to the other, have endeavoured at least to preach the Gospel to the lowest of the poor; and if we are to look down upon these men from the whole height of our conventionalism, and of our inferiority, let us at least at the same time confess that there lives a surer light of God in them, whatever may have been their superficial mistakes, than there does in whole armies of men whose only functions it seems to be to criticise and to sneer. For my part I have no hesitation in saying that it seems that these men are far more deserving the gratitude of mankind, as they deserve and receive the approval of God, than very many of those who are their critics. *They* have not merely sat still and criticised; they have gone out into the midst of the battle; they have rescued the perishing; they have cared for the dying; they have toiled and wrought, and fought and overcome, and assuredly they shall have their reward. Even a statesman, a poet, a man of the world like the late American Ambassador, James Russell Lowell, addressed words of solemn warning to us in the well-known lines called "The Parable"—

Said Christ, our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in Me."

He is welcomed by the kings and the priests with all their state and solemn pomp of worship:

Great organs surged thro' arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him!
And in church, and palace, and judgment hall,
He saw His image high over all.

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head;
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars then
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

In vain they plead their customs, and their services, and their religiosity:

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo! here," said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

There is surely a most solemn warning in those words and the quarter from which they come. That there is on every side of us a vast sea of misery which rolls its turbid waves to our very doors; that there are thousands living in these our great crowded cities on the dim borderland of destitution; that there are among us thousands of the unemployed, many of whom are not, as some would persuade us, mere lazy impostors; that there are thousands, and tens of thousands, of poor, miserable little children, who soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime; that there is everywhere around us a vast mass of suffering humanity, which looks to us with its silent appeal; that there is still

among us the demon of drink, creating infamies daily in our cities such as could hardly be exceeded in literal truth by Dahomey or Ashanti, and still raking into its bursting coffers streams of gold, much of which is red with the blood of men, and swollen with the tears of women—that all this is around us is patent to every eye.

And God will work no miracle to alter this state of things. He works through human means. If we neglect these evils they will remain neglected and uncured until the pit swallow them, but we shall be held responsible for them. It is vain for us to ask, "Are we our brother's keeper?" In spite of political economists; in spite of superfine theories of chilly wisdom; in spite of trenchantly contemptuous leading articles which treat of propositions dictated, at any rate, by sincerity, as if they were, to quote their own language, "mere verbal poultices," "mere sickly fluidity," "mere hysteric gush"—I say, in spite of these influences, which tend against the passion and the enthusiasm of humanity, God will ask every one of us, with such a glance as struck Simon Magus with a curse, or Gehazi with leprosy, "What hast thou done? Smooth religionist, orthodox Churchman, self-satisfied worldling, befringed and be-phylacteried Pharisee, that voice of thy brother's blood crieth to Me from the ground."

CAIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Now this awful reproach is met by the world with a shout of reclamation. The respectable say, "Is it possible that we, the learned, the rich, the respectable, the religious, the refined—is it possible that *we* are responsible for this state of things, and that we are our brothers' keepers in this sense?" And all the worldly and the scornful say, "What have we to do with these pariahs, with these hangers-on of the gin-shops, with these noisy and blatant demagogues, with these idle and worthless ruffians?"

Well, the question is asked in various ways. Let us consider some of them. Some people ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" simply in coarse ignorance. They are like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, steeped to the lips in the hardness of selfish money-making, and they say, "Take my word for it, the poor in a loomp is bad." It may not be often that that thought is expressed with the same brutal and ignorant frankness; but how often are we told, "If they are so poor, if they are so destitute, it is at least their own fault." Well, St. James had something to say to those respectable rich Jews of his day. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him? But ye have despised the poor."

Then, again, some may put the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" with a sort of sham and scornful compassion. Take these lines:

> In dirt and sin ye all were born,
> In sin and dirt ye all were bred;
> Not yours in truth, not yours to scorn
> The offal which is board and bed.
> Wallow until your lives be through;
> Satan's godchildren, take your due.
>
> Take gold, disperse the rich man's store,
> Take it and satisfy your need;
> Then misbeget some millions more
> For our posterity to feed:
> We cannot govern worlds by rule,
> Or put a continent to school.

I know not who is the author of these lines; they are, I believe, anonymous; I cut them out of a newspaper. But I say to you that such language, even to the most destitute suffering, is to indulge in a spirit which is the very antithesis to the tenderness and to the compassion of Christ. Such a spirit of scorn and loathing robs even charity of its compassionateness, and makes a charitable gift something more odious and something more maddening than a blow.

Then again, there are many who

ask the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" in a sort of indifferent despair. How often do we hear men say, "Well, there is a great deal of suffering, but what good can *I* do? What is the use of trying to do anything?" And then they invariably quote the passage of Deuteronomy which we hear so often, "The poor shall never cease out of the land." How is it that they invariably forget the context of those words: "'The poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore—*therefore* I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land. Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto."

A writer who has done much to quicken our sympathies in this generation, Mr. Ruskin, has said, "I know that there are many who think the atmosphere of misery which wraps the lower orders of Europe more closely every day as natural a phenomenon as a hot summer. But, God forbid! There are ills which flesh is heir to, and troubles to which man is born, but the troubles which he is born to are as sparks which fly upwards, not as flames burning to the nethermost hell. The poor we must have with us always, and sorrow is inseparable from any hour of life; but we may make their poverty such as shall inherit the earth, and the sorrow such as shall be hallowed by the hand of the Comforter with everlasting comfort. We can, if we will but shake off this lethargy and dreaming that is upon us, and take the pains to think and act like men."

DOMESTIC SLOTH.

Let me mention another way only in which the question may be asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is asked, as I have said, in coarse ignorance; it is asked in sham compassion; it is asked in indifferent despair; it is asked also with an unreality and domestic sloth. It does not challenge God with the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" if it acts in every respect as if it were not. The poets, who are our great moral teachers, have seen that fact. Coleridge speaks to us of

> The sluggard Pity's vision weaving tribe,
> Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched.
> Nursing in some delicious solitude
> Their dainty loves and slothful sympathies.

And Wordsworth speaks to us as living in days

> When good men
> On every side fall off we know not how
> To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
> Of peace, and quiet, and domestic love.

There, my friends, is a terrible danger for us all; it is the narrow fashion of domesticity. We think we can never do enough for our wives and for our children. We are apt to think that public life is only a thing which need not be attended to because of the languid virtue of providing for our families. Lacordaire, the great French orator, and Tocqueville, the great French statesman, both point out the immense danger there is lest we should limit our duty to the narrow circle of our own families. Only the worst men are actuated by that kind of selfish individualism which has been described as the *egoïsme à soi*—mere personal egoism. Vast numbers are actuated by that slightly expanded selfishness which has been called *egoïsme à plusieurs*—egoism simply expanded to members of our own families. Every one must be on guard against it. We belong, not only to families, but to the collective life, to the collective being; we must, therefore, make a stand against that narrow fascination which induces us to forget our duty as citizens and as men. We must help; we must not look on indifferent to all the woes and

miseries of men around us. We must not be as churlish Nabal, saying, "There be many servants nowadays that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my wine and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be?" We must not be like Dives, arrayed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, while Lazarus lies neglected, and, in all but vain words, unpitied at our doors. We must not be like the old Epicurean poet, Lucretius, who said it was sweet, when the winds were sweeping the waters into storm, in some great sea, to watch the dread toiling of another from the shore.

WORK OR SNEERS?

The feeling of the Christian must be the very opposite of this. We must man the lifeboat, and if we are not strong enough to row, we must try to steer; and if we cannot steer, we may at least help to launch the lifeboat; and if we must leave that for stronger hands, then—

> As one who stands upon the shore,
> And sees the lifeboat go to save;
> And, all too weak to take an oar,
> I send a cheer across the wave.

The weakest, the meanest, and the commonest way of all is to sit still and criticise; to say, "It is an unfit lifeboat," "It is badly made," "It will not secure its purpose," "The poor wretches on the wreck are dead already," "We cannot save them," "We are only endangering other lives," "These are not the fit men to row," "They are quite the wrong persons." Worst and wickedest way of all is to sneer, to call names, to discourage, to try in every way to suppress and injure those who are doing the work which we ourselves are not doing. Surely at the very least we ought to attempt something to help the shipwrecked mariners, and to encourage those who are toiling for them as we are *not*. We are bound to help; we are bound to sympathize; at the very lowest we are bound to *give*.

In conclusion, let us be sure of this, that character and not creed, that active service and not profession or form, is the ultimate test of all things with God. It is love which is the fulfilling of the law. If we would enter into life we must keep the Commandments. That was the one test with God of all orthodoxy, of all Churchmanship, of everything which constitutes the kingdom of heaven. If we have not *that*, we may come before God, and say that we are members of the only right organization; that we alone hold the right opinions about the sacraments, or about the Scriptures, or about the priesthood; that we alone attend to all the ordinances of religion scrupulously and faithfully; yet all these things, if unaccompanied by love, by service, by active endeavour for our fellow-men, will be to Him as valueless—nay, as hateful—as the mint and anise and cummin of the arrogant and exclusive Pharisees and priests, who murdered the Christ for whom they professed to look.

After all is said and done, there is but one test with God of orthodoxy, of catholicity, of membership of the kingdom of heaven—a test which sweeps away nine-tenths of the falsity of artificial religionism; it is, "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." And righteousness in the eyes of God consists in love to our fellow-men as shown in love to Him. "He that *doeth* righteousness is born of God."

> RESTORE to God His due in tithe and time:
> A tithe purloined cankers the whole estate.
> —*Herbert.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.*

BY MARIE A. BELLOC.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

MERE words cannot adequately express the place Miss Florence Nightingale holds to this day in the heart of the British nation. During the last forty years her name has been a most powerful talisman when anything to do with national health was in question; and yet no woman possesses a more retiring disposition, or has set her face so determinedly against any sort of publicity as regards her private life.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Miss Nightingale and her life-work is the fact that she was able to fill a void at a moment when there seemed none able or willing to undertake the terrible task of nursing the wounded in the Crimea.

The picture left of her by some

* Abridged from *The Young Woman*.

of those wounded soldiers whom she tended will remain indelibly stamped on the heroic roll-call of the nineteenth century. And it may be truly said that the mere fact of her presence during the terrible months the war lasted put new courage into the hearts of the soldiers, and undoubtedly saved many valuable lives by the mere effect produced on the imagination of those sick and wounded, who, till her arrival at the seat of war, had felt forsaken by God and man.

A curious and now priceless collection might be made of "Florence Nightingale literature." It is to be doubted whether even Joan of Arc has been more celebrated in verse or prose than "The Soldier's Friend," and of these tributes not the least pathetic and interesting were those which came straight from the simple, honest hearts of those writers who respond to a people's feelings in popular song.

I have before me as I write two of these quaint effusions, thin slips of yellow paper, each headed by a rough woodcut purporting to show Miss Nightingale by the bedside of a sick soldier. The first runs—

"A woman in the Crimea there lives,
Some miles across the wave,
No bounty for herself receives,
She gives succour to the brave.
Like an Angel of Mercy she shines forth,
Her goodness has never known to fail.
The blessings of our soldiers' wives
Be on Florence Nightingale."

And the other—

"Now God sent this woman to succour the brave,
Some thousands she's saved from an untimely grave.
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she is bounteous and good;
The wants of the wounded are by her understood.
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone,
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments are torn.
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
Now they're cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale."

Miss Nightingale was seventy-five years of age on the 15th of May last. Her father, a wealthy Hampshire and Derbyshire squire, was travelling with his wife in Italy when the event occurred which was to prove of such moment to the English nation, and accordingly the baby-girl was christened Florence, after the City of Flowers where her birth took place. But she is thoroughly English by associations, her childhood having been spent at the beautiful old manor house of Leahurst, which is close to the River Derwent, and surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in England. There she and her sister, the late Lady Verney, received a careful home education, their father, Mr. Shore Nightingale, being devoted to his two daughters. When he found that the younger of them earnestly desired to give up her life to the service of her fellow-creatures, far from interfering with her wishes, he did all he could to further her plans, and threw no impediment in the way of her making a special study, not only of British, but also of Continental hospitals, and centres of nursing work. The effect of all she saw produced a deep impression on the young girl's mind, and on her return home she made a small beginning at the important reforms she was going to carry out, by reorganizing a private nursing home in Harley Street, destined to become the nucleus of all the admirable institutions of the kind which have since sprung up.

The great opportunity of Miss Nightingale's life has passed into the domain of history. The outbreak of the Crimean War found Great Britain unprepared in more than one sense, and terrible stories of the utter inadequacy of the arrangements made for the wounded soon began to come home from the East. The French were fortunate in the possession of Sisters of Mercy, and as soon as this fact became known it was determined to send

out a small band of women willing to devote themselves to nursing the wounded; and Mr. Sidney Herbert, then Secretary of War, who had had occasion in the past to know something of Miss Nightingale's powers of organization, asked her to undertake the leadership of this expedition of mercy. That very day she had written offering her services.

Within a few weeks of her departure for the seat of war the name of Florence Nightingale had passed forever into the English language as a pseudonyme for wide-hearted charity, unsparing devotion, and sublime unselfishness.

More than one generation of English girls have revelled in the story of Miss Nightingale's work at Scutari; have heard how the sick and wounded would pray for her as she walked through the line of cots each night, lamp in hand; and how, within the space of a fortnight, four thousand patients, wounded or sick, were placed under her charge. One of the private soldiers whom she nursed said of her: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds. But we could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall at night, and lay our heads on our pillows content." They have heard, too, and cannot hear often enough, the story of the dinner given to the officers of the British army and navy on their return from the East, and how, when Lord Stratford suggested that every guest should write on a piece of paper the name of the person whose deeds in the Crimean War would engrave themselves most indelibly in the history of the British people, and when the papers were examined everyone had written the name of Florence Nightingale.

She was "a ministering angel," without any exaggeration, in the hospitals, and as her slender form passed quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softened with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers had retired for the night, and silence and darkness had settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she might be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.

On more than one occasion she is said to have stood twenty hours at a stretch beside the wounded, helping the medical men. Her influence was so great, her power of persuasion so effective, that often when a patient refused to submit to an operation deemed necessary, a few words from her, her very presence beside the bed, sufficed to ensure submission and quiet. But it was trying and exhausting work, so that, when she herself was stricken by fever, great fears were entertained lest she should not have strength to resist. For several days her life was despaired of, but she unexpectedly rallied, and to the great relief of those both near her and afar, anxiously awaiting news, the physicians were able to pronounce her out of danger. Her convalescence was long, but she was at last able to return to Scutari, where her presence was much needed.

One who was with her through the weary days at Scutari has left the following description of her as she then was: "Her figure was slight and graceful, her manner dignified, her face beaming with tenderness for the soldiers, who kissed her shadow each night as she walked along the line of cots with a small lantern in her hand." Every night of her stay at Scutari, Miss Nightingale is said to have walked something like six miles of wards and corridors, for the vast hospital was three stories high, and in one fortnight four thousand patients were sent from the front, many wounded, but more suffering from every description of dreadful disease brought on by cold, privation, and insufficient food.

At last the much-longed-for peace dawned over Europe, but to the very last Florence Nightingale remained at her post, and then, fearful of the ovation which she knew would be hers if she attempted to return to England publicly, under her own name, she travelled quietly from the East with her aunt, under the name of Mrs. and Miss Smith. Her fellow-passengers little guessed who the quiet, graceful woman was, travelling home! The incognito served her well, for after nearly two years' absence she returned to her father's house as quietly as she had left it. But she could not long remain thus hidden—congratulations poured in from every side.

Longfellow has inscribed to her his beautiful poem, "Santa Filomena":

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

"Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

"The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"As if a door from Heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went—
The light shone and was spent.

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

"Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear—
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore."

With kindred enthusiasm Gerald Massey wrote the following stirring verses entitled, "Our English Nightingale":

"'You brave, you bonny Nightingale,
You are no summer Bird;
Your music sheathes an Army's wail
That pierces like a Sword.'
All night she sings, brave Nightingale,
With her breast against the thorn;
Her saintly patience doth not fail,
She keepeth watch till morn.

"'Ah, sing, you bonniest Bird of God,
The night is sad and long;
To dying ears—to broken hearts—
You sing an Angel's song!'
She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
And weary warrior-souls
Are caught up into Slumber's heaven,
And lapped in Love's warm folds.

"'O sing, O sing! brave Nightingale,
And at your magic note
Upon Life's sea victoriously
The sinking soul will float.
O sing, O sing! brave Nightingale,
And lure them back again,
Whose path is lost and spirit crost,
In dark wild woods of Pain.'

"She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
She breathes a gracious balm;
Her presence breaks the waves of war,
She smiles them into calm.
She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
Of Auld Langsyne and Home;
And life grows light, the world grows bright,
And blood runs rich with bloom.

"Day unto day her dainty hands
Make Life's soiled temples clean,
And there's a wake of glory where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight, thro' that shadow-land,
Her living face doth gleam;
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The Dead smile in their dream.

Bird of Love, in Life's sweet May,
ose up from the feast,
ie above our Banner,
God's Angel in the East.
Bird of Life, wave healing wings
that gray Land o' the Dead;
ieaven lie round you like a shield,
h's blessings on your head.'"

ıg Miss Nightingale's most possessions are some of the ınd uncouth letters and ad- she received on her return he Crimea from English- g folk all over the world. ɜ Prince Consort himself de- ːhe beautiful jewel sent her Queen, composed of a St. s Cross in red enamel on a round, encircled by a band ːh are inscribed in gold let- Blessed are the merciful;" he letters V.R., surmounted ːown in diamonds, traverse ss, and a ribbon of blue runs round the stem of a ·ee between whose branches ɔe diamond stars, signifying Peace and Charity. On the this jewel, which resembles he star of some great knightly han anything else, are in- on a gold plate the Queen's heartfelt words of thanks to inguished subject.

ı incredibly short time fifty d pounds were subscribed as ıonial of the nation's grati- ɔut the sum was entirely by the recipient to the on of the Nightingale Home, tution having its headquar- ı wing of St. Thomas' Hospi- which is still acknowledged ıe of the best training homes ɜes in the world.

Nightingale returned home ıtending to continue active · work, but it soon became that this was not to be. The train she had gone through manently injured her health, thing but her indomitable and will-power could have her to achieve all she has ɔm her sick-room during the last thirty odd years. It may be truly said that Florence Nightingale has acted as consulting nurse-physician to both the War Office and the Admiralty, giving always sound advice on both home and colonial sanitary matters, and keeping up as few people of half her age could have done with all the medical discoveries and nursing appliances. "I am so busy," she once wrote, "I have hardly ten minutes of idle time in the day." In addition to a vast correspondence—for superintendents of nursing institutions all over the world write to her for help and counsel—Miss Nightingale has done a considerable amount of literary work since her retirement from the world. Her "Notes on Nursing," full of clear, practical advice and sound sense, should be in every home, for each word in the little book is as true to-day as when it was first written thirty-four years ago.

During the last few years Miss Nightingale has lived almost entirely at Claydon House, Bucks, the beautiful country-place which was for many years the home of her late sister, Lady Verney, and which is now the property of the latter's stepson, Sir Edmund Verney. There she still receives, occasionally, workers in the nursing field, who feel it to be a great privilege to be thought worthy of receiving personal assistance from the queen of nurses. Lately Miss Nightingale has thrown her whole energies into the question of rural health and the prevention of disease in villages; and with characteristic sense she first started her missionary labours close to where she is herself living. There, under her personal supervision, a number of health missioners were sent into some of the Buckinghamshire villages to deliver public lectures on matters affecting the everyday life of the people. To village mothers Miss Nightingale not long ago addressed the following letter, which

deserves to be more widely known than it is:

DEAR HARD-WORKING FRIENDS,—I am a hard-working woman too. May I speak to you? And will you excuse me, though not a mother? . . . Boys and girls must grow up healthy, with clean minds, and clean bodies, and clean skins. . . . When a child has lost its health, how often the mother says, "Oh, if I had only known! but there was no one to tell me." And, after all, it is health and not sickness which is our natural state—the state that God intends for us. There are more people to pick us up when we fall, than to enable us to stand upon our feet. God did not intend all mothers to be accompanied by doctors, but He meant all children to be cared for by mothers. God bless your work and labour of love.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

And these kindly, simple words have proved an excellent introduction for the writer's apostles of health and cleanliness.

It is interesting to know that Florence Nightingale, although she has never joined the advanced women's party, considers the sexes equal before God and man. She said on one occasion: "You do not want the effect of your good things to be 'How wonderful for a woman!' nor would you be deterred from good things by hearing it said, 'Yes, but she ought not to have done this, because it is not suitable for a woman;' but you want to do the thing that is good whether it is suitable for a woman or not. Surely woman should bring the best she has, whatever that is, to the work of God's world. It does not make a thing good that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it, neither does it make a thing bad which would have been made good if a man had done it, if it has been done by a woman. Oh, leave these jargons, and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart!"

Surely fine words with which to conclude even an imperfect account of Florence Nightingale.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

I.—THE FUEL OF THE SUN.

BY J. E. GORE.

THE dazzling brilliancy of the sun far exceeds all artificial sources of illumination. It has been shown experimentally that, compared with a standard candle placed at a distance of one metre from the eye, the sun's light is equal in quantity to fifteen hundred and seventy-five billions of billions of such candles! (Fifteen hundred and seventy-five followed by twenty-four ciphers). The *intensity* of the solar light—or the amount of light per square inch of surface—is found to be ninety thousand times greater than that of a candle, and one hundred and fifty times as bright as the lime-light! The blackest portion of a sun-spot exceeds the lime-light in intensity; and even the electric arc, when placed between the eye and the sun's disc, appears as a black spot!*

The question has often been asked, "What is the fuel of the sun?" "What is the origin of the vast amount of heat and light which is constantly being radiated by our central luminary into surrounding space?" The question is a difficult one to answer, if looked at in the light of actual combustion. The

* Young's General Astronomy, pp. 212–214.

amount of fuel necessary to produce the observed results is so enormous that it seems almost impossible to imagine where the fuel could come from.

Sir William Thomson has calculated that the quantity of fuel required for each square yard of the solar surface would be no less than thirteen thousand five hundred pounds of coal per hour!—equivalent to the work of a steam-engine of sixty-three thousand horse-power! This enormous expenditure of fuel would be sufficient to melt a thickness of about forty feet of ice per minute at the sun's surface. Sir John Herschel says, "Supposing a cylinder of ice forty-five miles in diameter to be continually darted into the sun *with the velocity of light*, and that the water produced by its fusion were continually carried off, the heat now given off constantly by radiation would then be wholly expended in its liquefaction, on the one hand, so as to leave no radiant surplus; while, on the other, the actual temperature at its surface would undergo no diminution." He also says that the ordinary expenditure of heat by the sun per minute would suffice to melt a cylinder of ice one hundred and eighty-four feet in diameter, and in length extending from that luminary to *a* Centauri!

As to the actual temperature at the sun's surface, very various estimates have been made by different computers. M. Becquerel, Professor Langley and Sir William Thomson consider that the temperature of the solar photosphere cannot exceed three thousand degrees Centigrade. Sir Robert Ball says that "we shall probably be well within the truth if we state the effective temperature of the sun to be about eighteen thousand degrees Fahrenheit." The actual heat of the sun, however, must be very great. Professor Young says: "When heat is concentrated by a burning-glass, the temperature at the focus cannot rise above that of the source of heat, the effect of the lens being simply to move the object at the focus virtually toward the sun; so that, if we neglect the loss of heat by transmission through the glass, the temperature at the focus should be the same as that of a point placed at such a distance from the sun that the solar disc would seem just as large as the lens itself, viewed from its own focus. The most powerful lens yet constructed thus virtually transports an object at its focus to within about two hundred and fifty thousand miles of the sun's surface, and in this focus the most refractory substances — platinum, fire-clay, the diamond itself—are either instantly melted or dissipated in vapour. There can be no doubt that if the sun were to come as near to us as the moon, the solid earth would melt like wax." Messrs. Trowbridge and Hutchins consider that in the solar atmosphere, where carbon is volatilized, the temperature is about equal to that of the voltaic arc.

It may be shown that were the sun's mass composed of coal it would all be consumed in about six thousand years. It has been suggested that the solar heat may possibly be maintained by the fall of meteors on its surface. A pound of coal falling on the sun's surface from an infinite distance would develop by concussion six thousand times the heat that would be produced by its combustion. But the enormous quantity of meteors required for the purpose—about thirty-eight hundred pounds per square foot per annum—renders this theory very improbable. If the earth were to fall into the sun it would maintain its heat for a period of less than one hundred years. Jupiter falling into the sun would supply its present expenditure for thirty-two thousand years to come; but, in view of the millions of years indicated by geological records, even this period must

be considered as comparatively short. Another objection to this theory is that the quantity of matter required would, in the course of ages, add appreciably to the sun's mass, which would derange the motions of the planetary system. The meteoric theory of the sun's heat must, therefore, be abandoned.

The theory now generally accepted by astronomers is that advanced by the eminent German physicist Helmholtz, which ascribes the heat of the sun to the shrinkage of its mass caused by gravitation. It may be shown mathematically that this shrinkage would undoubtedly produce the observed result, and, as gravitation *must* inevitably act on the component particles of the sun's mass, it seems quite unnecessary to look further for a satisfactory theory. The amount of shrinkage required to account for the present solar radiation is so small that the diminution of the sun's apparent diameter could not be detected by the most refined instruments of measurement. Sir William Thomson has shown that this shrinkage would amount to only thirty-five metres on the radius per annum, or one ten-thousandth of its length in two thousand years — a quantity quite inappreciable.

According to Helmholtz's theory, the sun's heat was originally generated by the collision of two masses, as in Dr. Croll's theory, but differing from that theory in the supposition that the bodies approached each other under the effects of gravitation alone, and not with any initial velocity. In some books it is "paradoxically stated" that the sun is actually becoming hotter owing to condensation; but this is quite incorrect. As Sir William Thomson points out, "cooling and condensation go on together." In fact, as the sun has been gradually losing heat for ages past, the amount of heat lost by radiation must be in excess of that gained by shrinkage; and, as this process is probably st progress, the sun must be act cooling down. Of course this ing process is excessively slov slow, indeed, that one estimate n the maximum loss not more one degree Centigrade in s years.

According to Sir William T son, if the sun's heat could be r tained by shrinkage until tw million times the present ar expenditure is radiated away sun's diameter would be reduc one-half what it is at present its density would be increase about the specific gravity of This would probably put a st all further shrinkage, "thr overcrowding of the molecules.

Supposing the sun to have radiating out heat for the fifteen million years, the solar r "must have been four times as as at present." Sir William T son is not disposed to admit r more than twelve million yea the past duration of the sun's tory, but this period—immense is—will not satisfy the deman the geologists. To meet this culty Dr. Croll has advance "Impact Theory."

The ancient philosophers th that the sun might possibly b habited! Even in modern this hypothesis has been seri considered. Dr. Elliott, in upheld this view, and on his at the Old Bailey for the murd Miss Boydell his friends maint his insanity, and quoted as pro their assertion the pages of his in which this opinion was expr A necessary detail of Helmh theory is that the sun must be fluid state from its surface centre. Were this not so it v soon grow dark, "as the condu power of no known solid v suffice to maintain the inca cence." The idea of a solid nu enclosed in a fiery envelope therefore, be abandoned and

d to the limbo of all such tical theories.

William Thomson thus de- s the action which would bly take place during the tion of the sun according to ravitation theory: "Think of ool solid globes, each of the mean density as the earth, and lf the sun's diameter, given at r nearly at rest, at a distance ler equal to twice the earth's ice from the sun, they will fall ier and collide in exactly half ir. The collision would last half an hour, in the course of they will be transformed into lently agitated incandescent mass, flying outwards from the line of motion before the collision, and swelling to a bulk several times greater than the sum of the original bulks of the two globes. How far the fluid mass will fly out all round from the line of collision it is impossible to say. The motion is too complicated to be fully investigated by any known mathematical method. A mathematician with sufficient patience might, however, approximate to the truth. After a series of oscillations it will subside, probably in the course of two or three years, into a globular star of about the same dimensions, heat and brightness as our present sun, but different from him in this, that it would have no rotation."

AIRLIE'S MISSION.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Maitland of Laurieston," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

r she were your own daughter, ssor Laurence, would you risk peration?"

ost assuredly I should," re- d the professor, without a mo- s hesitation.

was Errol Keith who asked the ion in the library at Errol e one sunny May morning, all the world seemed waking e beauty and fulness of the summer. His fine face wore ve, concerted look, as if he felt ubject under discussion to be utmost moment to him.

will explain it to you, Mr. ," said the professor in his ly kind manner. "Unless the tion be risked, your cousin resign herself to the certainty coming a confirmed invalid, ier life, however long or short, be full of suffering. On the other hand, if she consents to undergo this operation, there are nine chances out of ten that she will be restored to perfect health. Do you think it would be wise to hesitate on account of the one slender chance of failure?"

"Certainly not, Professor Laurence. If my cousin consents, will you undertake the operation?"

"Willingly, in conjunction with your own physician," returned the professor. "I presume Mrs. Keith will inform the young lady of our decision, and let us know her opinion."

"Someone will tell Airlie," Errol answered. "It will not be difficult, Professor Laurence; her brave, bright patience has often astonished me."

"She seems of a remarkably sweet, cheerful disposition, which doubly ensures our success. When you come into practice, Mr. Keith, you

will speedily learn how much depends on the patients themselves. These desponding folks are the most troublesome to deal with."

"I believe you. Well, we will discuss this matter, and let you know the result."

"So I ought, Professor Laurence, so I ought!" returned Errol, quickly. "I daresay you can guess pretty correctly at the true state of the case. It is six years since I entered the University first, and there was not the shadow of a reason why I should

ERROL AND PROFESSOR LAURENCE.

"When are you to be ready to fill your father's shoes, Mr. Keith?" asked the professor, with one of his kindly searching glances. "It seems to me that you ought to have been in practice long ago. Forgive my candour."

not have graduated at least eighteen months ago. I have shamefully idled my time and wasted my opportunities."

"Ah, well, if you are awaking to the seriousness of life, there may be no great harm done," said the pro-

tindly. "Has this little girl
he wilds of Africa taught
l cousins a lesson in life, I
?"
smiled, but did not deny it.
impossible to resent what his
ır said. He was an old man
l known and loved his father,
ıom he had sat on the same
t school and college, and who
.ined a kindly interest in the
ı of his old friend. After the
ır took his leave, Errol re-
to the drawing-room to his

r me, you have had quite a
ıtion, surely!" she said,
querulously. "What has it
l about? What does the pro-
ıy about Airlie? I ought to
ome down, I suppose, but
ny nerves are hardly equal
rial."
ie is seriously ill, mother,"
ed Errol. "Professor Lau-
ırges the advisability of an
ate operation; it is her only
of restoration to health."
)peration, here in this house!"
ied Mrs. Keith. "Why, the
and the worry of it would
"
l what about Airlie, then?"
ırrol, with a slight bitterness,
nt of his mother's selfish fears.
lly, Errol, you put her before
said Mrs. Keith, sharply.
rse I am very sorry for her,
Laurence advises the opera-
suppose it must take place.
re must be a nurse got, for I
fit to wait upon her."
:ourse there will be a nurse
verything will be done to
ı anxiety or trouble, mother,"
ed Errol. "But Airlie must
ıded to. She has no one but
)k to. You would not think
ing her to the infirmary,
"
no, that would never do. It
)ok so wretchedly bad. How
. suggest such a thing? Isn't
poor, low kind of people who
go there? Really, Errol, you are very aggravating."

Errol was silent a moment. He knew his mother must be feeling weaker than usual, and he was glad to attribute her heartlessness to the state of her health. Time was when he would not have put such a strong curb on his impatience. Errol Keith had not always been mindful of his filial duty to his widowed mother; and she had borne a great deal, with a patience surprising in a woman of her character. But she had always made idols of her boys.

"Will you tell Airlie this, then, mother?" he asked presently.

"Dear me, no. How could I? It would make me quite ill for ever so long. You or Janet must tell her. Tell her I'm very, very sorry for her, and I'll come and see her when I am able."

"Where is Janet, mother?"

"With Airlie, probably. Everybody waits hand and foot on Airlie. I don't complain, only it shows the difference between an old woman's suffering and that of a young girl. We know who gets the sympathy."

"Dear mother, don't speak like that!" said Errol in distress, for his mother had begun to cry, and he could not bear the sight of a woman's tears.

"Aren't you going to your classes to-day? Jack is away long ago."

"No, mother, I'm not going out to-day," answered Errol, and leaving the room he went upstairs, and knocked lightly at the door of the little sitting-room where Airlie now spent the most of her time. She had not been downstairs since the beginning of spring.

"Come in," said Janet's voice, and when he entered she was sitting by Airlie's sofa, bathing the poor, hot head with eau de cologne. She looked round quickly, as if seeking to gather from her brother's face the verdict of the professor.

Airlie opened her eyes and smiled in her peaceful, happy way; and

there was nothing to indicate that she had been excited or troubled at all by the ordeal she had just undergone.

"Well, Errol, what does he say?" she asked, cheerfully. "You look so sober, I am afraid he thinks me as useless as I do myself. Don't be afraid to tell me. It matters little to me either way."

"He is not hopeless, Airlie," said Errol, quickly; for, not of his seeking, the task of telling her the verdict had fallen upon him. "There is one chance. He is very anxious that you should take advantage of it. Are you strong enough to bear it?"

"I am quite calm, Errol. What is it?"

"An operation, Airlie," said Errol, in a choking voice. "He says if you were his own daughter he would go on with it," he continued, eagerly, now that the worst was over. "Think, Airlie. He says it is sure to be successful, and that you will be completely restored to health."

Airlie had winced a little at his first words, but she grew calm and bright again, and only answered quietly,

"Whatever you all think for the best, Errol, I am willing to do," she said, simply; "I could trust myself implicitly in the hands of Professor Laurence, though I never saw him till to-day."

Errol Keith, almost overcome, walked away out of the room. Then Janet saw her cousin's thin face grow very white, and her lips quiver, and she laid her cool, kind hand once more on the broad, sweet brow.

"I am such a coward, Janet," said Airlie, opening her eyes, with a little fluttering smile. "It is rather a trying thought, the surgeon's knife, isn't it? It is good of you all to take so much trouble and interest in me."

"Hush, Airlie dear; how can it be a trouble when you are so dear and good?" said Janet, quickly.

"I hope it will be very soon, for I should not like to have many days to think of it. But after all, Janet, what can it matter? Living or dying, I am the Lord's, and He will not hurt His own."

As Janet Keith listened to these words, uttered in a sweet, quiet voice, and saw the look of peace which accompanied them, a sharp pang of envy shot through her heart. Airlie Keith had few indeed of what the world terms precious things, but she possessed a happy secret altogether unknown to her. She pictured herself in Airlie's place—could she face such an ordeal with that brave unflinching spirit? Could she thus let herself lie, as it were, in God's hand, knowing He would do all things well? Ah, no! Of late, many vague, indescribable yearnings had rent the proud, reticent soul of Janet Keith. She had begun to feel how paltry and unworthy were her aims in comparison with the sweet, holy, unselfish aspirings which were the mainspring of her cousin's life.

"What are you thinking of, Janet? Tell me, dear. Don't vex yourself about me. Don't you see the first natural pang is over, and I am quite at rest. As Errol says, would it not be a glorious thing to be perfectly well? Do you know, I cannot recall a single day when I was entirely free from pain."

"Since you came to us, Airlie?"

"Yes, and for very long before that, Janet. But you have not told me your sober thoughts."

"I was thinking, Airlie, that if I had to change places with you now, what an awful thing it would be for me!"

"How awful? I think you would bear trouble nobly, Janet. You have such a fine spirit, you would never give up."

Janet Keith shook her head, and her beautiful face deepened in the shadow.

"I have not your secret, Airlie.

id to give up the world, I have
g to cling to," was all she said.
ie turned round, with a quick,
ight in her solemn dark eyes.
Janet, you may lay hold of
ck. Trust yourself with Him,
ll lead you on. He will give
joy of which you can have no
But for that joy, Janet, how
I have been sustained through
ial and desolation I have en-
? How could I have given
pa and mamma if I had not
ı who had need of them, and
ould comfort me?"
ach me, Airlie! show me the
fell from Janet's lips, and she
her golden head upon her
"My life is empty and pur-
s; show me how and where
be filled."
Airlie began to speak, in great
ss of heart, upon the golden
she loved. Even in her hour
est weakness and need the
had work for her to do. She
emoaned herself as an empty
and, lo, she was to be filled
His love in order to supply the
of another's need.

CHAPTER V.

ı't it lovely here, Airlie?"
, it is! that sea breeze, Janet,
very elixir of life!"
aying, Airlie Keith folded her
behind her head, and drew in
breath of the salt air coming
m the sea. They were sitting
er in the fragrant, old-fash-
garden of a remote farm-house
western coast; the day was
July's sunniest mood. Books
ork lay on the rustic bench
them, but both were too much
ed with the beauty of their
ndings to be inclined to work
l. And yet the place was not
new to them, for it was six
now since they had sought it
summer retreat. Could that
-looking maiden with the
sparkling eyes, and the tinge
of delicate colour in her rounding cheek, be the frail invalid for whose life there had been such fear two months ago at Errol Lodge? Ay, verily it was Airlie Keith. The operation had proved eminently successful, and now Airlie Keith was almost restored to perfect health. She had come to Kilcraigie convalescent, to grow strong and vigorous under the influences of air and earth and sea. They had done their work well.

"What are you watching for, Airlie?" asked Janet, with a smile, following her cousin's look down the white road which led to the little hamlet on the shore.

"I am wondering about the post, Janet. Isn't it time we heard something of Errol now?"

"Yes, I believe it is. Poor boy, he has not had much of a holiday. We must make a great deal of him in the few days he will be with us here."

"Isn't that Jack and Marion coming up the slope, Janet?"

"Yes, and I see letters in Jack's hand. Don't you see him waving frantically to us? I believe he has good news."

"Let us go and see," exclaimed Airlie, and jumping up, she ran off down the garden, leaving Janet to follow more leisurely.

"Hurrah! three cheers for Doctor Errol!" exclaimed Jack, directly the slim white-robed figure was within hearing. "He has passed with first-class honours. Hurrah! good for the old boy, isn't it? He'll be down to-night—won't we give him a jolly reception!"

"Oh! I am so glad!" exclaimed Airlie, breathlessly. "How proud and glad Aunt Marion will be! And he will be here to-night?"

"Yes; isn't it all splendid, Airlie?" said Marion, in her gentle way. "Errol was so anxious. If he had not done well, I would have been afraid to meet him. And now we can have a real jolly fortnight here.

Won't he be astonished to see you, Airlie?"

"Why, pussy?"

"Because you look quite different. Doesn't she, Jack?"

"Don't you just. Why, you look just stunning!" said Jack, looking with genuine admiration at his cousin's bright, sweet face. "I bet he'd hardly recognize you. But I tell you I'm jolly glad the exam's passed off so well. I only wish such luck will fall to me next year."

"Deserve it, Jack, and it will," said Airlie, in that earnest way of hers. Jack nodded, and his eye shone with his high resolve. Truly there was a change. Airlie Keith had awakened in these two young men a perception of life's most earnest meanings, and her quiet, sweet

ERROL ARRIVED BY THE STEAMER AT SUNSET

influence was already reaping its precious harvest. Errol arrived by the steamer at sunset, and was met by his brother and sisters, Airlie remaining in the house beside her aunt; for she had to be careful yet of the chill night airs, and never

ɔd herself to needless risks. ysician had ever a more obe- ınd willing patient than Airlie

rol will just step into his s practice by-and-bye, and it ɔe very pleasant," said Mrs. in a self-satisfied sort of way, lie and she sat in the wide, vindow of the sitting-room, g for the party from the pier. a very good practice, you among quite the best people. no doubt Errol will make a fine position for himself in urgh."

rol would win a position for f anywhere, Aunt Marion," irlie, quietly.

, of course. But I hope he ɔ sensible, and not disappoint . have set my heart on see- m follow in his father's foot-

t, Aunt Marion, suppose duty him elsewhere," Airlie ven- to say.

r dear, a son's duty is to obey ɔnsider his mother," said Mrs. severely. "You have great ıce with your cousins, Airlie. see Errol inclined to wander, you will use it for good, and ıis duty upon him."

ıope I shall always use what influence I possess for good, Marion," said Airlie, meekly.

don't doubt it in the least, . You have really been quite ıuisition to us. I don't know t is, but the house seems a nter place since you came. There is very little of that jarring and nagging among the children which used to be such a trial to my nerves. But I daresay as they get older they are gathering sense. I hear voices; do you see them coming, Airlie?"

"Yes, Aunt Marion, they are just at the garden gate."

"And how does that poor boy look? Worn out after his ordeal?"

"I can't see, Aunt Marion, it is so dark in the shadow of the trees," said Airlie, a trifle nervously; for her heart was fluttering at the thought of seeing Errol again. Ah, surely it required something more than cousinly regard to account for that strange, sweet thrill of joy with which she heard his deep, pleasant voice ringing through the sweet July dusk.

Presently the happy party entered the house, and then there was such a babel of greeting, and congratulations, and joyous talk. Airlie did not say much, but the fervour with which she returned Errol's close hand-clasp told him something of what was in her heart. When the lamp was brought in and he saw the great and happy change in his cousin's appearance, his cup of joy was full.

"Airlie, I cannot tell what it is to me to see you like this," he said in a low voice. "It is the crowning touch to this happy day."

She smiled and nodded, and there was no time to say more, for tea was in, and Jack clamouring for them to begin.

YONDER.

No shadows yonder!
All light and song:
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that blest throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away:
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder,
Hearts cannot sever,
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasp forever.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIV.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Hath wine an oblivious power?
Can it pluck the sting out of the brain?
The draught might beguile for an hour,
But it leaves behind it the pain."

FAITH sat for an hour in the station watching the coming and going of the passengers for the early train. Then Kiah returned.

"I have been to those three saloons, and am pretty sure that he has not been to them for drink."

"I wouldn't trust a word they say," replied Faith.

"One of them I am sure about, for he owes ten dollars there and can get nothing until it is paid. As for the other two, I feel pretty certain that he has not been there this time. They think that there is a successor to the negro's whiskey den somewhere, and they suspect the woman that keeps the hotel of selling, and she has no license. They are all interested in finding that out."

"Mrs. Batt, at the Worlo House!" cried Faith. "A woman! Why, that can't be so. A woman cannot be so horrid! besides I have seen her at the church, whenever I went there, singing in the choir."

"She had better be out of the choir then, for the singing is a part of the worship of God, and only those should be in the choir who can praise God with both heart and voice. The fact is, Miss Faith, I believe it is this Mrs. Batt who has sold the liquor and has taken your pictures."

"Wait a minute until I think," said Faith.

Next door to the Worlo House, kept by Mrs. Batt, was the house of the woman who owned the store where Faith occasionally bought fancy-work materials when her supply from the city ran short. This Mrs. Gaines was a shrill-voiced, hard-dealing woman, and sometimes when she was away from the shop her place was taken by a young girl—a thin, sad, over-taxed creature, a niece of Mrs. Gaines, who "worked for her keep," she told Faith. Faith had been drawn to sympathize with this girl whose lot seemed hard, and on the few occasions when she had seen her she had spoken cheerily and kindly to her, and the girl, Nan, seemed to appreciate it; such little attentions were not frequent in her experience. Faith now began to reason: "Living next to the Worlo House, Nan Gaines will probably know something of what goes on there. She likes me, and she would tell me what she thought I needed to know. Mrs. Gaines is such a hard mistress that probably she makes Nan rise very early, and so Nan may have seen my father if he went early to the Worlo House."

She concluded to make an errand into Mrs. Gaines' store to see if Nan were there. If Mrs. Gaines were in charge, then Nan would be at the house with only a child or two, and Faith could go there to question her. Opposite the Worlo House was a small fruit shop, and she proposed that Kiah should go there and wait for her while she prosecuted her inquiries.

Nan was not at the shop, so Faith went to the house and, going round the back way, found the girl cleaning up the kitchen. She asked her for a drink and spoke kindly to her for a few minutes. Then:

"You are very close to the hotel, Nan."

"Closer than I want to be."

"Does Mrs. Batt sell liquor?"

"There's no telling what *she* does."

"Do you suppose she is a woman who would sell liquor and take things like household property or books or pictures as pay for it?"

"I don't know. I don't reckon there's any mean trick she'd be above doing. I just hate her! She flaunts around in her silk and feathers and flowers, as large as life, and she speaks to me and looks at me as if I were a dog. I've got feelings, if I am poor. She's no license to sell, and if she does it on the sly, I just wish they'd find her out and fine her; that's what I do!"

"Were you up early this morning?"

"I'm always up with the chickens, or before them."

"Did you"—Faith flushed and hesitated—"see this morning early, or late last night—any stranger going in there—with a parcel?"

"There's always strangers with parcels going into hotels," said Nan, looking keenly at poor Faith.

Faith stood silent.

Nan was not born to *finesse* and she had no refinements of education. She was rough because she had been roughly brought up; as for Faith, she felt kindly to her, and would be glad to do her a service. Also, she would be doubly glad to do Mrs. Batt an injury. She spoke out roundly:

"See here, miss, once or twice I saw you in town here with a man, an oldish man—I don't mean Kiah Kibble, the boat-builder; I know him; he gives me tracts sometimes; but another man, tall and rather handsome, and gentleman style, and looks as if he drank. Saw you come out of the drug store with him once, and he was talking mad like. Is that your father?"

Faith nodded. Oh, this was a hard errand that she had to do!

"I say, you won't never, never tell that I set you on the track of it, will you? You know I'm only a poor girl, with no folks to stand up for me if people gets mad at me; and Mrs. Batt will be just raving, and she and Aunt Gaines are pretty thick."

"I will not refer to you at all as having told me anything."

"Well, then,—come round here, Mrs. Batt may see us talking,—I was out sweeping the walk 'bout four o'clock this morning and I saw that very man—your father—slipping in behind the hotel with a right smart-sized jug in one hand, and under his arm a biggish bundle in a newspaper; looked to me just like picters, and I says to myself: 'There's a man carrying off things from his home as he has no business to carry off, and if he's that sweet-spoken, pretty young lady's pa,' I says, 'just as like as not it's some of her things old Batt's getting.'"

Faith gave a sob. "But so early! he could not get in then."

"I reckon he hung round the carriage house till 'bout six, and then old Mrs. Batt's up, and he could bargain for his truck. It's my idea that he slept in the carriage house 'bout three weeks ago, when he got too full to go home. He did break out then, didn't he?"

Oh! the misery of this shameful investigation!

"Thank you for telling me all that you have," said Faith. "I will go out by the side gate so that Mrs. Batt may not see me and trouble you."

"Hateful old thing!" said Nan. But this adjective "old" was just used to express her dislike, for in fact Mrs. Batt was not yet of middle age.

Faith went over to the fruit store and she and Kiah walked up the street for private conversation. "He has been getting his liquor at the Worlo House. He had a jugful this morning. I don't know where he is drinking it; but he brought the pictures."

"What shall we do now to get them, and then to find him?"

"The simplest way seems to me best," said Faith. "Let us go straight to the hotel parlour and ask for Mrs. Batt."

Faith's courage had now risen to the situation. That this bold, bad woman should have the pictures which Kenneth had given her was intolerable. They walked quietly into the Worlo House and asked for the proprietress. In marched Mrs. Batt in a pink wrapper trimmed with lace; her hair was much befrizzed, and she wore long earrings.

"Good-morning, Mr. Kibble! It *is* Mr. Kibble, I think; I've seen you pass. Is the young lady looking for board?"

"No," said Faith, erect, calm, firm; "I am looking for some of my property—these three pictures which hang here on your wall. You took them this morning from my father for a jug of whiskey. You must have known that he had no more right to sell the pictures *than you had to sell the liquor.* The pictures belong to me and my sister. I'll trouble you to take them down and give them to Mr. Kibble. We came for them."

Mrs. Batt's voice rose to a shrill scream of rage. "Get out of here, both of you! The pictures are mine! I bought them in Boston six months ago. Go out, or I'll have you put out!"

"The pictures are mine, and had my name and my sister's in pencil on the back. Have you rubbed them out? I can prove property. I will not go without them. If you have us put out, we will come in at once with a constable and complain of you for selling liquor without a license."

"Complain all that you like; but go!"

"See here, Mrs. Batt, the easiest way will be to give up the pictures," said Kiah, reaching down one from the wall. "Here is the young lady's name—Faith—on the back. Will you give them to us, or shall I stand guard over them, while she runs for a constable?"

"I must also know," said Faith, "if my father is drinking his liquor on your premises, for I must take him away."

"He isn't here," said Mrs. Batt. "I don't allow low, broken-down old topers, such as he is, hanging round my house! I should think you'd be ashamed to claim him; but probably you are used to it and not above it. You look so. As for the pictures, they are cheap wretched things. I don't care for them anyway. Take them." And opening a closet door Mrs. Batt picked up the very paper and string in which Ralph Kemp had brought the pictures, and handed them to Kiah.

Kiah took down the pictures, folded them up, and said: "Come, Faith." But when they were in the street he gave her the pictures and told her to wait while he went around and searched the back premises to see if her father were there.

"I think he must have gone away, as she said," he reported when he returned and took possession of the pictures. "Let us move along this way. It is now after eleven. I will stop in the little grocery at the fork of the road and buy us something to eat, and perhaps they can tell me which way your father went. It is my opinion that Mrs. Batt made him take his jug away, and he has gone somewhere to drink it at leisure."

When Kiah came out of the little grocery, bringing a package of eatables, he said: "They saw your father going across to those pine woods about half-past seven o'clock. That is not much out of our way. I think we may find him there."

Those were beautiful woods, and this was a beautiful day. The hot sun smote the pines and drew from them rich aromatic odours; the reddish pine needles made a soft, elastic

:t, and through the trees the
ıine sifted, flecking the earth
light. The pine woods were
still in this hot noon; there
no sound but the ceaseless
per of the pines, the click of
ıg needles or cones, and the
patter of squirrels' feet run-
along the branches, while tap,
tap, from a distance, came a
pecker's drumming on a tree.
ıow sweet and lovely and sooth-
is nature, drawing our hearts
er restful calms! What a con-
to the passion-tossed life of
ınity is this sweet growth and
; of the woods!

.ith, overworn by her morning
stressful excitement, sank back
her cushion of pine needles,
:d against a tree, and took off
hat to let the fragrant breeze
her flushed, unhappy face. Her
th came in little panting sobs;
ooked utterly desolate.

ah laid down his parcels with-
a word, and with a little tin
he had bought at the grocery
to hunt up a spring.

don't see nor hear anything of
father," he said as he came
; "but first of all, Miss Faith,
must eat a little something.
are tired out, and food will
you strength and courage for
ıat is to come. Keep up heart!
have your pictures, and soon
have your father. I haven't
hing very good to offer you.
I could get yonder was cheese
crackers and gingersnaps and a
can of tongue. Try and eat a
Miss Faith."

first Faith felt as if she could
ake a mouthful; but that hurt
's feelings, so she ate, and then
d that she was very hungry,
was all the better for eating.

hen the meal was over Kiah pro-
l that Faith should rest where
vas, and he should explore the
l for her father. But when
ı was out of sight inaction
ed dreadful to Faith, and she
started up to investigate on her
own account. She went hither and
thither, searching vainly, and at
last stopped, not far from a huge
pile of brush, the trimmings of trees
that had been cut up for firewood.
As she stood there, deeply discour-
aged, she felt as if someone were
watching her, and her eyes were
presently drawn toward a place in
the brush heap were she saw a pair
of eyes, and part of a face, regarding
her from the further side of the pile.
This must be her father. She went
straight around the heap.

There sat her father. After his
first dram he had gone to sleep, as
he had not been in bed all night.
He had roused, and been drinking
a little more, but carefully, as he
purposed taking the day for it. He
sat against the stump of a destroyed
pine, and the fatal jug was near
him. He said not a word as Faith
drew near and knelt down beside
him.

"Father!"

Infinite sorrow and reproach in
her tone and face.

"Go away, child. You are too
far from home. Why are you here?"

"To take what is my own," said
Faith. "The liquor in this jug is
mine. You paid for it with my
pictures."

"Nonsense, girl! It is not fit for
women—nor for men who know
how to rule their appetites. To me
it is a necessity."

"I can do what I will with my
own," said Faith masterfully; and
rising to her feet she seized the jug
with a quick motion and whirled it
against a big boulder lying near.

"Girl!" cried her father angrily.
"Now I shall have to go for more."

"You will not go for more," said
Faith, bending toward him. "I
will help you against the demon
that is destroying you. Come home
to good little Letty. Just think
how badly she feels for you to-day."

"I shall never go home again. I
shall only make you two miserable,

and carry off everything that you have."

"Then I will go and get the things back, as I have the pictures."

"You got back the pictures?" said the father, having the grace to blush.

"Yes, I did; and you can get no more whiskey at the Worlo House. Where will you try next, father?"

"Faith, I hate you!"

"Not when you are sober, father. Come, go home with me. Think how comfortable Letty and I make you sometimes. Think of the night my mother died. Do you remember, she prayed for you, and she asked you to promise to be good to the children? You said yes."

"But I have been bad to you ever since! I have lied to the dead."

"And you repent of that? You can be forgiven." Faith had knelt down again, her hand on her father's knee. "Listen, father! Let us pray for you; let us ask God for help, and you will be helped."

"You may pray all you like," said Ralph; "it can neither help nor hinder me. The fact is, Faith, as I have said before, I am where *I don't care.* Conscience is dead; my love for you children is nearly dead; my memory of your mother, of my mother, is nearly dead also. Can such dry bones live?"

"Yes: by the breath of God's Spirit. Bow your head, father; you *must* pray."

"It is of no use," said Ralph; but he bent his head and listened, and the sobbing prayer of the daughter may have been of some use, for when it was ended he suffered her to take him by the hand and lead him away, and so they met Kiah Kibble coming from a vain search in the wood.

Kiah proposed that Kemp should have some of the luncheon that was left. At first Ralph refused, then consented, and ate while Kiah brought him the quart pail full of water. He drank half of it and rinsed his face and head with the remainder.

"Come," he said quietly, "let us go home; your sister will be wondering where you are. It must be some time after noon."

"It is half-past one," said Kiah.

Father gave a glance at the large parcel of the pictures under Kiah's arm, but made no comment.

The next day Kenneth called at the little house, while Ralph sat reading to his daughters. He remained chatting pleasantly for about an hour, and then asked Faith to walk on the beach with him.

Faith avoided Letty's eyes, which would say "No," and reached for her hat. Was not yesterday enough of misery? Why should she not have a little pleasure in her life to-day?

"I am glad those pictures were on the wall," said father to Letty when Faith and Kenneth had passed down the beach.

"They came near not being there, father."

"Yes: I'll tell you, Letty, what I wish. I wish you and Faith would go off and save yourselves while you can, and leave me to take my own chances. I'm too much trouble to you, and I never shall be anything else. I'm not worth your worrying about—and who knows how much worse I shall be some day? You can't understand the tyranny of appetite. You feel as if I could stop when I wanted to. It is not in me. If you girls will just go and leave me, I'll promise you solemnly never to go near you or trouble you."

"We don't want any such promise, father. We want to do our duty. I promised mother; I must keep my word."

"When a person is a victim of the drink mania," said her father coolly, "he cares no more for his word than for a burnt straw. As for this stickling for truth, for a word, have you observed, Letty,

that the old pagans had very little regard for that kind of honour? I think, on the whole, this scrupulosity of promise-keeping is a very commercial kind of virtue — the outgrowth of the shop-keeping character."

"Faith should be here to argue that with you, father," said Letty.

A few days after this the father and his two daughters walked over to the boatbuilder's shop, after supper.

Kiah brought out his violin and proposed that they should have a little music. While this was going on, a girl came walking swiftly up the beach. She looked hot, angry, miserable; she had been crying, and had a bundle in her arms. It was Nan Gaines.

"I got into trouble for what I told you, miss," she said, throwing her bundle down at Faith's feet. "That old Batt had seen you talking to me—or some of her servants had, and she set on my aunt to charging me with it, and she scolded me for an hour, and then when I said my tongue was my own, she slapped me and said I shouldn't stay there another hour. She will want me back to-morrow, but I won't go. I've slaved long enough for her. But it is just on the edge of evening, and I had nowhere to go, so I did up my bundle and came to you."

Faith looked aghast at this incident. What could she and Letty do with Nan, in their poverty and with father's vagaries?

But Kiah interfered: "See here, child, these young ladies have no room and no money, but I can take you in. I have an old woman to keep my house, but she is not much at sewing, and she's no company. I'll take you for a daughter, if you like to try it. I think I shall like at last to hear One say, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

CHAPTER XV.

LETTY TO THE RESCUE.

It is one of the saddest things in a world where much is sad, to see a family upon the down grade, each year, each month marking the decadence of the home and the degradation of the individuals. To see a family rising to better and better things, the children reaching wider influence and deeper knowledge and better position than their parents have had—this is harmonious with general human progress, and is a comfortable spectacle. Toward this, with concerted intention, all the members of families should aim; it should be part of the family projects, freely discussed by old and young.

There was none of this cheering improvement in the house on the beach; each semester saw family affairs showing a little darker for Ralph Kemp and his daughters. The two girls now never knew when their father would indulge himself; his drinking had now no periodicity which could be relied upon. Under stress of this constant watchfulness, the sisters began to look anxious and careworn.

About six miles from the boatbuilder's house, there was a pretty rural ground where a yearly camp-meeting was held, and to go there for a week, listen to the sermons and share in the singing and prayers, was the great treat of Kiah Kibble's life. This year his old housekeeper went also, and Nan, who had settled herself very comfortably as part of Kiah's family, was left to keep house for herself and the little boy. Nan often came over to see the sisters; she considered them her friends, and was loyally attached to them, while as part of her friendship she discussed their affairs with a distressing frankness, of the unpleasantness of which she was not at all aware.

The second morning of Kiah's absence Nan came running up the beach, evidently with something to communicate. Letty went out to meet her. Father had disappeared

before his daughters awoke. What was to Letty even worse, as newer and more unexpected, Faith was unable to rise, having a terrible headache and considerable fever. Faith had not spent a day in bed for four years, and Letty was proportionately anxious.

"I shall be all right to-morrow," said Faith. "Darken the room, Letty, and let me keep quiet. It is nothing, and you know just what to do for me."

She did not inquire about her father; perhaps in the severity of her pain she forgot him; perhaps she did not wish to know of an evil which she could not help.

Letty, on her part, said nothing, but having made her sister as comfortable as she could, and placed a cooling drink near at hand, went down to her work at the lower room window. When she saw Nan, she went out to meet her.

"What is the matter? Have you any bad news? Speak softly, for my sister is sick in bed."

"I should say I had bad news! And Miss Faith laid up! I don't know then what you *will* do! Nothing, I reckon, for of course you can't get along as she can."

"But what is it, Nan — about father?"

"Of course. Isn't it always about him? You two would get on well enough if it wasn't for him. A boy named Carson came up from the village to fish to-day, and he was getting clams for bait near the boat-house, and he told me your father was drinking in at Jeffers' saloon. He said the last time he got drunk there the men teased him, and he got mad and threw a bottle through the window and made a big fuss; and Jeffers said, sure as he was a living man, if he acted like that there again, he'd have him arrested and put in jail for a month. You girls would feel mighty bad about that, wouldn't you? And so would your father, for when he's not in liquor he's a mighty big-feeling gentleman."

"And he is at Jeffers' again?" gasped Letty.

"Yes; t'other two places won't let him have any. Hill promised Mr. Kibble that he wouldn't, and he owes at the other place. The Carson boy says your father is drinking, and the men tease him and call him 'president' and 'professor' and try to get him to talk Latin and Greek. By noon he'll get rampageous, and first you know he will be in jail. I reckoned maybe Miss Faith would go over and bring him home, but of course you can't do anything."

"If I were near him, I could manage him better than she can."

"But you can't walk over there."

Letty looked about. There, going toward the hotel, was the grocer's cart. It passed some distance above her house, and after calling at the hotel returned to the town. When they needed any supplies for the house, she or Faith went up to the beach to where the cart crossed, and spoke to the grocer. He was a friendly young fellow, and Letty was sure he would take her back to town with him, if she went up and waited for him at the crossing.

"I will go to town with Barry," she said, "if I can stop him at the crossway. Nan, will you sit quietly in the house until I come back, and only go to Faith or speak to her if she calls? Maybe she will fall asleep and know nothing of this. She was awake nearly all night. I'll get back from town some way."

"All right," said Nan cordially. "I will bring you your hat and cape from the house, and I'll go to the crossroad with you; you can walk easier if I take you along by the arm as your sister does."

Having reached Barry's cart in time, Letty soon was riding to the village beside the grocer. He tried to be agreeable and chatted, but poor Letty's heart was so heavy she could scarcely answer him. She

ashamed to tell where she was
g, or for what, but trusted to
her way to the saloon after she
been left at the druggist's,
'e she bought something for
ı.

saloons are generally blatantly
ılished upon the public way,
r had not far to go before she
the sign, "Bill Jeffers," and
ing through the window, there
able was her father, intoxicated,
ıeated discussion, angry, flushed;
men who were drinking lis-
g with a jeering look; while
rs from behind the bar seemed
he watch for mischief. The
of the saloon was open and
heard plainly the subject of
father's harangue; she had
ı it before; it was not new to
he discussed the ethics of
otle. Terrified, not at her
r, but at his comrades, Letty
into the dreaded saloon. Short
child, but with long dress and
done up behind like a woman,
face piteous and terrified as a
's, but careful and grave as a
ın's, Letty, whom none of these
had ever seen before, attracted
nt attention.

Vell, young one, what do you
?" demanded Jeffers.

want my father," said Letty,
straight toward Ralph.

low see here!" bawled Jeffers,
one of my set rules not to have
ids nor women folks coming
after men. This is my place,
when the men gets done drink-
their folks can wait for 'em
le."

ll take him right away," said
hurriedly. "I was afraid if
ıyed he might quarrel, and I
l that you said you would send
o jail."

o I will, if he breaks any more
ows or raises a row."

ll take him out, and I wish,
e, you'd never sell him any
for then when he gets it he
't know what he is doing."

Jeffers laughed loudly. "If that ain't cool! I sell it to all that brings me their money. Cash, sure, is my rule."

Letty had drawn near her father. She took the glass from between his hands and touched his shoulder, saying gently, "Come now, dear, you and I will go home."

"Letty, why are you here? This is no place for a girl. Go home at once! Why are you meddling with me? You take too much on yourself, girl! The Roman women always remained in the privacy of their own homes. Go away, I say! I won't be watched and managed by you two girls! It is just disgraceful!"

His voice was loud and fierce, he gesticulated wildly, and all the men laughed. But there was one way in which Letty could always quiet her father and reduce him to submission like a tamed wild beast. She had the face and the voice of her father's mother. Her voice, if she had been left to her normal development like Faith, would have been powerful, but now it was, while not strong, yet unusually sweet and true. Perhaps its tones brought back the mother-love of old, the boyish reverence and devotion, for when Letty sang to him her father was always conquered. She thought nothing of the rude men standing about; she thought only of her father and how she must take him away and save him from himself. She took both his resisting tremulous hands in hers and with her eyes fixed on his began to sing:

"While I on earth abide,
Light of the world,
Be Thou my only Guide,
Light of the world.
Danger alone I see,
No hand outstretched to me,
Save when I turn to Thee,
Light of the world!

"I have been lured away,
Light of the world,
Far from Thy paths to stray,
Light of the world,

Like a bark tempest-tossed,
Rudder and compass lost,
Till Thy beam o'er me crossed;
Light of the world!

"There is an angel band,
Light of the world,
Close by Thy throne they stand,
Light of the world,
They sing the song of praise,
Join in the heavenly lays,
There I my voice would raise,
Light of the world!"

Father was now weeping like a child. Perhaps this "seemed to him like his mother's voice singing in Paradise." He looked at Letty. "Take me away with you, little girl. Take me away. There is fire within and fire all around me, and these faces here look at me like fiends from the pit. Take me away."

Father was not the only one weeping. Silence had fallen on the saloon, glasses were set down, tears were on rough faces.

Jeffers resented this situation. "Here, get out of this!" he said in a threatening voice, coming from his bar. "I don't keep no dime museum or monkey show for dwarfs or giantesses, or Salvation Army singing. You clear out!"

"How dare you speak so to my child!" shouted Ralph furiously.

"You wind up, Jeffers; you sha'n't have it all your own way here," cried a herculean fellow, seizing Jeffers by the shoulders. "Now hold your tongue, or I'll give you a bat that won't be good for you. Sit down there in your bar, tend to your glasses, and don't you move or speak. We are going to have some more singing. We don't often get a treat like this. Kemp, your little girl is all right; you just keep still and let her stand beside you; she is going to sing to us poor wretches. Start in, little one; we don't often hear about that Light, or anything else that's very good."

Letty trembled inwardly, but dared not refuse. Besides, she suddenly thought that this might be a call to do some service for her Lord. Letty felt as if she were a helpless little person who could serve Him very little. She began to sing again:

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek that happy land
Where they that love are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight"

One more hymn she sang, but dared not linger longer. The music might lose its effect and her father would become rebellious.

"I am tired," she said. "I must go now. I wish you would not let my father come here any more." And she led Ralph away. The men watched her going off, holding her unsteady father by the hand.

"She'll never get him home," said Luke Folsom, who had come in. "She isn't strong enough to walk two miles and a half on sandy roads. And just like enough Kemp will get drowsy going at that gait and will lie down and sleep for hours."

"Let us cross over and meet them as they get out of town, and take them home. Two of us can get Kemp along and two of us can cross hands and carry her," said Letty's big champion.

This proposition was received as a flash of genius. They did not stop to consider whether this help would or would not be welcome to Letty. They concluded that she positively could not get along without it, and perhaps she could not. Letty, less used than Faith to affairs, had set off from home without any money. She was terrified when she saw the four men coming up. They

were not drunk, but had all been drinking. They were strangers, all but Luke Folsom, whom she disliked greatly; were they come to persuade father to go back to the saloon?

"We're going to help you home, little one," said the big man heartily, "and we don't mean to let Jeffers sell any more drink to your dad: 'taint fair to such a little gal as you are. Now you can't foot it in this deep sand; you look ready to drop now. Luke and me will cross hands and make a princess chair for you, and the other two will help your father along right smart, and we'll get you home in no time. All we ask is that you'll sing while we take you along. You sing plumb, like a bird."

How thankful Letty was that they went round by the beach and met no one but Kiah Kibble's boy and his fishing friend, the boy Carson, as she was taken home in this kind of state! Her voice trembled, but she sang away bravely, "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me," and "Come, ye Disconsolate." As boys whistle to keep their courage up when they walk through the wood at night, so Letty sang partly to keep her courage up, and her hymns were prayers.

At last they were within sight of home.

"Won't you please let us go on alone now?" she said. "My sister is sick, and I'm afraid if you go up to the house, it may frighten her and make her worse. Thank you; you have been very kind."

The curious cortége at once came to a halt, and took leave very quietly. Father was soon sent to bed, Faith was found in a comfortable sleep, and Nan had prepared a nice tea-dinner for herself and Letty.

It was only a day or two after, when the sisters were at their work and father had been persuaded to sit down and make a hammock, that Kenneth Julian came in.

"I'm only here for a day," he said. "I came on business this time for my uncle. How are you all?"

"Well," said the sisters quietly.

"I am *not* well," said father calmly, "because I have not been doing well. There is no need for me to try to deceive you, Mr. Julian, and I don't care to do it. You know indulgence in drink is my besetting sin; and have you not observed, my young friend, that it is often the most gifted of men who become slaves of drink? The fine scholar, the handsome, genial boy, the universal favourite, fall. I wonder how you have escaped! And often the nobler the gifts, the deeper the degradation. Let me call to the minds of you young people a few notable instances. How many tears have been shed over Robert Burns! What a genius was there! what love of nature! what tenderness, what sympathy! In much he was like David, the singer of Israel. The shepherd and the ploughman, sweet lyrists both! But Burns yielded to the allurements of drink and perished miserably. John Logan, author of some of the finest Scottish hymns, minister in the town of Leith, drank himself to death at the age of forty-four. I am told that in the penny or twopenny lodgings and the police lodgings in London, men who have been distinguished lawyers, doctors, and preachers, first-class graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, are nightly found. I have cried, as a lad, over Charles Lamb, little thinking that I should have his fate, but not his fame. Where was there a brighter scholar, a more subtle genius, than Hartley Coleridge, brilliant son of a brilliant father? but he too went down to ruin before the demon of strong drink. You can match him with Edgar Allan Poe, singer and sot. Faith would place beside these De Quincey and S. T. Coleridge, drunkards on opium. Over how many premature graves can be written, Destroyed by drink! As

Marius sat musing on the ruins of Carthage, so I sit in spirit by that great grave where yearly sixty thousand victims of strong drink are laid, and I wonder much why men are born to die in this way, and why men are to be found to beguile brother men to their ruin. My young friends, this is a terrible mystery."

Father was yet in that *état exalté* which with him succeeded the indulgence in liquor. Alas for this father—a man of culture, who had pursued learning as an end, and exalted the higher part of his nature, bearing eloquent testimony to the superiority of the intellectual over the physical! What had now become of his testimony? He sat there a terrible example of the vices that he deprecated.

As the father talked well, but with prolixity, a deep and lasting lesson was borne in on the mind of Kenneth Julian. Surely nothing but the grace of God can stay the tempted soul or help the erring one to rise superior to the dominance of depraved appetite. Social status, the love of family, the blessings of a refined, cultivated type of life, highest intellectual training — all fall powerless; only that protection is assured and impregnable which comes from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

The calls of Kenneth on the sisters were often seasons of joyous laughter and merry jest, but to-day deep despondency seemed to brood over them all. The remarks of father on a sin of which he was a lamentable example did not serve to enliven his auditors. Letty with mechanical precision drew gold and silver thread in and out of green satin stretched upon a frame. Faith pulled threads for drawn work, and the wind coming in at the open door bore the vagrant shreds here and there; but no play of happiness flitted across the faces of Ralph Kemp's daughters.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the moon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minister-aisles of splendour, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music fair and dim—
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandalled not with shoon of silver, girded not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odours sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete,
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release—
I listen for the coming of His feet.

—*Lyman Whitney Allen, in N. Y. Independent.*

ligious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

ST CONFERENCES.

l the North-West Confer- Rev. John McLean was t, and Rev. G. W. Dean brethren were transferred out of, the Conference. L. Gaetz and T. Argue, o the active work; eight iving letters; two were ice, and ten were received tion with the Conference There are still seventy pro- first roll-call was answered ministers and twenty- he Conference adopted a essing the hope that the estion would be amicably the same time protested blishing of separate schools ıy denomination in Mani- ssionary meeting was one r. Among others who . F. Apetakun, of Island ındred miles east of Nor- here a white man could e. He spoke in Cree, and Dougall acted as interpreter. service was very impres- ıual lecture was delivered Stacey, B.A., on "An Out- the New Testament," for ved a vote of thanks. All of the Sabbath were well e statistical report is very he increase of members is umber of Sunday-school ,235, of whom 2,981 are ıe Church, and 3,328 have ıl abstinence pledge. The ıt so good as was desirable, luding all the funds there of $8,029. Rev. T. Argue Immigration Agent, and emmens has entered upon president of the Industrial andon.

Conference.—This Confer- illsboro'. At the ministerial robationers were received ction. On Sabbath, in ad- ordinary Conference ser- as an open-air service and evangelistic services. Early religious services were held daily. General Superintendent Carman made a continuous journey from Nashville, Tenn., to the Conference, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. He preached the ordination sermon. Two ministers had died during the year, J. C. Ogden and S. C. Leonard, B.A.; and Rev. T. W. Smith, retires from, and Rev. D. B. Scott re-enters, the active work. There was a net increase of 404 in the membership. Some of the funds were a little in advance, but others had declined. Rev. James Strothard was elected president and Rev. D. W. Johnston, M.A., secretary. Like other Methodist Conferences, Nova Scotia is sound on temperance, the meeting held at Conference being very enthusiastic. Revs. G. O. Huestis and James Taylor were appointed to preach Jubilee sermons at the Conference of 1896. With a view to improve the Supernumerary Fund, Rev. C. H. Paisley was appointed agent to travel on its behalf, and $1,000 was promised at Conference. Rev. W. Ainsley was allowed to take the position of Conference Evangelist. The *Wesleyan*, which had been reduced to $1 per year, only reported an increase of four hundred subscribers. There had been a net profit in the Book-Room of $739.65.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—Marysville was the place of meeting. At the ministerial session five probationers who had travelled the term of probation were recommended for ordination, and, with three others previously ordained, were received into full connection. Three ministers had died during the year, viz., A. C. Dennis, C. H. Dutcher and Wm. Maggs. Testimonies were given respecting them by several of their fellow-labourers. News of the death, in California, of Rev. L. S. Johnson, was received on the third day of Conference. Rev. T. Howie was elevated to the chair of the Conference, and Rev. Geo. Steel to the post of secretary. The religious services, both on the Sabbath and week evenings, were seasons of spiritual power. The love-feast

was conducted by venerable Father Daniel, aged eighty-nine. Professor Andrews presented the report of Mount Allison College, which stated that there is a debt of $50,000, which he thought the people should discharge at the earliest possible moment. Like other Conferences, the receipts for the funds were a little deficient. The Contingent Fund needs an advance of 40 per cent. The net decrease in all the funds is $6,232.75. Both the Eastern Conferences condemn the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba. Dr. Carman reached the Conference when the business was nearly completed, but he was immediately called to the platform and delivered one of his soul-stirring addresses. The statistical report contained the gratifying item that there was a net increase in the membership of 339. There had been 1,178 baptisms administered, of which 261 were adults.

Irish Wesleyan Conference.—This Conference—one hundred and twenty-sixth—was held in Carlisle Memorial Church, Belfast. Rev. Walford Green, of the English Conference, presided. He was accompanied by Rev. H. J. Pope, D.D., Dr. Waller and J. E. Clapham. Dr. Dewart was received in connection with the brethren from England. He was perfectly at home and received a real Irish welcome. Dr. McCutcheon had died during the year. His place in the legal hundred was filled by Rev. Irvine Johnston. Three probationers were ordained, one of whom goes to India as a missionary. Twelve young men are on the list of reserve, all of whom are eligible for the ministry, and four candidates were accepted. The statistical report stated that there had been 345 emigrations, 417 deaths, and 849 lost from other causes; still there is a net increase of 224 members. After this report had been presented there was a lengthy conversation on the State of the Work of God. Rev. R. C. Johnston was appointed to attend the General Conference of the M.E. Church of 1896.

Methodist New Connexion Conference.—This, the ninety-ninth Conference of the denomination, was held at Halifax, which is one of the strongholds of the Church and the seventh time the Conference has met there. There are four beautiful churches in the town, which are comprised in three circuits, besides several smaller churches, making the total number of places of worship seventeen. There are eight ministers, forty-five local preachers, 1,947 members, and 5,317 scholars in the Sunday-schools. A few days before the opening of Conference a temperance meeting was held, at which Mr. E. Watson, from Newcastle, fell dead on the platform. A medical gentleman pronounced heart-failure to be the cause of his death. On the opening of the Conference Rev. G. Parker was elected president, and Mr. W. P. Burnley secretary. A stationing committee is elected by ballot on the first day of Conference, and consists of two ministers and two laymen. As next Conference will be the centenary of the Connexion, preparations are being made to raise a centenary fund. The amount will probably reach $500,000, of which $240,000 was reported as already promised. The president has been identified with the Connexion about thirty-five years, and was one of the first students in the college. He has been exactly thirty years in the ministry, and has long been known as "a connexional man." Dr. Dewart preached on Sabbath, spoke at the missionary meeting, and also at the tea-meeting. He was most heartily received, and greatly interested both ministers and people respecting Methodism in Canada. Dr. Cocker, a former General Superintendent of the New Connexion in Canada, suitably responded. From the reports presented it does not seem that the Connexion is prospering very rapidly, though in respect to finances there are several items of interest. The net sum raised last year for alterations and reduction of church debts is $93,985. At the ordination service seven young men were set apart to the full work of the ministry. The number of married ministers increases more rapidly than places can be found for them. Two ministers, Rev. J. C. Milburn and W. Eddon, who travelled forty-five and thirty-two years respectively, retired from the active work, and two others rest for one year; three students were received on probation and four candidates were appointed to college. A Forward Movement, the first of the kind that the Connexion has made, has been inaugurated in London with every prospect of success.

Primitive Methodist Conference.—This Conference was held at Edinburgh, which is the first gathering of the kind ever held in Scotland, hence it is no wonder that it should make a profound sensation. The Free Church Assembly Hall was granted free of expense as the place of meeting. There were sixty-eight ministers and 128 laymen in attendance at

rst session. After devotional exer-
tive ministers were nominated for
residential chair, and after three
s of voting Rev. John Watson was
ed elected. He comes from a good
tive stock in the north of England,
as had a varied ministerial career,
g laboured in Australia and South
, and is now principal of the college
anchester. He is reputed to be one
e most cultured ministers in the
exion. Mr. W. E. Parker, of Man-
er, was elected vice-president, and
R. S. Blair secretary. Rev. T.
ell enters upon his duties as book
rd. Various committees for the
rance of business were appointed;
n ministers were reported to have

Letters of condolence were sent
bereaved families; seven ministers,
f whom was expelled, were separ-
from the Conference; twelve were
ed a superannuated relation, and
sked to be allowed to re-enter the
work. Forty-one probationers
received into full connection and
-eight received on probation; a great
er were placed on the reserve list
leven were sent to college. A gloom
pon the Conference when a telegram
eceived communicating the sad news
death of the Rev. Thomas Guttery.
putation was sent from the Confer-
to attend the funeral. There had
such a plethora of candidates for
inistry that several had been kept
ears on the reserve list. At this
rence a considerable number were
ed, as they are all twenty-five years
e or even more, and there is no
bility that their services will be
red for years to come. The circuits
requested not to recommend any
dates but such as are first-class men.
ministers from other Churches ap-
to be admitted, but were refused.
statistical report stated that there
n increase of twenty-two Sunday-
ls and 6,526 scholars, of whom 3,720
bove fourteen years of age. There
0,381 juvenile and 8,510 adult ab-
rs. Two Sundays in the year were
art, one for the Sunday-school and
ther for temperance. The religious
es were powerful, and at the Sab-
afternoon camp-meeting four preach-
ands were occupied. The singing and
procession to the field were such as
nd has not often witnessed. Sev-
lelegates occupied the city pulpits,
ling that of the cathedral. There
also a missionary, a temperance, and
meeting. Gifts amounting to more
than $20,000 had been received from various persons for different connexional objects, chiefly churches. There is a connexional insurance society which has been of great service to the Connexion, as it has donated most of its profits to the erection of churches. A new departure had been taken in respect to the Book-Room, the wisdom of which some questioned, as it was thought to be too great an undertaking. The premises, however, have been opened, and the hope is indulged that the future will even be more prosperous than the past. The great question of the Conference was that of union with the Bible Christian Church. Rev. F. W. Bourne attended the Conference in the interests of union. While the subject was under discussion Dr. Dewart arrived and had a most cordial reception. An editor says: "His account of the Methodist Church of Canada was a very rosy one. Union has there been a great success, and no one would think of going back to the old state of things. No doubt many will be disposed to say there are difficulties here in the Old Country that did not exist in Canada. But Dr. Dewart assured us that this was not the case, that the difficulties were quite as great, but that when once it was felt that the proposal was of God and would be for the advantage of the Church, all these difficulties melted away." We almost think that the Doctor will be at a loss to know which Conference gave him the most royal welcome. His experience on Methodist union would be of great value, but it seems that the day of union in England has not arrived. A committee has been appointed to consider and report at a future Conference. Rev. W. Herridge, of Brampton, was also at Conference, and at the close of Dr. Dewart's address he was introduced and addressed the Conference. Mr. Herridge was the president of the Primitive Methodist Conference in Canada when the union was accomplished, and signed the document of union on behalf of the Primitive Methodist Conference. He spoke well, and quite touched the heart of the Conference by the story of his conversion exactly fifty years ago that night in a Primitive Methodist class-meeting. Mr. Hartley, who has been a most munificent contributor to the Church funds, now proposes to head a scheme for the enlargement of the college and to afford increased facilities for the education of the rising ministry. He gave $25,000 to the Jubilee Fund, and will give $20,000, or may be $25,000, to the

college. A pleasant incident occurred one day. Rev. Dr. Whyte, one of the most popular of Edinburgh ministers, sent a copy of his "Samuel Rutherford" to each of the ministerial delegates, with a kind message. The Book-Room during the past year turned over $158,315, and netted a profit of $20,000. The Jubilee Fund wants $20,000 to reach the original amount proposed, $250,000.

Stockport Holiness Convention. — This Convention has been held annually for several years. Rev. E. E. Jenkins, D.D., and other leading Methodist divines are its chief promoters. The services continue for a week, with meetings daily and consist of sermons, addresses, Bible readings, testimonies, etc. Ministers and people of all the branches of Methodism, as well as other denominations, take part in the proceedings. Great good is accomplished by the Convention. Could not such gatherings be held in Canada with great advantage to Methodism?

Recent Deaths.

Rev. T. Guttery, a devoted Primitive Methodist minister, died at Sunderland, England, in June. He will be remembered by many of our readers, as for eight years he was stationed in Toronto. After his return to England he was stationed at London, Southport, and Sunderland (twice). He possessed fine talents, and was popular both in the pulpit and on the platform. Had he not been called away he would soon have been elevated to the editor's chair, for the duties of which he was well qualified. He was only fifty-eight years of age, but he had done much valuable service for the Church, and had he been less prodigal of his strength would no doubt have lived many years yet. His only son is a rising minister in the Church of his father.

Rev. Dr. Henry Scudder was for many years a missionary in the East, and died at Winchester in June, 1895. He was born in India but educated in America, and then entered the mission field. Three of his sisters married British army officers, and six brothers, like himself, served their generation as missionaries.

Philip Phillips, the well-known singing evangelist, who made a pilgrimage in almost every country in the world, was recently called to join in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. He was little more than sixty years of age when called away. His delightful spiritual songs had been heard by crowned heads in Europe. Thousands at conventions in America had often been entranced as he sang "the old, old story"; and President Lincoln was so delighted with "Your Mission" that he asked for it to be repeated. He was a spiritually-minded man, and died in the Lord.

Rev. Dr. McAnally was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the space of sixty years. After being in the pastorate twenty-five years, he was connected with educational institutions, and finally occupied the editor's chair for the rest of his days. He served his generation well. The Church of his choice regarded him as one of her choicest sons, and was never afraid to entrust the most important interests to his care. During the war he was on the side of the South, and suffered imprisonment, but he was never afraid to suffer for what he believed to be right.

Rev. G. R. D. Austin, of the Primitive Methodist Church, the son of a minister, came to his death by being knocked down by a railway train in Derbyshire. He was a man greatly beloved, and had been stationed on some important circuits, which he served with great acceptability for twenty-three years. Nottingham was his field of toil when the sad accident befell him.

Rev. H. J. Pring, also of the Primitive Methodist Church, has gone to his eternal home under painful circumstances. For a considerable time he had suffered great physical and mental weakness, on account of which he was confined in an asylum, where he ended his earthly pilgrimage. Mr. Pring had been thirty-three years in the ministry, during which he gave ample proof that he was "called of God, as was Aaron."

Rev. William Torrance, Guelph Conference, was suddenly called from his earthly labours, May 29th. He was an earnest and successful minister of the Lord Jesus. The writer became greatly attached to him on the Bradford district. For twenty-three years he toiled hard. He was a man of strong physique, and during the Fenian raid he, with his brother John, shouldered arms in defence of their country. Latterly he was a great sufferer from sciatica, which ended in apoplexy, from which he died happy in the Lord. On the last day of his life he attended a funeral and performed a marriage ceremony.

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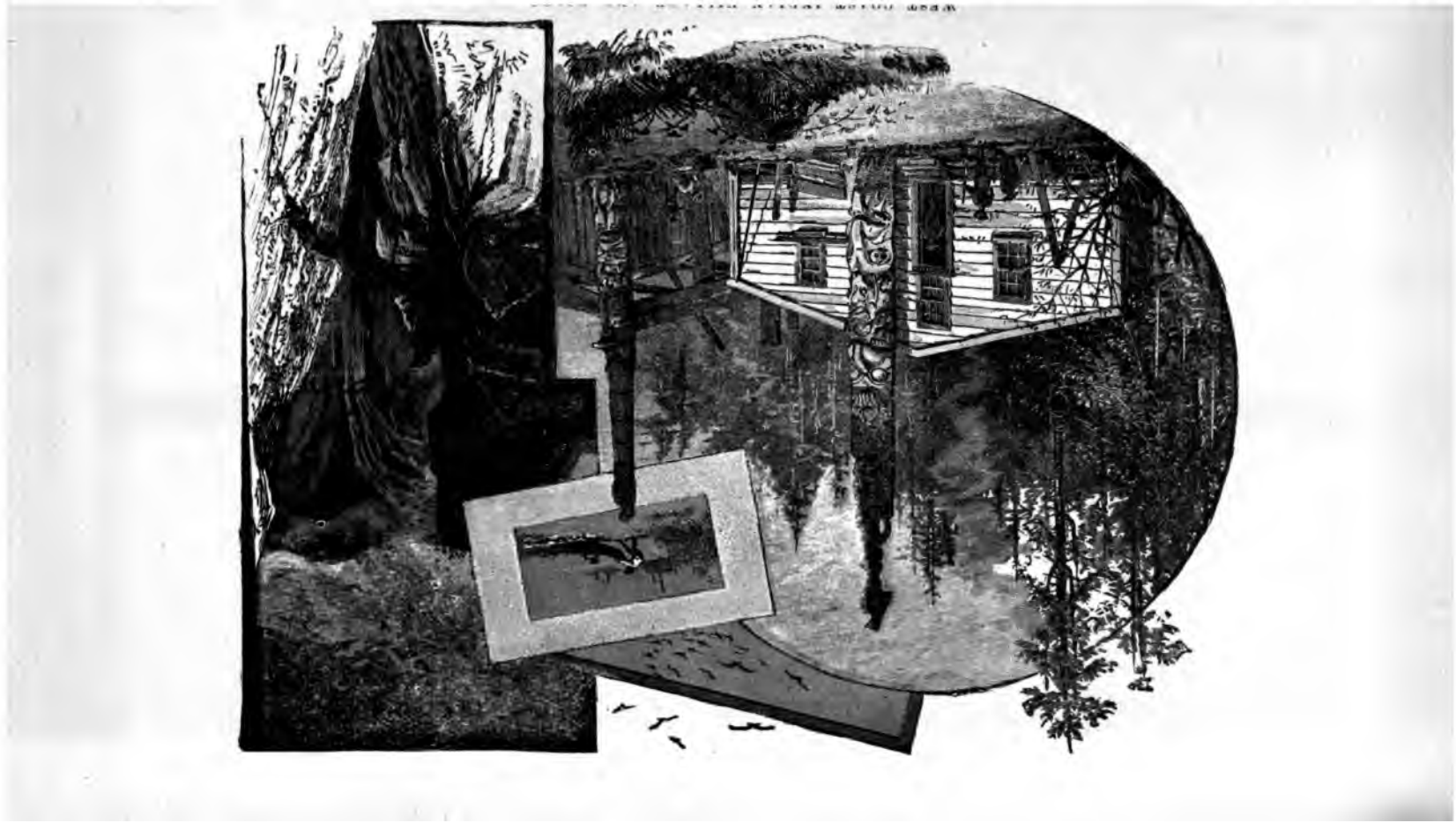


HE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1895.

ALASKA.*

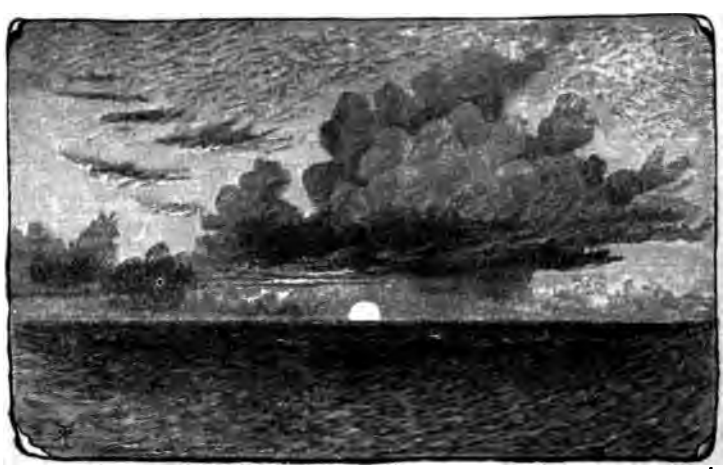
A HEAVY SEA ON NORTH PACIFIC.

AVING Victoria, B.C., we pass gh a congeries of islands, like 'housand Islands of the St. Law- on a greatly magnified scale, we enter the Gulf of Georgia, f the widest portions of the In- Passage. Some forty or fifty farther on, and we reach the ypical waters of the Inland Pas- —Discovery Passage—a narrow rway between high, mountain- anks; an extended salt-water, -like channel, about a mile in lth. At Seymour Narrows the nel is not much over half a mile where the tides rush through the velocity of the swiftest s (said to be nine knots at g tides). The shores now be- truly mountainous in charac- ter, ridges and peaks on the south side bearing snow throughout the summer on their summits, four thousand to five thousand feet high. Queen Charlotte Sound is one of the few openings to the Pacific Ocean. Where Magellan sailed over the Pacific Ocean it well deserved the name; but along the rough northern coast the amount of stormy weather increases, and a voyage on this part of the Pacific is not always calculated to impress one with the appropriateness of the great ocean's name. The full sweep of the Pacific is encountered and the steamer is often exposed to a very heavy sea. It is very impressive to look from some rocky headland over the vast Pacific, and to realize that for four thousand

*ridged from Lieut. Schwatka's volume on Alaska, and other trustworthy authorities, Editor.

miles these waves roll on unimpeded till they break upon the shores of the distant Empire of Japan. Especially impressive is this at the set of sun, when the shadows of night mantle sea and land. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland beautifully describes such a scene as follows:

"A few years ago, while on a visit to our missions in British Columbia, one evening, in company with a few others, I climbed a hill whose summit commanded a view of the Pacific Ocean. Before us lay a vision that will be treasured up in memory's chambers through all the coming years. Behind us was the gloomy forest and the toilsome way over which we had journeyed, but before us the broad Pacific lay unrolled, so near in that transparent atmosphere that we could see the ripples on its bosom stirred by the evening breeze, and yet so far that amid the solemn stillness there came to us no sound of the wave that broke upon the distant reef. In the western sky dappled clouds were anchored in the blue, through which the rays of the setting sun streamed upon the sea in ever-varying tints of purple and gold and amethyst, till every ripple sparkled like burnished jewels set in a sapphire pavement. And then as the sun sank still lower, and touched the ocean's distant rim, the glowing tints all merged into one long trail of splendour that stretched from the shore above which we stood all the way to another shore that seemed to lie just where the sun was setting, as if God's angels had bridged, with beaten gold, the surface of the gently heaving sea, making a pathway of light over which departing souls might pass to the other side. But a little longer and the golden glory softened into



SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

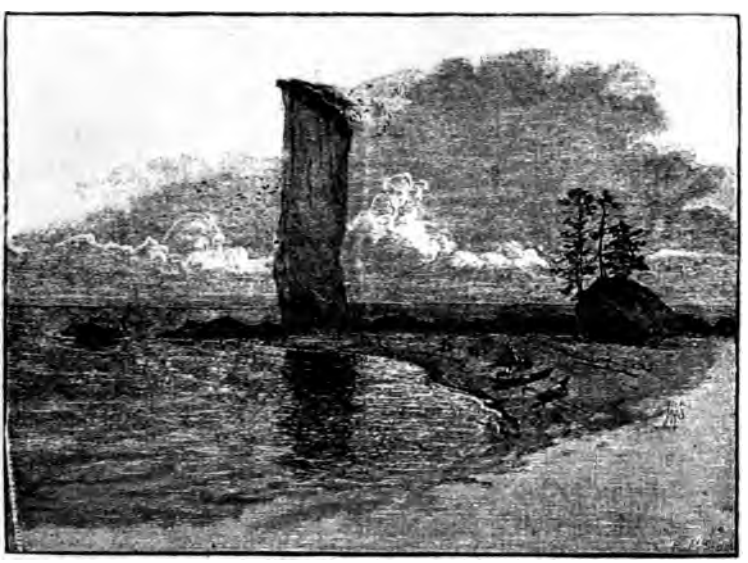
almost silvery whiteness, which, when the sun disappeared, merged in the neutral tints of a quiet sea, leaving only a reflected splendour in the sky to tell of the brightness that had been there."

The mainland is flanked throughout nearly its entire extent by a belt of islands, of which the majority are sea-girt mountains. Most aptly has this wave-washed region been termed an archipelago of mountains and land-locked seas. In this weird region of bottomless depths there are no sand beaches or gravelly shores. All the margins of mainland and

ınds drop down plump into inky homs of water.

Along these shores there are nu- rous Indian fishing villages. One the most remarkable of these s Metlakahtla. A few years ago was a flourishing village. The ry of the reclamation of the In- ıns from savagery and pagan- ı to civilization and Christianity, ough the labours of Mr. Duncan, ay missionary of the Church of gland, is one of intense interest. t on account of dissensions be- are in ruins, gaping windowless on the sea, the church mocks with hollow echoes its scanty services, the cannery and sawmill are broken down, there are no children in the streets, no gatherings in the public place, the guest-house that was once thronged with many travellers has no path to it, and all the gardens are overgrown and waste." A few of the exiled Indians are, it is said, straggling back to their old home.

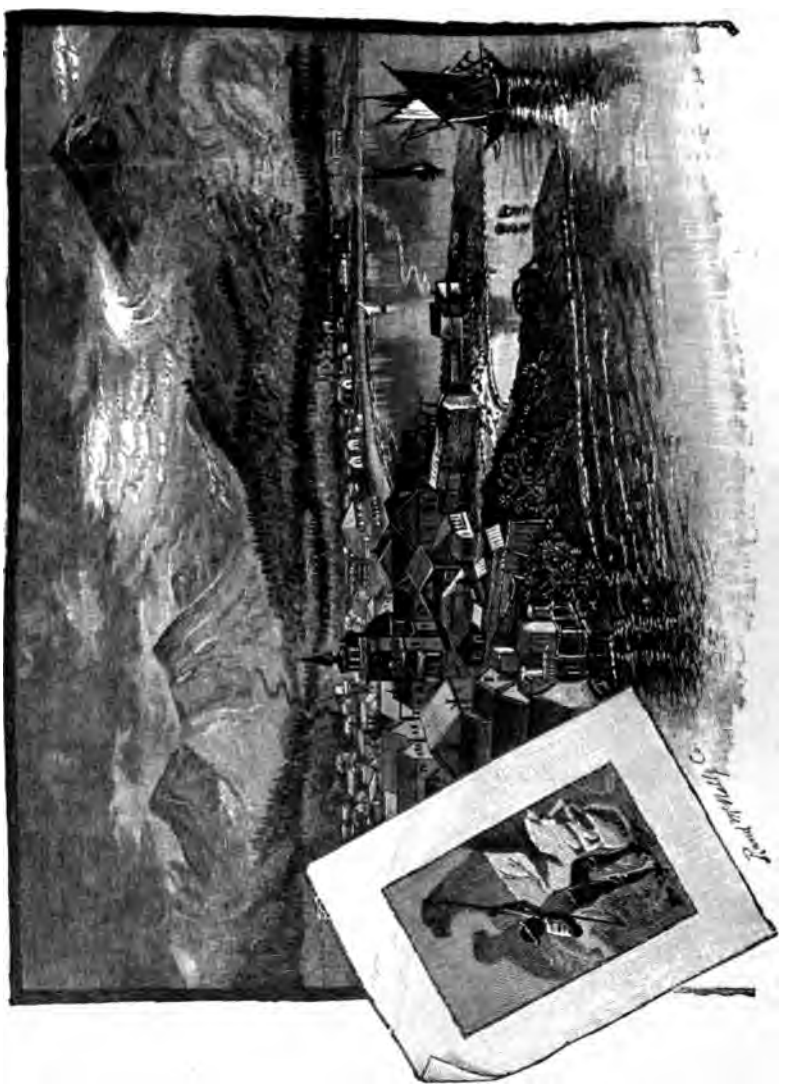
Port Simpson is twenty miles farther north, near the borders of



NATURE'S MONUMENT, PACIFIC COAST.

ɜen Mr. Duncan and the officers of ı society, the mission was broken and Mr. Duncan and his Indians noved to Alaska. A recent visitor this spot says: "There is a cer- n pathos about Metlakahtla. It s a village of two-storied houses, th street lamps, gardens, and shell- ewn paths, where fruit has un- alled luxuriance, whose harbour s efficient shelter, where there is annery and a sawmill for the em- yment of the people, the largest urch in the province, and a fine ission house. But now the houses Alaska. Of it the writer last quoted says: "Fort Simpson is perhaps more attractive than even Metlakahtla. The houses are more numerous and better designed, and the place looks prosperous. At the Methodist mission, which has a good church, is an Industrial School, wherein twenty-five Indian girls are sheltered from impurity and taught to keep house. Fort Simpson has an important Hudson's Bay Company's post dating from 1830, and the log buildings, although defaced in part with modern clap-board and paint, have a

little of the natural frontier dignity which pervades the true Hudson's Bay factory. One of the bastions, and even some curtailed parts of the old stockade, still exist. There are now nine or ten whites in the village. The houses occupy a point of land and a little island forming part of the breakwater of the fine circular bay, cited officially as the best of the British Columbian harbours."



SITKA, ALASKA.

Here the Rev. Thomas Crosby and his devoted wife have been the means, in the hands of Providence, of working a moral miracle in the habits of the natives. The commodious church was erected almost entirely at the expense of the natives and numerous outlying missions at Bella-Bella, Bella-Coola, Naas River, Port Essington, Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Upper Skeena. For many years Mr. Crosby travelled up and down the wild west coast in a

tive dug-out canoe; but now the *ad Tidings*, mission steam yacht, nishes a readier means of access the scattered mission stations. In s heroic work he is nobly seconded the Rev. Messrs. Green, Jennings, yant and others, and by several tive assistants. The history of ristian missions on this coast is a apter of strangest romance and roism.

Alaska is sharply divided from Dominion of Canada by the 141st gree of west longitude, from the ctic Ocean to Mount St. Elias, whole territory to the Russo-American Fur Company, who established forty stations, and conducted a flourishing trade for more than sixty years. In 1867 it was purchased by the United States Government for $7,200,000. The greater part of the country is unknown, but enough of it has been explored by traders, scientists and sportsmen to show that one of the world's greatest wonderlands lies within its boundaries.

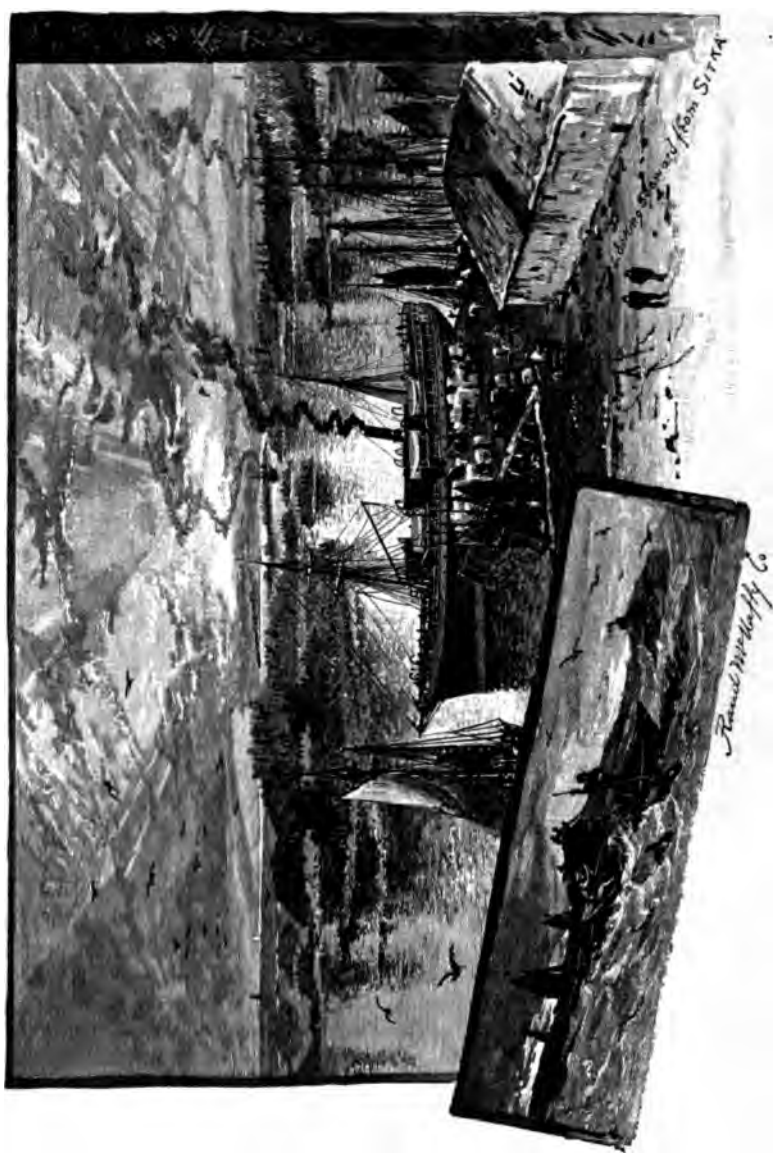
The climate of Alaska is phenomenal. The warm waters of the ocean give off a copious moisture, which is

ALASKAN CLIFFS.

nce by an irregular line seldom re than thirty miles from the sea he 55th parallel—a farther disce of six hundred miles. It is ven hundred miles long and eight ndred miles broad, and has an a of five hundred and twelve usand square miles. Discovered 1741 by a Russian expedition ler Behring, at the cost of the at navigator's life, it came under control of the Czar, who encoured the planting of various indedent settlements until the year 99, when Paul VIII. granted the thrown by the winds against the snow-clad mountains and glaciers, and is precipitated in thick mists and torrents of rain. At Sitka the mean temperature is 49°.9, and the average rainfall eighty inches.

For about one thousand miles from the southern extremity of Vancouver's Island northwards there stretches a vast archipelago, in the midst of which is the Inland Passage above described. On reaching the Alaskan territory, snowy mountain peaks begin to appear; and higher still, crowns of ice debouch

in the shape of glaciers right down to the water's level; and, finally, all the wonders of the Arctic regions are seen on a reduced scale. The



THOUSAND ISLANDS, LOOKING SEAWARD FROM SITKA.

Inland Passage terminates just beyond Sitka, which, as New Archangel, was the capital of Russian America. It is now the headquarters of the United States authorities,

and one of the three principal settlements. It contains fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is the residence of a Greek bishop. The surrounding scenery, as shown in our cut, is magnificent. So mild and moist is the climate that the grass here grows five feet high, dandelions are as large as asters, and buttercups twice

the usual size. On the forest-clad mountain slopes the spruces grow to an enormous size, with remarkably dense foliage, and the rocks are covered with beds of moss of great depth.

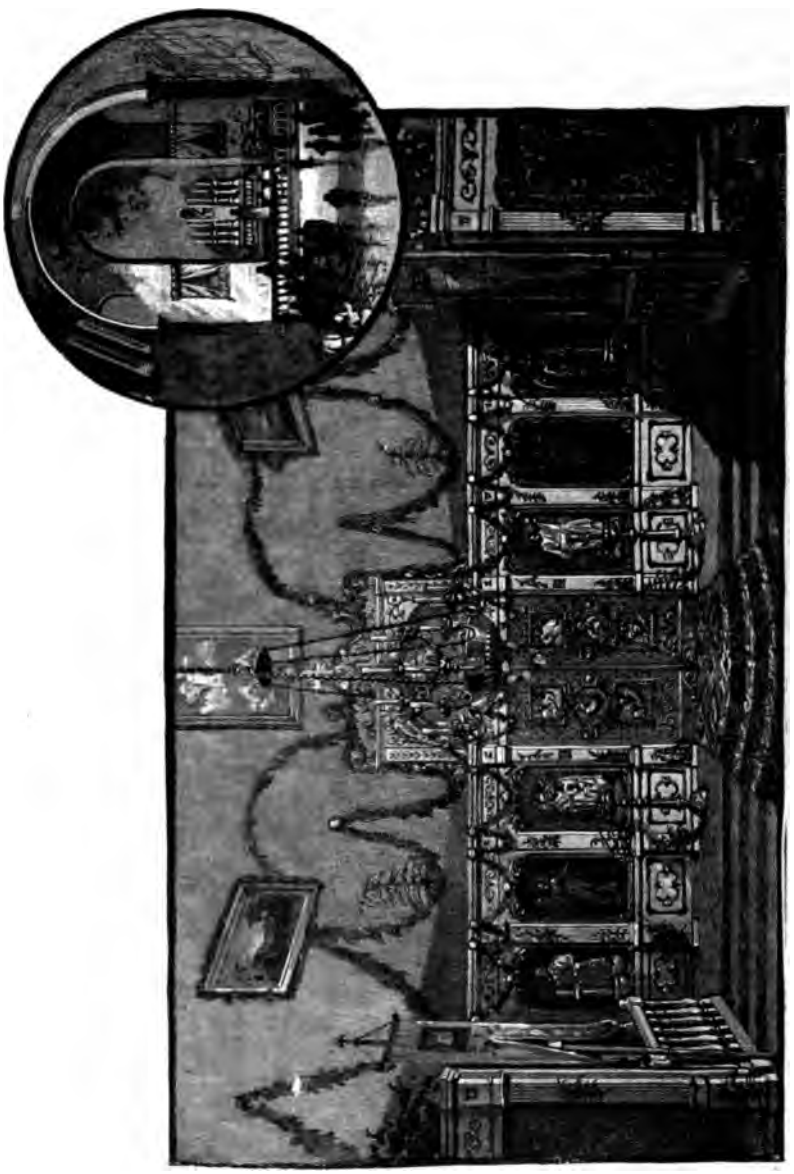
Round the coast-line from Sitka Inlet an immense wall of ice stretches for hundreds of miles, broken only by the estuaries of considerable rivers. Farther on, Mount St. Elias, an active volcano, rises, a mass of snow and ice, twenty thousand feet sheer from the ocean's edge which thunders at its base. Near Mount St. Elias is the greatest cluster of high mountains on the Western Continent—Lituya Peak, ten thousand feet high; Fairweather, fifteen thousand five hundred; and Crillon, still higher; then, beyond, Cook and Vancouver cluster near sublime St. Elias, whose jagged top may be seen a hundred and fifty miles to sea. How disappointing are the Colorado peaks of twelve and fourteen thousand feet, for the simple reason that they spring from a plain already six to eight thousand feet above sea-level, and seem, as they are, but high hills on a high plateau. How like pigmies they appear to Hood, Tacoma, Shasta and others, whose every foot above sea-level is in mountain slope. On the eastern side of St. Elias the coast curves slightly to the south. A long promontory, cut up into innumerable forest-fringed bays, and protected by a maze of rocks and islets, reaches out into the Pacific, and tapers off into a grand chain of islands which stretch half-way across to Asia, and are covered with woods, prairies and volcanoes.

Alaska is a land of mountains. Vast forests run up their slopes, often to an altitude of two thousand feet, and are rich in cedar, spruce, alder, larch and fir, some of which develop colossal proportions. The rivers swarm with salmon and trout. The king salmon sometimes reaches a length of six feet, and weighs about ninety pounds. It is for its sea-fisheries, however, that Alaska is most famous. Enormous quantities of halibut, cod, smelt, flounders, etc., are caught on its coast. The adjacent Aleutian Islands are the home of the fur seal. The Yukon River is two thousand and forty-four miles long, in two places upwards of twenty miles broad, fed by innumerable tributaries of unknown length and capacity, and discharging, it is alleged, a greater volume of water than any other river in the world.

This great lonely land is said to have only thirty thousand inhabitants, mostly Indians and Eskimo. The constant life of some of the Indians on the water has produced a most preponderating development of the chest and upper limbs over the lower, so that their gait on land is like that of aquatic birds. Stern experience has given the trading Indians a keen eye for business, and they are at length discovering the value of the products of their country. Once, when an Indian wanted a gun, for example, an old flintlock was produced, and he had to pile skin upon skin until the heap reached the muzzle, and in return for three or four hundred dollars' worth of furs he would receive the antiquated but coveted weapon. The Hudson's Bay Company employed, it is said, remarkably long-barrelled guns in this traffic; but now the Indians understand the value of furs as well as the purchaser. Some of the Indian houses are quite respectable, being made with cedar, with a polished floor, and handsomely adorned. Most of the habitations, however, are squalid beyond measure. The dense resinous smoke blackens the walls and fills the house with fumes which are sufficiently disagreeable without the odour of decayed salmon, with which they are usually impregnated.

After crossing the International boundary the first settlement reached is Wrangell, which is a tumble-down

dilapidated-looking town, in a most beautifully picturesque situation. It is the port to the Cassiar mines in British Columbia, reached by the



INTERIOR OF GREEK CHURCH, SITKA.

Stickeen River, a most picturesque stream, which pierces the Coast Range through a Yosemite valley more than a hundred miles long, from one to three miles wide at the bottom, and from five thousand to eight thousand feet deep.

Sitka, the capital of Alaska, is most picturesquely located at the head of Sitka Sound; its bay is full of pretty islets. The steamer, after winding its way through a tortuous channel, finally brings to at a commodious wharf, with the city before

you, which is in strange contrast with the wild, rugged scenery around. In front stretch the white settlements of the town. The Greek church is the most conspicuous and interesting object. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is surmounted by an Oriental dome over the centre, which has been painted an emerald green colour. One wing is used as a chapel, and contains, besides a curious font, an exquisite painting of the Virgin and Child, copied from the celebrated picture at Moscow. All the drapery is of silver, and the halo of gold; of the painting itself, nothing is seen but the faces. Through the opening left for the head shows the face of the Virgin, of marvellous sweetness and exquisite colouring. The picture is worthy of a place in the world's great galleries, and it seemed a matter of regret that it is in such a secluded place. The life-size paintings of St. Michael and St. Nicholas on the doors of the altar have elaborate silver draperies and gold halos. The ornaments and the candelabra are all of silver, the walls are hung with portraits of princes and prelates, and the general effect is rich in the extreme

A few old Russians, or "Russian Creoles," present, had an air of being Tolstöi's peasants, and entered into the service with great earnestness. The Indian converts were noticeable for their stupid looks and perfunctory motions, evidently understanding little of the service, which was in Slavonic. The candles in the hanging silver lamps (similar to those seen at the Greek altars in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem) seemed to attract them, and in many of the Indian houses we saw "icons" with a light burning before them. This Greek church claims to have a thousand adherents.

AN ARCTIC FJORD IN WINTER.

Next to the church in interest is the old Muscovite castle. Here the stern Romanoff ruled the land, and Baron Wrangell, one of Russia's many celebrated Polar explorers, held sway. The old baronial structure is imposing solely because of its commanding position on the top of a great rock, and is interesting on account of its history and the romantic stories that cling about the vestiges of its fast-decaying

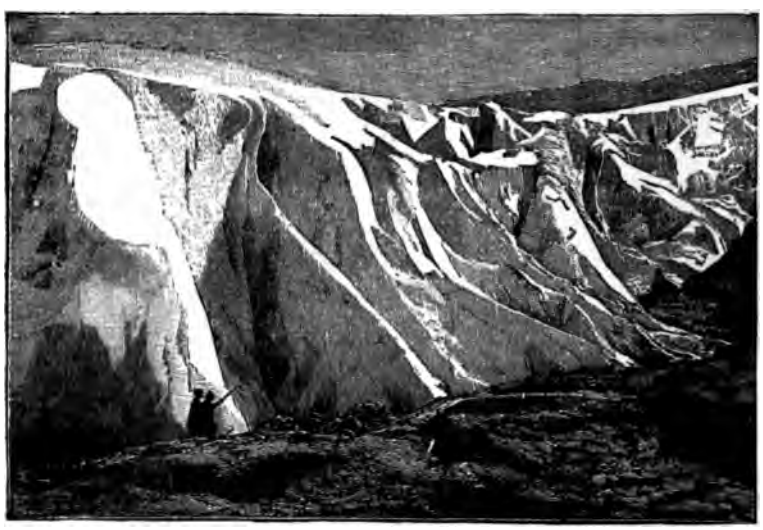
grandeur. Its great timbers are put together in that solid, heavy fashion that recalls the days when this now peaceful settlement was ravaged by Indian wars, and stout walls were a necessity as a defence against attack.

At Sitka the American Presbyterians have a prosperous mission with a school and orphanage, established by Mrs. McFarlane, a devoted American lady, who was for some years the only white woman in the country—a region larger than the whole of France.

At Glacier Bay, near Mount St. Elias, the grandeur culminates. Muir Glacier exposes a glittering wall of ice from five hundred to one thousand feet in height, four or five miles across the front, and extending forty miles back. From one point thirty huge glaciers may be seen.

"In all Switzerland," says Lieut. Schwatka, "there is nothing comparable to these Alaskan glaciers, where the frozen wastes rise straight from the sea, and a steamer can go up within an eighth of a mile, and cruise beside them."

Lord Dufferin has pronounced the scenery of Alaska to be the sublimest he has witnessed in all his travels. He says: "While its glaciers and mountains are five times as large as those of the Alpine regions, Alaska possesses, in addition, the changeful beauty of the sea; while the Alpine mountains attain their grandeur slowly, rising from the level by a succession of foot-hills, these peaks of the northland rise abruptly from the sea to a snow-crowned, ice-crowned height, not surpassed by the loftiest peaks of the Alps." Alaska is *par excellence* the scenic store-ground of the world, its inlets rivalling the fjords of Norway, and its glaciers far surpassing those of Switzerland.



A TYPICAL GLACIER.

GET leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all.
—*E. B. Browning.*

THE SALVATION ARMY AT WORK.

BY EDMUND K. ALDEN.

GENERAL BALLINGTON BOOTH.

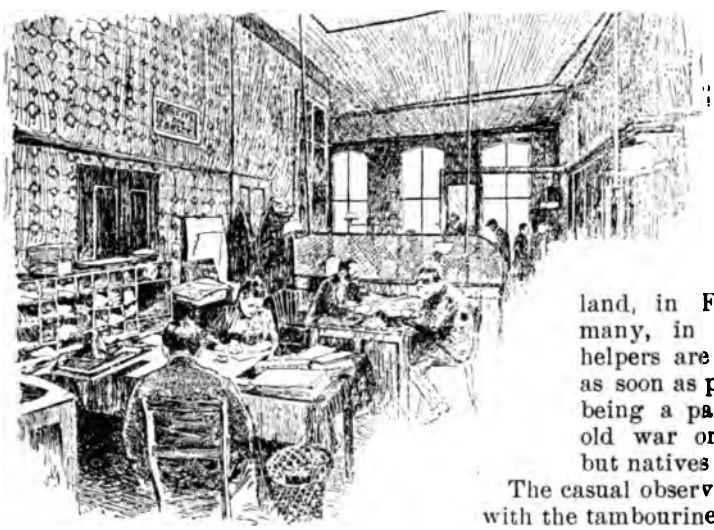
A BODY of men and women hard at work is the characterization which the Salvationists would probably prefer for themselves. Everybody, from commander to the last night's recruit, is supposed to labour. The methods are partly prescribed and partly at individual discretion. The main object is, to put it bluntly, "get saved, stay saved." The mottoes and epigrams of the Army remind one of the pithy exhortation of Suvaroff to the Russian soldiers: "The bullet is a fool; charge with the bayonet!"

The general principles of the organization are familiar to the mass of readers, but it may surprise many to learn how strict is the discipline, and how numerous are the regulations ordained for the conduct of the officer. Each one has his appointed duties—cadet, lieutenant, captain or ensign, adjutant, staff-captain or major, brigadier, colonel, and commander. On inspecting the "Rules for Officers in the Slum Work," we find that to each is assigned the task of spending six hours a day in meetings or in visiting the poor, and, further, "No slum officer to leave her post without permission from the staff-officer in command"; "8 a.m., breakfast, Bible readings, and prayer"; "9.45–10.15, private prayer"; "5.30, supper."

Some of the stipulations seem rather binding to a non-military Christian: "Never go in debt without permission from headquarters." "Always have *two* persons to *count* the collections." "No marriage can take place without the *consent* of Headquarters." Note this also: "What is the rule of the Army with regard to courting? (1) Those who *flirt*, and are found out, which is usually the case, are sent home again. (4) If . . . any engagements are formed, information to this effect must be forwarded in confidence to the General-in-chief, who, if he approves, gives consent to such engagement." Again, on miscellaneous topics: "What advice does the Army give about reading? It is better *not* to read secular—that is, the ordinary—newspapers. Of course you will not read any novels. Avoid *all* the ordinary religious books." "How can you best attend to your health? Eat moderately. Don't eat suppers. Keep your feet dry. Keep off all doctors, if possible." "What is the Army

rule with regard to going out to dinner, tea, and the like? By all means avoid everything of the kind." "Suggestions concerning your own spiritual life . . . (5) Resolve that you will instantly resist the very appearance of evil. Be a clean Salvationist. N.B. Fasten this up in a prominent part of the officers' quarters"

Where salvation is the motive and the name, and great attention is given to minutiæ, there is of course a kind of registry of converts. We ask the adjutant for information



THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

touching New York City during a certain period; he consults a clerk, who turns to a ledger and reads with somewhat startling plainness the number saved at station one in July, 1892, the number at station three, and so forth for the six stations—"total souls, 120." While in the statistical bureau we will copy a few items concerning that city. In seven months of the current year the "slum sisters" visited 7,801 families, 7,186 saloons, held seventy-eight meetings in tenement houses, scrubbed seventy-eight rooms, and "laboured" with 20,307 persons in and about saloons. Strict account is kept of the attendance at meetings, and of the number of persons who come to the "penitent form."

The Headquarters is the focus of inspiration and assistance. To it go officers who are leading the forlorn hope somewhere on the East Side, and there they receive encouragement and proffers of help. It is to the Salvationists a denominational house and war department combined. Contrary to what is probably a prevalent impression, only a small proportion, about ten per cent., of the workers in the United States are of English nationality. The same phenomenon is noticeable abroad; in Switzerland, in France, in Germany, in India, foreign helpers are dispensed with as soon as possible, the aim being a paraphrase of the old war order, "Put none but natives on guard."

The casual observer is acquainted with the tambourine and bass-drum features of the Army work, but not with the self-sacrificing house-to-house labour of some of these men and women. A "slum sister," appearing—apart from her uniform—very much like one of the tenement house dwellers, in apron and cotton dress, enters the homes of the "Bend," or "Hell's Kitchen," or places in the West Side which we never think of invading, and mends clothes, helps the old people, nurses the sick, procures medical care for the children, sells garments, in short, regards no helpful work as degrading; she does about everything except giving money outright; this is reserved for rare cases.

Let us visit a meeting, one which the staff-captain calls "one of our respectable meetings." A glance on entering the building shows that his remark is true. There is decorum, a grand piano, and an air of comparative prosperity among the auditors. It might almost be a "neighbourhood prayer-meeting" somewhere in the country, we think, as acquaintances greet one another before the hour of opening, as women bring their families, as girls enter with their hymn-books and reverently bow in silent prayer. Evidently this Army station is an institution of long standing. A policeman is seated at the door, but his presence is merely ornamental. Soon the leaders, four men and seven women strong, file in and take places on the platform, and the illusion of the neighbourhood meeting is dispelled. No pillars of a village church ever demonstrate so strikingly the fervour of their religious feelings. The leader of the gathering makes a short address of welcome, alluding to her recent absence, after which follows the usual variety of short addresses, short prayers, and songs, prominent among which is "He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star." This old Salvation Army favourite is rendered about twenty times, in almost all possible ways, by the leader alone, by the choir, by all standing, by the seventy-five members of the audience alone, with accompaniment of tambourines, of handkerchief-waving, of hand-clapping, in groups and in unison, with a continual *crescendo* effect. A young man testifies that he has been fighting the devil all the morning, and is greeted with "amens" and cries of encouragement. A young woman on the platform tells how she broke away from her evil life. An "auxiliary" rises, looking a little out of place in his semi-clerical garb, but he is not at all out of place in the timeliness and excellence of his words, which are cordially appreciated. Again the leader rises and sings, "There'll be no more sorrow there," and "I'm going to meet Jesus up there," each time more plaintively and tenderly.

Now come to another meeting in a widely different quarter of the city. But it is well to leave our watches and valuables at home, to don our old clothes, and to appear, not exactly disreputable, but a little more "in harmony with our environment." In streets of whose very names we were previously ignorant,

THE SLUM BRIGADE.

where members of various nationalities eye us suspiciously as we stumble along in the gloom, among saloons wide open, old rookeries, blind alleys, and places of evil resort, the Salvationists have established some of their stations. The barracks are, perhaps, on the upper floor of an old house, in appearance precisely like its neighbours. We enter. A well-dressed visitor would attract instant attention and comment in this audience. In assemblies like this the policeman is not a useless spectator. The piano is replaced by a heavy drum. Some blear-eyed

individuals have wandered in—out of the sin and darkness—to the back seats. The auditors are not enthusiastic, nor always attentive. But the "Hallelujah lassie" is cheerily trying to sell her stated number of "War Crys"; the young officer in charge is earnestly singing, "I am happy all the day, since Jesus came to stay"; a boy eighteen years old rises to say, "I was saved last Monday night at Woodside Park. I have never felt so happy in my life as I have since. You fellows, and you girls too, ought to come and get saved." The instant the meeting drags, the conductor starts a hymn, perhaps to the tune of "The Old Kentucky Home," and several listeners join in the refrain.

Not very far from the centre of the old village of Greenwich, now imbedded in the great West Side, was the ancient Berean Church. This has been converted by the Army into a food and shelter station, and rechristened the "Lighthouse." The upper audience-room now forms the hall for meetings; the basement is divided into a restaurant, furnished with tables and a long counter, a kitchen, and a sleeping-room equipped with fifty beds. For seven cents the wayfarer procures a lodging; the bed is a plain wooden frame, on the floor, three and a half by seven feet, provided with an excelsior mattress and an oilcloth covering. The room is lighted, clean, and far more comfortable than the typical "Bowery lodging-house." We sample the bill of fare in the restaurant, and we buy a good plate of soup for two cents; a plate of beans costs two cents; tea or coffee the same. The more elaborate dishes of beef stew, or corned beef and cabbage, are served for four cents, and meat pie costs five. In fine, supper, lodging, and breakfast can be obtained for fifteen to twenty cents. "If you or your friends are poor, or if you are in bad luck, or if your work does not give you time to cook your meals, we can help you"; and again, "You can buy what you wish and eat it in the building, or take it to your home." Such is their programme.

The shelter officers have been at work in this place for seven months, and very rough treatment they experienced at first, and considerable physical violence was offered. But the pleasant-faced captain does not seem discouraged; nor the waiter, as he sings a snatch of an Army song: he has had an extraordinary history, as student in a great English university, as private secretary to a noted statesman, as wanderer, outcast, and drunkard on the streets of New York.

During these seven months the shelter has supplied thousands of meals and lodgings and found employment for hundreds of men. Comparatively few of the visitors thus entertained were unable to pay their way. How did these latter fare? Come with us down a very doubtful flight of stairs into the cellar of the old church. Observe that large pile of wood, saw-horse and saw resting suggestively near, and you will understand that able-bodied drones are not welcomed when they apply for free meals and lodgings.

It is doubtful whether theologians have devoted much attention to the dogmatic side of the Army. The creed lays great stress on the personal experience of each believer. The authority of the Bible is emphasized. The catechism is quite full upon the topics of the atonement, election, the perseverance of saints, and sanctification, and some space is devoted to combating what are stated to be the errors of Calvin and Calvinists. A few extracts from this catechism will afford an idea of the official teachings of the Army on some theological points:

"Did God make men sinners? *Ans.* Oh dear no! God made Adam

Armenian Salvationist converted in New York city
Canadian Indian
Delegate to the Salvationist Congress in London
Salvation "Lassie", New York costume
The Maréchale Booth-Clibborn, recently in America
A familiar figure

TYPES OF SOLDIERS.

and Eve, our first parents, perfectly pure, and pronounced them to be good." "What is the meaning of Redemption? *Ans.* Redemption means . . . to get out of pawn by payment of a price." "If a debt is paid, it is paid, and the sinner's *unbelief* does not in any way affect the *fact.*" "Then if a man goes to Hell, it is his own fault? *Ans.* Yes." "But how about the heathen who have never heard the Gospel? *Ans.* We leave them to the mercy of God." "When talking about the forgiveness of sins, is it wise to avoid such terms as regeneration, justification, and the like? *Ans.* Yes. . . . Use the plain words pardon and conversion; everybody will then know what you mean." "In this age, specially in the Army, few, if any, can smoke or drink without feeling both to be *wasteful, injurious,* and *unclean habits.*" "What are your views on the subject of backsliding? *Ans.* I believe it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be finally lost." "Whatever is contrary to the teaching of this book (the Bible) must be considered false and thrown overboard."

In a short sketch like the present there is space to touch on a few things only. Some of the most suggestive efforts of the Salvationists are being prosecuted abroad, and among the fields of operation we may instance India. There is one man whose services in that country are regarded by the officers as of the highest value. To him, in his early experience, it occurred that a first step was to discard his European hat, boots, and trousers, and to adopt the turban and the native dress. He followed up this plan by conforming to the native mode of dwelling. He abandoned chairs, sat on the floor, and slept on a mat. Further he made use of the distinctive Buddhist colour—a tan—in his uniform, and transformed himself into a fakir. Like a local

holy man, he begged bread from door to door. By these methods he aroused a storm of opposition from certain government authorities and missionaries. He "did a month's time"—so his biographer remarks—in gaol. But he persevered, and his system has been the model of the local Army in India. About five hundred officers are at work. They accustom themselves to local habits, and recruit the ranks from the natives. To the believers in Islam, Hinduism, or Buddhism they offer at first no direct attacks on faith or tenets, but say, "We have got something better."

That the Army should have startled the religious world was inevitable. That it should have shocked many was also inevitable. But that a thoughtful observer should dismiss the whole movement as a latter-day freak, as a sort of parallel to the wild sects of the Middle Ages, is surely irrational. Painstaking search ought to dispel the illusion that there is nothing beneath the roll of the drums and the blare of the trumpets. The Auxiliary class is a proof that outsiders are recognizing the unique value of the Army's services, and that Salvationists admit the great worth of the moral and physical aid thus received. The methods often appear to us incongruous with the aims. Results are the goal and the glory of the officers. They have taken a large contract—the moral, spiritual, and, to a certain degree, physical reclaiming of the "submerged tenth," the fourth estate, the non-church-going masses. But they have, apparently, no doubt of ultimate success.—*The Christian Union.*

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

TELL me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
Travelling o'er this pathway dim,
Are you shedding light around you?
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love?
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win?
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
For the weary ones who fall?
Do you take them to the Saviour,
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible?
Is it precious to your soul?
Are its treasures growing richer
As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
More than all the world beside?
Does it bring a holy comfort
With His people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your all is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
Showing forth the Master's praise,
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

I HAVE no wit, no words no tears;
My heart within me, like a stone,
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but, dimmed with grief,
No everlasting hills I see,
My heart is in the falling leaf;
O Jesus, quicken me!

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief
And tedious in the barren dusk.
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud or greenness can I see,
Yet rise it shall—the sap of spring
O Jesus, rise in me!

—*Christina Rossetti.*

THE CONGO AND ITS MISSIONS.

BY ADELINA M. TESKEY.

"Still humanity grows dearer
Being learned the more."
—*Jean Ingelow.*

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION—DRAGGING BOATS OVER PORTAGE ON THE CONGO.

EVER since Stanley completed his work in 1877 of tracing the Congo River, the attention of all Christendom has been attracted toward this great highway into the heart of Africa. In 1484, Dogo Cam, a Portuguese navigator, sighted the mouth of the Congo, but not until 1877 was there any definite knowledge concerning it. The cataract region is said to be the obstacle which kept so long secret this great highway, but, that passed, there has also been discovered one thousand one hundred miles of navigable river, and beyond the Stanley Falls another two thousand miles of riverway.

The Congo varies greatly in width, and flows with great velocity in places, eroding the banks to such an extent that granite rocks, schist, mica, gneiss and quartz are exposed. In such localities the vegetation is scarce and stunted. In the more level regions, where the river has formed itself into quiet pools or lakes, the banks are forest-clad, rich soil has accumulated, which is cultivated by the natives for raising ground nuts, sweet potatoes, Indian corn, cassava bushes, and all garden produce. In places may be found some of the richest soil in the world. As might be expected in such a soil, the vegetation is of tropical luxuriance and endless variety. Beautiful creepers, ferns and palms lend their rare grace to the scene, and wild flowers, from the purest white to the most gorgeously coloured, embroider the landscape.

"The beauty of the leaf-forms alone," says a traveller, "is a pleasure, while the tints, from the darkest green to soft yellow, delicate pink, bronze, chocolate, and bright crimson, are mysteries of colour." The grass even, like other things, is of gigantic proportions. Stanley gives us a passage descriptive of the country through which he trav-

elled while following up the course of the great river:

"Over the whole Nature has flung a robe of verdure of the most fervid tints. She has bidden the mountains loose their streamlets, has commanded the hills and ridges to bloom, filled the valleys with vegetation breathing perfume, for the rocks she has woven garlands of creepers, and the stems of trees she has draped with moss; and sterility she has banished from her dominion. Yet Nature has not provided a soft, velvety England in the midst of Africa. Far from it. She is here too robust and prolific. Her grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles, her reeds are tough and tall as bamboos, her creepers are of cable thickness and length, her thorns are hooks of steel, her trees shoot up to the height of one hundred feet. We find no pleasure in straying in search of wild flowers, and game is left undisturbed, for once the main path is left we find ourselves overhead among thick, tough, unyielding, lacerating grass."

STANLEY'S CHIEF CARPENTER POCOCK CARRIED OVER FALLS ON THE CONGO.

Bird and insect life are as prolific and varied as plant life. "If I were to enter into the details of the insect world I saw within the area of a square foot," wrote Mr. Stanley, "an entire chapter might readily have been filled." Game is most abundant. Elephants are numerous, and leopards are found throughout the country. There are two species of buffalo on the Upper Congo, and many monkeys inhabit the woods. The lion has disappeared from certain districts. Hippopotami and crocodiles abound in the river. Fish are plentiful, and are largely caught by the natives.

It has been said that the climate of Africa has been unduly vilified. But while its malarial fevers have claimed many victims, missionaries have proved that it is possible to live on the Congo. Wild winds, torrents of rain, thunder and lightning, make the stranger think at times the world is going to pieces. But notwithstanding the intensity of the electric storms, accidents by lightning are rare.

Amid all this wildness and variety of the vegetable and animal world there exists a similar wild-

ness and variety among the tribes of men which inhabit the unknown continent. "Fierce, wild savagery, loathsome cannibalism, cruelty, the densest darkness and degradation

KING OF THE CHUMBIRI, CONGO COUNTRY.

of heathenism—such was the aspect as the white man, with some one hundred and fifty followers, endeavoured quietly and peaceably to paddle in mid-stream past their villages."

Well might Stanley exclaim as he rowed up the majestic river, among the surrounding luxuriance of vegetation,

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile!"

Until the missionary explorations of Dr. Livingstone, nothing could be done toward the evangelization of the interior of Africa. All efforts were confined to the coast. He drew attention to the peoples and their needs. On his first return visit to England, in 1856, he said to his countrymen: "I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you."

As to the missions on the Congo River, the Baptist Society appear to have made the first step in that direction. Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, wrote to the Baptist Missionary Society, offering them one thousand pounds if they would undertake mission work in the Congo country. The society accepted the offer, and sent word to two of their missionaries to prepare for a journey to that region. About this time Mr. Stanley had arrived at the mouth of the Congo, having traced the course of the river.

Shortly after this a party arrived on the river to found the Livingstone Inland Mission—undenominational. Mr. Crudgington of this party, according to Mr. Stanley's advice, returned home to get a steel sectional boat, the *Plymouth*. He hoped to be able to navigate the cataract region.

Great progress has been made since that time in the opening up of the country. Trading houses have

MNYAMWEZI PAGAZI.

pushed far into the interior, and a railway is in course of construction to connect the upper and lower river, and transport merchandise past the cataract region.

Mission work has been pushed forward one thousand miles from the coast. The English Baptist Mission have now eight stations in active work. Two steamers, the *Peace* and the *Goodwill,* supply the upper river stations. The Livingstone Congo Mission became too large for the management of Dr. and Mrs. Guinness, and was by them handed over to the American Baptist Missionary Union. Their steamer, the *Henry Reed,* supplies their upper river stations.

The Congo Balolo Mission have a staff of twenty-three workers, and seven missions. The Southern Presbyterian Church of the United States have four missionaries on the Congo. The Evangelical Missionary Union, in connection with Mr. Simpson's tabernacle, New York, is also at work.

The African is a great lover of music, so much so that someone has said a London organ-grinder could go in perfect safety through the heart of Africa unguarded; so the singing missionary will gain the ears of the people, if not their hearts.

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, began a mission on the Congo in 1886. He has been eminently successful in other mission fields, and felt his great heart fired with a desire to carry the news of salvation to Central Africa. His plan is to carry on self-supporting missions.

" He went in the strength of dependence
To tread where his Master trod,
To gather and knit together
The family of God."

The reports of the success of this self-supporting scheme are somewhat conflicting. The Rev. Holman Bentley, of the English Baptist Mission, in his work, "Life on the Congo," condemns, with undue asperity, it seems to the writer, the proceedings of the bishop, and gives a harrowing description of the "terrible time of starvation, privation and death" which followed the arrival of the bishop's party in Africa. If credence can be given in any measure to this report it shows in an eminent degree the necessity of "strategy in missions."

THE "STANLEY" AND "LIVINGSTONE" CANOES.

A great deal has been said about the Christianization of Africa, and very different have been the views

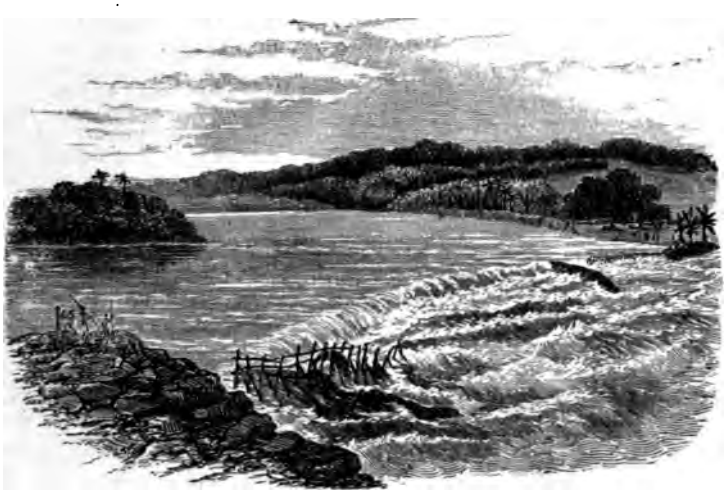
entertained. The following appeared in the *Missionary Herald:*

"CIVILIZE THE AFRICAN AND THEN CHRISTIANIZE HIM.—This seems to be the order some celebrated African explorers would have missionaries observe. Sir Samuel Baker says: 'The philanthropist and missionary will expend their noble energy in vain in struggling against the savage hordes until the first steps toward their gradual enlightenment shall be made by commerce.' He advises the missionary to wait awhile till the Africans have been humanized.

"Alvan S. Southworth, in an address before the American Geographical Society, said: 'I have roughly computed that the Christian world has spent on missionary labour in Africa, since the era of railroads and telegraphs began, an amount sufficient to have built a railroad along the line of the equator. Let us be practical with the negro, for in his aboriginal state you cannot spiritualize him.'

"He rejoices that such missionaries as the railroad and steamboat are getting into Africa. What are we to infer from these and similar statements? Evidently that those who are devoting their lives to the elevation of Africa are mistaken, for their *modus operandi* is to *evangelize first*, in accordance, as they maintain, with the divinely-appointed method—'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' It has been truly said: 'As there is no philosopher too wise, so there is no child too simple to take in God, through Christ, as the moral life-power in his nature. We may apply this to the lowest of our race in heathendom as well as in Christendom. The Gospel meeting the soul's needs, its greatest want, dispels its darkness. 'The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.' God's Spirit working through the truth and the preacher effects a change without which all benevolent efforts are in vain.

"Attending this change and springing from it, as naturally as a stream from its fountain, there springs up in the heart of the hitherto unclad, filthy, and lazy heathen, a desire for clothing, for soap to cleanse it, and for some industrial pursuit. Then follow neat and comfortable dwellings, schoolhouses, sanctuaries, improved methods of cultivating the soil, and other proof of the civilizing power of the Gospel. . . . The writer can speak from experience. Ten long years of toil among Africans, almost as wild as the beasts which nightly prowled around his dwelling, witnessed no desire for either a shirt or a plough until there were conversions to Christ."



SEVENTH CATARACT OF THE CONGO, STANLEY FALLS.

Perhaps, as with some of the reforms which are being made in our own country, more is to be expected from work among the children of the dark continent than from any other quarter.

"There is a peculiar charm," said one of the travellers, "in the associations

with children in this land of hardened hearts and savage natures; there is a time in the life of the most savage when infancy is free from the fierce instincts of race, even the lion's whelp will fondle the hand that it would tear in riper years: thus, separated in this land of horrors from all civilization, and forced by hard necessity into the vicinity of all that was brutal and disgusting, it was an indescribable relief to be surrounded by those who were yet innocent."

And these little innocents are the subjects of the most cruel barbarities of a cruel people. The cannibal prefers the tender flesh of a child to that of an adult. The cannibals known as Makkarikas, the Arab traders declared, were bad associates, as they insisted on killing and eating the children which the party wished to secure as slaves. Truly, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

WELLAND, Ont.

The missions are establishing schools, and Africa's children are being won for Christ. We would not by the above remarks wish to lead any to believe that the work of the missionary was without effect among adults. They too are being reached, and the mighty miracle of conversion has been wrought in many souls. There has come at times a simultaneous awakening at several mission stations many miles apart, showing that the almighty power of God produces the same glorious effects in working on the hardened hearts of the sons and daughters of Africa.

"Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all."

POWER FOR VICTORY.

WAITING for Him in the darkness,
Watching for Him in the light;
Listening to catch His orders
In the very midst of the fight.
Seeing His slightest signal
Across the heads of the throng;
Hearing His faintest whisper
Above earth's loudest song.
Dwelling beneath His shadow
In the burden and heat of the day;
Looking for His appearing
As the hours wear fast away.
Shining, to give Him glory;
Working to praise His name,
Bearing with Him the suffering,
Bearing for Him the shame.

Art thou afraid to trust Him,
Seeming so far away?
Wherefore, then, not keep closer—
Close as He says we may?
Why, then, not walk beside Him,
Holding His blessed hand;
Patiently walking onward
All through the weary land?

Passing safe through the mazes,
The tangle of grief and care;
Safe through the blossoming garden
Where only the world looks fair;
Crossing with Him the chasm,
As it were by a single thread;
Fording with Him the river—
Christ leading as He had led.

Then up the heights of glory,
Unfollowed by death or sin;
Swift through the pearl-white portal
Thy feet may enter in.
Into the realm of music
Where not a note will jar:
Into the clime of sweetness,
Which not a breath will mar;
Where sighs are all out of hearing,
And tears are all out of sight;
And the shadows on earth are forgotten
In the heaven which has no night;
Where loss yields its long-lost interest,
And bitter its long-hid sweet;
And they sing, "Unto Him that loved us,"
And lay down their crowns at His feet.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

II.—THE PLANETS.

When we look up at the heavens we see, if we watch through the night, the host of stars rising in the east and passing above us to sink in the west, always at the same distance and in unchanging order, each seeming a point of light as feeble as the glow-worm's shine in the meadow over which they are rising, each flickering as though the evening wind would blow it out. The infant stretches forth his hand to grasp the Pleiades; but when the child has become an old man the "Seven Stars" are still there unchanged, dim only in his aged sight, and proving themselves the enduring substance, while it is his own life which has gone, as the shine of the glow-worm in the night. They were there just the same a hundred generations ago, before the pyramids were built, and they will tremble there still, when the pyramids have been worn down to dust with the blowing of the desert sand against their granite sides. They watched the earth grow fit for man long before man came, and they will doubtless be shining on when our poor human race itself has disappeared from the surface of this planet.

Probably there is no one of us who has not felt this solemn sense of their almost infinite duration as compared with his own little portion of time, and it would be a worthy subject for our thought if we could study them in the light that the New Astronomy sheds for us on their nature. But I must here confine myself to the description of but a few of their number, and speak, not of the infinite multitude and variety of stars, each a self-shining sun, but only of those which move close at hand; for it is not true of quite all that they keep at the same distance and order.

Of the whole celestial army which the naked eye watches, there are five stars which do change their places in the ranks, and these change in an irregular and capricious manner, going about among the others, now forward and now back, as if lost and wandering through the sky. These wanderers were long since known by distinct names, as Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, and believed to be nearer than the others; and they are, in fact, companions to the earth, and fed, like it, by the warmth of our sun, and, like the moon, are visible by the sunlight which they reflect to us. With the earliest use of the telescope it was found that while the other stars remained in it mere points of light as before, these became magnified into disks on which markings were visible, and the markings have been found with our modern instruments, in one case at least, to take the appearance of oceans and snow-capped continents and islands. These, then, are not uninhabitable self-shining suns, but worlds, vivified from the same fount of energy that supplies us, and the possible abode of creatures like ourselves.

"Properly speaking," it is said, "man is the only subject of interest to man"; and if we have cared to study the uninhabitable sun because all that goes on there is found to be so intimately related to us, it is surely a reasonable curiosity which prompts the question so often heard as to the presence of life on these neighbour worlds, where it seems not impossible that life should exist. Even the very little we can say in answer to this question will always be interesting; but we must regretfully admit at the outset that it is but little, and that with some planets, like Mercury and Venus, the

great telescopes of modern times cannot do much more than those of Galileo, with which our New Astronomy had its beginning, though perhaps it should be added that Schiaparelli's late observations of these two planets seem to show that they always turn the same face towards the sun, just as the moon does towards the earth. Let us leave these, then, and pass out to the confines of the planetary system.

The outer planets, Neptune and Uranus, remain pale disks in the most powerful instruments—the first attended by a single moon, the second by four, barely visible; and there is so very little yet known about their physical features that we shall do better to give our attention to one of the most interesting objects in the whole heavens—the planet Saturn, on which we can at any rate see enough to arouse a lively curiosity to know more.

In all the heavens there is no more wonderful object than Saturn, for it preserves to us an apparent type of the plan on which all the worlds were originally made. The planet, we must remember, is a globe nearly seventy thousand miles in diameter, and the outermost ring is over one hundred and fifty thousand miles across. The belts on the globe show delicate tints of brown and blue, and parts of the ring are, as a whole, brighter than the planet; but this ring consists of at least three main divisions, each itself containing separate features. First is the gray outer ring, then the middle one, and next the curious "crape" ring, very much darker than the others, looking like a belt where it crosses the planet, and apparently feebly transparent, for the outline of the globe has been seen (though not very distinctly) *through* it. The whole system of rings is of the most amazing thinness, for it is probably thinner in proportion to its size than the paper on which this is printed is to the width of the page; and when it is turned edgewise to us, it disappears to all but the most powerful telescopes, in which it looks then like the thinnest conceivable line of light, on which the moons have been seen projected, apparently like beads sliding along a golden wire. The rotation of the ring has been made out by direct observations; and the whole is in motion about the globe—a motion so smooth and steady that there is no flickering in the shadow

"Where Saturn's steadfast shade sleeps on
its luminous ring."

What is it? No solid could hold together under such conditions; we can hardly admit the possibility of its being a liquid film extended in space; and there are difficulties in admitting it to be gaseous. But if not a solid, a liquid, or a gas, again what can it be? It was suggested nearly two centuries ago that the ring might be composed of innumerable little bodies like meteorites, circling round the globe so close together as to give the appearance we see, much as a swarm of bees at a distance looks like a continuous cloud; and this remains the most plausible solution of what is still in some degree a mystery. Whatever it be, we see in the ring the condition of things which, according to the nebular hypothesis, once pertained to all the planets at a certain stage of their formation; and this, with the extraordinary lightness of the globe (for the whole planet would float on water), make us look on it as still in the formative stage of uncondensed matter, where the solid land as yet is not, and the foot could find no resting-place. Astrology figured Saturn as "spiteful and cold—an old man melancholy"; but if we may indulge such a speculation, modern astronomy rather leads us to think of it as in the infancy of its life, with every process of planetary growth still in its future, and separated by an almost unlimited stretch of years from the time

life under the conditions in
i we know it can ever begin to

:e this appears also the condi-
)f Jupiter, the greatest of the
ts, whose globe, eighty-eight
and miles in diameter, turns so
ly that the centrifugal force
s a visible flattening. The
which stretch across its disk
all delicate tints—some pale
some of a crimson lake; a sea-
patch has been seen, and at
'als of late years there has been
it oval red spot, which has now
y gone. The belts are largely,
t wholly, formed of rolling
s, drifting and changing under
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)tography, in the skilful hands
: late Professor Henry Draper,
us reason to suspect the possi-
that a dull light is sent to us
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es what it reflects, as though
re still feebly glowing like a
y-extinguished sun. On the
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to us lies in the presumption
create that the giant planet is
'et fit to be the abode of life,
s more probably in a condition
that of our earth millions of
since, in a past so remote that
gy only infers its existence,
ong before our own race began
. That science, indeed, itself
es us that such all but infinite
ds are needed to prepare a
it for man's abode, that the
: duration of his race upon it
)bably brief in comparison.

I.—MARS AND THE MOON.

: pass by the belt of Asteroids,
over a distance many times
er than that which separates
arth from the sun, till we ap-
:h our own world. Here, close
e it as it were, in comparison
the enormous spaces which in-
tervene between it and Saturn and Jupiter, we find a planet whose size and features are in striking contrast to those of the great globe we have just quitted. It is Mars, which shines so red and looks so large in the sky because it is so near, but whose diameter is only about half that of our earth. This is, indeed, properly to be called a neighbour world, but the planetary spaces are so immense that this neighbour is at closest still about thirty-four million miles away.

The cause of the red colour of Mars has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Its atmosphere does not appear to be dark enough to produce such an effect, and perhaps as probable an explanation as any is one the suggestion of which is a little startling at first. It is that vegetation on Mars may be *red* instead of green! There is no intrinsic improbability in the idea, for we are even to-day unprepared to say with any certainty why vegetation is green here, and it is quite easy to conceive of atmospheric conditions which would make red the best absorber of the solar heat. Here, then, we find a planet on which we obtain many of the conditions of life which we know ourselves, and here, if anywhere in the system, we may allowably inquire for evidence of the presence of something like our own race; but though we may indulge in supposition, there is unfortunately no prospect that with any conceivable improvement in our telescopes we shall ever obtain anything like certainty. We cannot assert that there are any bounds to man's invention, or that science may not, by some means as unknown to us as the spectroscope was to our grandfathers, achieve what now seems impossible; but to our own present knowledge no such means exist, though we are not forbidden to look at the ruddy planet with the feeling that it may hold possibilities more interesting to our humanity than all the wonders of

the sun, and all the uninhabitable immensities of his other worlds.

The study of the moon's surface has been continued now from the time of Galileo, and of late years a whole class of competent observers has been devoted to it, so that astronomers engaged in other branches have oftener looked on this as a field for occasional hours of recreation with the telescope than made it a constant study. I can recall one or two such hours in earlier observing days, when, seated alone under the over-arching iron dome, the world below shut out, and the world above opened, the silence disturbed by no sound but the beating of the equatorial clock, and the great telescope itself directed to some hill or valley of the moon, I have been so lost in gazing that it seemed as though a look through this, the real magic tube, had indeed transported me to the surface of that strange alien world. Fortunately for us, the same spectacle has impressed others with more time to devote to it and more ability to render it, so that we not only have most elaborate maps of the moon for the professional astronomer, but abundance of paintings, drawings and photographs, which give the appearance of its surface as seen in powerful telescopes.

Let us remember that the moon is a little over twenty-one hundred miles in diameter; that it weighs, bulk for bulk, about two-thirds what the earth does, so that, in consequence of this and its smaller size, its total weight is only about one-eightieth of that of our globe; and that the force or gravity at its surface being only one-sixth of what it is here, eruptive explosions can send their products higher than in our volcanoes. Its area is between four and five times that of the United States, and its average distance is a little less than two hundred and forty thousand miles.

This is very little in comparison with the great spaces we have been traversing in imagination; but it is absolutely very large, and across it the valleys and mountains of this our neighbour disappear, and present to the naked eye only the vague lights and shades known to us from childhood as "the man in the moon," and which were the puzzle of the ancient philosophers, who often explained them as reflections of the earth itself, sent back to us from the moon as from a mirror. It, at any rate, shows that the moon always turns the same face towards us, since we always see the same "man," and that there must be a back to the moon which we never behold at all; and, in fact, nearly half of this planet does remain forever hidden from human observation.

The "man in the moon" disappears when we are looking in a telescope, because we are then brought so near to details that the general features are lost; but he can be seen in any photograph of the full moon by viewing it at a sufficient distance, and making allowance for the fact that the contrasts of light and shade appear stronger in the photograph than they are in reality. The best time for viewing the moon, however, is not at the full, but at the close of the first quarter; for then we see that the sunlight, falling slantingly on it, casts shadows which bring out all the details so that we can distinguish many of them even here. Most of the names of the main features of the lunar surface were bestowed by the earlier observers in the infancy of the telescope, when her orb

> "Through optic glass the Tuscan artist
> 'viewed,'
> At evening from the top of Fiesole
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

The signs of age are on the moon. It seems pitted, torn, and rent by the past action of long-dead fires, till its surface is like a piece of porous cinder seen through a magnifying-glass —a burnt-out cinder of a planet,

which rolls through the void like a ruin of what has been; and, more significant still, this surface is wrinkled everywhere, till the analogy with an old and shrivelled face, or hand, or fruit, where the puckered skin is folded about a shrunken centre, forces itself upon our attention, and suggests a common cause,—a something underlying the analogy, and making it more than a mere resemblance.

The moon, then, is dead; and if it ever was the home of a race like ours, that race is dead too. I have said that our New Astronomy modifies our view of the moral universe as well as of the physical one; nor do we need a more pregnant instance than in this before us. In these days of the decay of old creeds of the Eternal, it has been sought to satisfy man's yearning toward it by founding a new religion whose God is Humanity, and whose hope lies in a future existence of our own race, in whose collective being the individual who must die may fancy his aims and purposes perpetuated in an endless progress. But, alas for hopes looking to this alone. We are here brought to face the solemn thought that, like the individual, though at a little further date, humanity itself may die!

Before we leave this dead world, let us take a last glance at one of its fairest scenes—that which we obtain when looking at a portion on which the sun is rising. Its nearly level rays stretch elsewhere over a surface that is, in places, of a strangely smooth texture, contrasting with the ruggedness of the ordinary soil, which, gathered into low plaits, with the texture we have spoken of, look

> "Like marrowy crapes of China silk,
> Or wrinkled skin on scalded milk,"

as they lie, soft and almost beautiful, in the growing light.

When its first beams are kindling, the summits cast their shadows illimitedly over the darkening plains away on the right, until they melt away in the night—a night which is not utterly black, for even here a subdued radiance comes from the earth-shine of our own world in the sky.

Let us leave here the desolation about us, happy that we can come back at will to that world, our own familiar dwelling, where the meadows are still green, and the birds still sing, and where, better yet, still dwells our own kind—surely the world, of all we have found in our wanderings, which we should ourselves have chosen to be our home.

A SOUL.

Say not I have a soul; I am a soul,
And have a body builded for my need,
That I, a soul, may in this great world-school
Study the Master's works. My earthly house
Has wondrous windows; mimic galleries lead
Divinest sounds to me,—deep lessons spelled
By loving lips, and vast world-melodies.
I am a soul, set in a sphere compact
Of transient elements.
Of these, a little handful serves for home,
For medium of touch 'twixt me and earth,
The while I stay—gives fire and food and rest.
Shall the base stuff strike into me a stain,
Leave pungent, earthly odour? Soul of all,
Attract me, lest the body should
Transcend a dwelling's use.

MISSION WORK IN LABRADOR.

BY THE REV. J. NEWMAN.

"To-day one wild, neglected race
We fervently commend
To Thee and to Thy word of grace;
Lord visit and befriend.
A people scattered, peeled and rude,
By land and ocean solitude
Cut off from every kinder shore,
In dreary Labrador."

—*James Montgomery.*

THE work that has been done to establish and extend the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ on this coast of the great American continent is not as fully known as it ought to be. Other more inviting fields have claimed attention, and this field, with its magnificent distances and great disadvantages, is as yet comparatively little known. Of late Dr. Grenfel, of the Deep Sea Mission, has brought this coast before the world; and whilst we rejoice in all that he has done, it is only just that the Christian Church should know what has been done by others. No writer professing to give an account of missionary work on the Labrador coast can do so fairly and fully unless there is the most reasonable recognition of the work done by previous labourers on that rough, bleak coast.

Foremost among the latter stand the brethren of the Moravian Church. From personal experience after two years' residence on the Labrador coast, I can testify to the far-reaching influence of their work, not simply as it respects the Eskimo, but also some of the Indians of the interior, as well as thousands of Newfoundlanders who in the summer time have visited their stations.

Before giving a description of my own labours and travel I will endeavour to give a brief *résumé* of previous missionary work done amid untold discouragements and difficulties. The words of Jesus seem specially appropriate in this case, "And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." (John iv. 37, 38.)

While the British Government was extending its power under Robert Clive in India, and struggling to retain her hold on America, and fighting bravely against the French to gain Canada, the brethren of the Moravian Church were nobly endeavouring to plant the flag for Christ on this coast, and claim it for Him in whom all the families of the earth shall be blessed. This struggle continued for twenty years, viz., from 1750 to 1770. This mission is comprised within Lat. 55° 60′ N. and Long. 60° 65′ W., extending from Cape Webeck in the south to Cape Chudleigh in the north.

The first proposal to commence this Mission was made by a poor sailor, John Christian Ehrhardt, who was a member of the Moravian Church, in 1750. The proposal was taken up, but did not receive the warmest support, by Count Zinzendorf, at Herrnhut. They attempted to gain access to Labrador through the Hudson's Bay Company, which for over a century previous had occupied trading posts on the coast. Their request for permission to send missionaries to the Company's post was not approved of.

A merchant in London named

Nisbet then offered to help the Brethren. He formed a company with two others named Grace and Bell, fitted out a vessel, and Ehrhardt had charge of the expedition. They sailed from London in the ship *Hope*, on the 17th of May, 1752. On the 31st of July they reached a bay in Lat. 55° 30′ N., and in grateful remembrance called it Nisbet Harbour. Afterwards they continued their journey up the shore, and a company of Eskimo were seen on the 13th of September. Ehrhardt went ashore with the captain and five of the crew in a boat full of articles for barter. Not one of these ever returned to the ship. After several days' waiting without seeing any trace of the missing men the ship returned to Nisbet Harbour. In the course of the following year an American captain found some of the provisions and the remains of the seven men. Jens Haven and Christian Lawrence Drachart afterwards succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the natives. In 1769 Commodore Sir H. Palliseer brought three natives from Labrador —Mikak, whose husband had been killed in a fight with English traders, her little son six years old, and a youth of fifteen called Karpik. During Mikak's stay in England she was shown great kindness, the Dowager Princess of Wales and other persons of rank being greatly interested in her. She was taken back to Labrador in a man-of-war, and after her return she married one named Tuglivina, and they took the name of Palliseer, after the Commodore. Mikak had fine robes, a dress of white cloth, decorated with gilt ornaments and lace, and a gold medal with the likeness of the king of England. She had also a fine large tent, the gift of Commodore Palliseer. Attired in her robes she received the missionaries, and placed the tent at their disposal. Meetings were held in it, and the Gospel message faithfully proclaimed. I spent my first New Year's Eve on the coast in the house of Mikak's great-grandchildren. Her descendants are numerous also in Hamilton Inlet.

In the same year that Mikak visited England His Majesty King George III., by an order-in-council, gave the Brethren a block of land containing one hundred thousand acres, to be selected in the vicinity of Eskimo Bay. Since then the following stations have been formed, viz, Nain, 1771; Okak, 1776; Hopedâle, 1782; Hebron, 1828; and Zoar, 1865. From the commencement of these missions the missionaries have carried on a barter trade with the natives which has met almost the entire expense. The missionary ship takes out supplies each summer for the natives, and brings back their fur, fish, oil, etc.

Much might be written respecting these missions, which like beacons flash their cheering light on these inhospitable shores. I will leave the narrative of the glorious work done by these heroic servants of God during the last century and a quarter to some abler pen than mine. I have adduced it as a link in the chain of events which, under God, have done great things for this once-benighted coast.

Next to the Moravian Church the honour of attempting to establish a permanent mission on the Labrador coast belongs to the Methodist Church. Some time between 1825 and 1830 the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Newfoundland made an effort in this direction. The following ministers successively were sent to Hamilton Inlet, viz., Revs. F. Hickson, Dr. R. Knight, G. Ellege and C. Bates. Two of them remained for the summer only, and two, I am informed, stayed winter and summer. The missionaries met with much opposition, and one retired from the station disheartened at the manner in which he was treated by the whites, and at the

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effects of their bad example on the natives *

The Rev. Mr. Ellege resided at Cul-de-Sac, and had a servant man named King, who taught the children to read. Among these were two sisters, who became Mrs. Mishelin and Mrs. Campbell, and lived to a good old age. The latter has written the story of her life, which was published a short time ago in the St. John's *Herald*. These women have taught many to read their Bibles. I found both of them longing for the consolation of Israel. Upon my first visit Mrs. Mishelin produced the hymn-book given her by Mr. Ellege, and we sang together the songs of Zion. I found the name of this man of God greatly beloved. A stone was pointed out to me at Indian Harbour on which Mr. Ellege used to stand and preach to audiences composed of Newfoundland and American fishermen, and men belonging to foreign vessels.

The seed sown by these earnest, faithful men of God has sprung up. After the missionaries were withdrawn, a Canadian named Brownson, who was agent for Hunt & Henly, used to gather the people together and teach them to sing hymns. As far as I can learn he was a Methodist, and appears to have been a very useful man. Among other things he taught them to bury their dead in graves. Formerly they simply laid the corpse on the ground, and then piled large stones over it to keep dogs, wolves and other wild animals from it. The burying-ground at Moliac, where rest the mortal remains of this man whose memory is so revered by the natives, is a beautiful spot in the summer time. The people missed the servants of God, and often longed for their return.

In 1857, in response to an invitation received from the chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Moravian Brethren sent the Rev. Mr. Elsner, who undertook a sledge journey to Hamilton Inlet, in the hope that missionary operations might be commenced. He was very hospitably received at the factory near the mouth of the North-West River, but found that the population was small, chiefly composed of Indians whose places of residence were scattered over a wide tract of country and often in places difficult of access. The natives were in a position of complete dependence upon the trader at the station, which would seriously interfere with regular missionary work. Hence no further steps were taken in this direction.

In the spring of the year 1870 another Moravian missionary, the Rev. Mr. O'Hara, made a missionary tour of three months between Hopedale and Sandwich Bay. After the Methodist Church withdrew its missionaries it continued to send a minister in the summer season to visit the coast. The pious Methodist fishermen who go to Labrador in the summer season have always held their meetings, and have done much good in this way. The coast has also been visited by clergymen of the Church of England, but until our mission was formed I am not aware that one was resident on the coast so far north as this.

In 1883 the late Rev. J. Embree visited the coast and reported to the General Board of Missions, and they decided to occupy the field. The Conference of 1884 appointed me to take charge of the work on this coast. The Red Bay Mission is in the Strait of Belle Isle, on the Labrador side. The Hamilton Inlet Mission is comprised within Lat. 53° 55′ N. and Long. 55° 60′ W. This includes a number of large bays and islands along the shore. Hamilton Inlet forms the head of the Mission. It is also called Aivektok, or Invucktoke Bay, meaning walrus, as the walrus formerly abounded there.

* See Prof. H. Y. Hind's "The Labrador Peninsula," Vol. II., p. 195.

mo Bay is the name given by ndians of the interior, from the words, "Ashki," raw and w," to eat—eaters of raw flesh. s Water Bay was the name n to it by the French.

is the finest bay on the coast, g upwards of thirty miles wide s entrance, and thence decreas- until at Rigoulette, about fifty s from the sea, it is barely a in width. Beyond Rigoulette xtends inland about seventy s, and varies from a hundred ls to a mile in width. Above mo Island the Bay expands Melville Lake, a magnificent water lake extending upwards inety miles, and fully twenty- miles wide in one place. Nu- ous islands lie at the entrance within the Bay. Several great rs flow into the Inlet, the largest g Hamilton River. About one ired miles from its mouth are Grand Falls, which are said to ed in grandeur the Falls of ara. From the south end of Mission to the north is about hundred miles in a direct

The coast is much broken up bights and bays. This is true of the shores of each bay. The ior abounds with lakes and shes, which in the winter season frozen and afford good travel-

For six months each winter velled the whole district with and comatique and snow-shoes. he performance of this the first er I had the assistance of over different teams of dogs.

ne natives of the coast of Labra- are called Eskimo, and are a distinct from the Indians of the ior. They are, as a rule, small ature, and they have large heads, h are thickly covered with k hair. The forehead is low, the eyes are large and gener- dark. The nose seems flat, the are thick, and the mouth large. men possess only small beards. r complexion varies, for some have a bright colour in their cheeks; but generally they are dark—specially so in the spring. The Eskimo are a nomadic race, dependent for food and clothing almost entirely on their success in hunting and fishing. In the summer time they used to pitch their skin tents along the banks of the rivers or on the shores of the inlets, and fish for salmon, codfish, etc. Now they have small "tilts," or huts, built of wood, and some of them get salmon nets on hire from the Hudson's Bay Company or the traders. They have also boats like the settlers, as well as their own native boats, which they call "kayaks." The latter are about fifteen feet long, and are made of wood which is completely covered with seal-skins. They are about two feet six inches wide in the middle and about two feet deep, and gradually taper to a point fore and aft. In the centre is a small opening into which the Eskimo thrusts his legs, and sits down to row. A single oar is used, each end of which is flattened and rounded. It is dipped in the water from right to left, and *vice versa*. The speed at which the kayak is propelled is considerable, and it is surprising how it will ride the "top," or slush ice. In the winter the Eskimo move to different parts of the bays along the coast. Those on my mission wintered at two places principally, viz., Back Run and Karawala. The water is not frozen at these places in the winter, and so they catch with a "jigger" an inferior kind of codfish which abounds in the bay. Besides this they hunt foxes, rabbits, partridges, bears, deer, etc. In the spring they move farther up the bay for the purpose of shooting, or spearing seals on the ice. The bay seals keep holes open in the ice all winter, and they come up through these to breathe and sport themselves on the ice. In the spring they bring forth their young on the ice.

Different methods are adopted by

the Eskimo to kill the seals. Sometimes they stand at the hole in the ice, and when the seal appears they spear it. At other times the seals are asleep on the ice, and then the Eskimo puts on his skin clothes and crawls over the ice. If the seal should notice them they wriggle and roll like a seal to allay its suspicions. The seal, satisfied that there is no foe, falls asleep again. The Eskimo crawls nearer, and when he thinks he is near enough he fires, invariably killing the seal.

The skins of the seals are used in making boots and clothes. The men wear a coat called a cossack, and the women wear a similar one with a large hood for carrying the baby. Polygamy formerly existed among this race, and even now the marriage tie with some is very loose. Cases of immorality are found among this people, and this is largely owing to the crowded state of their houses. Several families are often huddled together in one hut. These huts are rudely built of wood, and in the winter time are frequently covered with snow. If you want to find them you can do so by observing the dogs lying around the stovepipe.

On one occasion I descended seven steps of snow in order to get to the front door of one of these huts. This covering of snow helps to keep the house warm, but often the large stove which is used melts the snow and fills the house with water. Formerly the houses were lighted by means of a stone lamp, which was filled with seal oil. I have seen one of these ancient lamps, the stone of which was most peculiar. It had the appearance of slate, but was much softer. The lamp was about ten inches long, and a handle was formed at one end and a spout at the other, and in the centre a hollow was cut to contain the oil. A wick made of cloth or moss was placed in this hollow, and one end was passed along the spout and lighted. Tin lamps with a long spout are now generally used. These are filled with seal oil, and have a wick passed through the spout. A needle or piece of wire is tied to the spout, and it is used to prick out the wick as it burns away.

Formerly intoxicating liquor was sold in the Bay, and many sad stories are related of those who fell victims to this "fire-water." The Newfoundland Government passed a law prohibiting the sale or gift of liquor to any Eskimo or Indian under a penalty of two hundred dollars. If such a prohibitory law is good for Labrador, why should it not be extended to all British North America?

The Eskimo are very fond of music, and many of the men can play the violin. These instruments were formerly called into requisition at scenes of revelry, but they are now consecrated to higher and better uses. Many pleasant hours have been spent teaching them Methodist and Sankey's hymns. Their language is a great hindrance, because it is so unlike any European tongue. So great were the linguistic obstacles that exactly one hundred years passed before an Eskimo translation of the Bible was finished. The Moravian missionaries declare that it would have been better to have substituted the German or English language for the Eskimo.

Each family is supplied with a book containing certain chapters of the Bible, and a few prayers. They have also hymn-books. Most of them can read in their own tongue, having learned to do so at the Moravian stations. I could give abundant evidence to prove my former statement respecting the widespread influence of the labours of the Moravian missionaries.

It is truly impressive to see one of these men conduct worship with his family. When present with them I would sing a hymn and read a chapter in English, and then they would sing a hymn and read a

ter in their own tongue. They
rstand English very well, and
d the advantage of me in that
ew little Eskimo. It was very
ting to hear them sing their
urite hymn, "Alas, and did my
our bleed." Through our former
ionaries they are acquainted
Methodist hymns. We always
yed a service with them, and they
very regular in their attend-
when service was held near
. As I spoke from the words,
he was wounded for our trans-
sions," the people wept. The
of the sufferings of Christ com-
ly melted them. Some were
o find rest and peace in Jesus.
ne number of the Eskimo is de-
sing. Many were killed in the
e wars with the Montagnais;
s have fallen victims to rum.
rge number were carried off by
lpox.

ne Indians of the interior of
ador are called Montagnais, or
ntaineers, and Nasquapees. The
er range the country between
ilton Inlet and the Gulf of St.
rence. They are akin to the
s of the Gulf, and speak the
language. The latter are no
t of the same race, but take
name from the interior, called
opiland, or Height of Land.
of my interpreters was an
aki called Joe Peter. A few
s after I settled in Hamilton
Joe visited me. I found that
e his native language he spoke
ch, Cree, Eskimo and English.
pt Joe a few days with me in
r to learn a little of the Indian
uage, sufficient to enable me to
t them. Joe once procured a
e, and when the priest came he
d to see it, and Joe innocently
it to him, never to see it again,
he priest spoke severely to him
kept the book.

ssessing a good stock of Bibles
h had been given me by the
t of the Bible Society in St.
's, I said, "Now, Joe, I'll give
you one, if you will promise to read
it." His face brightened as he as-
sured me that he would, and read it
to the other Indians also. I gave
him the Bible and a number of
tracts. In the winter I was driving
with dogs and comatique over Moliac
Pond and found Joe camped by the
side of the Pond. Over the entrance
to his wigwam floated a piece of
canvas. Raising this, with a good
stoop I entered, and was greeted
with cries of "Theneitin," which
means, "How are you?" In the
centre, on a bank of sand, there was
a fire, and around this were spread
boughs of spruce on which Joe and
his two daughters were seated. We
were invited to take a seat, and so
we squatted in tailor fashion, and
then began to talk. I asked for his
Bible, and reaching over to a parcel
packed in the side of the tent, he
produced a small box which he had
made to contain the Book of books.
After answering a few questions for
him I read and explained the fif-
teenth chapter of Luke, and then
prayed. Bidding him "Yama," that
is, "Good-bye," I took my departure,
having a long distance to go that
day.

At North-West River I met a tribe
of Indians for the first time. They
are of average height and are very
lithe and active. Their features are
better formed than those of the
Eskimo, the profile being more even.
That which seems to arrest attention
most is the remarkable sparkle of
their eyes. The Indian women re-
minded me of the gipsy girls often
seen in England. They are fond of
rich and rare coloured ribbons, etc.

The Indians are a nomadic tribe
and live principally by hunting and
fishing. In the summer time they
travel from place to place in their
canoes. There is a complete canoe
route between Hamilton Inlet and
the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and also
between each of these and Ungava
Bay in the far north. In the winter
the Indians remove to the forest,

where they hunt the marten, beaver, otter, lynx, deer, bear, rabbit and partridge.

They travel from place to place on snowshoes, and will go a distance of fifty miles in one day. When travelling, the women carry the loads on their backs. Small birch sleighs are used by the men, and their baggage is well and closely packed and lashed on these sleighs. In former times, when rum was freely used among them, the men would get drunk, and when drunk they were violent. To keep them from harming themselves, or anyone else, the women would slip a seal-skin, such as they lash up their things in, over them and then lash them up, and, binding them on the sleigh, haul them along. This is a splendid straight-jacket for drunkards.

Having reached the head of the Inlet at Travaspene, some twenty miles up the Grand River, I heard of the illness of Louis, the Iroquois interpreter, and resolved to visit him. Joe Mishelin, the planter at whose house I was staying, resolved to go with me, so we harnessed up the dogs next morning, and after a drive of some sixteen miles reached Goose Bay River. I found Louis looking very ill, and I quoted the first few verses of the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, and applied it to his case. "Ah," said he, "me feel it," and putting his hand on his chest he said, "My body weak." I told him of the home where the inhabitants never say they are sick. As I explained how Jesus had opened up the way to this home and had gone to prepare a place for us, the big tears stood in his bright eyes and rolled down his weather-beaten face. I read the fifteenth chapter of Luke and explained it and then sang a few hymns. It was now four o'clock, and as a little snow was falling we agreed to spend the night with them. After an earnest talk with Sam he accompanied me on a visit to the other Michewops. We visited some four tents, and talked, sang and prayed in each. We were very hospitably entertained at tea time, and the best the camp contained was set before us. After tea all the Indians assembled in Louis' house, and I sang and explained hymns to them, and closed by reading and explaining the third chapter of St. John. The people expressed their pleasure, and the interpreter said, "That's what we like to hear." Promising to see them the next morning, they all retired about eleven o'clock, and I lay down with a bear-skin for a mattress, and the best coverlet that could be found. The loud murmur of voices engaged in talking over what they had heard kept me awake for awhile. O how I prayed God to save them, and with these thoughts fell asleep.

The following morning I made a hurried call at each tent, and after breakfast they all gathered on the shore to bid me "Yama"—"Good-bye."

I never lost an opportunity to speak with them, and to open to them the Scriptures. A few weeks before I left the coast a number of them came and camped near my place at Lester's Point. Here in the forest shade I sang, read, talked and prayed with them. I believe that some of these shall come from the north and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God.

The most numerous on the coast are the settlers who have intermarried with the Eskimo. The Rev. Mr. O'Hara found the number of these to be about eight hundred. "There are," he says, "Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, Baptists, Presbyterians and Lutherans; and American, English, Dane, Norwegian and Russian nationalities. To carry on religious work is very difficult owing to the immense distances which have to be traversed. This task was undertaken by the Methodist Church, and entrusted to me to

accomplish as far as I could. The population comprised within the Mission, including the Indians, was about thirteen hundred. These are the permanent settlers, but in the summer season thousands of Newfoundlanders visit the coast for the purpose of fishing.

I reached the scene of my labours on August 12th, 1884, and was kindly received by the chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company at Rigoulette. Through his kindness I opened service on the Sabbath in one of the Company's stores. We had a large attendance and enjoyed the Master's presence. Some who did not attend were surprised to learn that the preacher did not dance and jump and knock the table over. "He bain't a Ranter, then," said one. "These Ranters that comes on th' shore mak' an awful n'ise."

From this point I worked my way around the Bay, visiting from house to house, and holding services wherever convenient. Leaving the Bay I visited the fishing stations along the coast. By means of the steamship *Hercules* I reached the north side of Hamilton Inlet and held services among the Newfoundland fishermen in many places.

After a fortnight's absence I re-entered the Bay, having held fifteen services, all of which were well attended, and some of them crowned with divine blessing. The people having invited me to visit them in their winter quarters, and having promised to convey me from place to place with their dogs and comatiques, I decided to go forth in the name of the Lord. I could truly say that I did not know whither I went. I provided myself with every requisite—skin clothes, snow-shoes, and sleeping-bag. The latter was made with seal-skins, lined with undressed deer-skin and blanketing. I had also plenty of material in the form of day-school books, etc., Bibles, Sunday-school literature, and a choice assortment of tracts. The latter were the gift of the late Sparks Green, Esq., of Brigus. I crossed the Bay to Double Mere, and from that point travelled around Hamilton Inlet—literally preaching from house to house. I encountered some rough weather, but reached home safely about ten o'clock on New Year's Eve.

My plan was to gather the children together and teach them. This was difficult at first as the children were so bashful and timid. Even boys in their teens cried at first and refused to stand up for lessons. All this soon passed away, and they looked and longed for the visit of the missionary. After teaching and catechizing the children a preaching service was held. All these services were seasons of grace.

Travelling in the fall of the year is attended with much hardship and danger. Let one incident suffice for many that could be given. One morning three of us left the head of Double Mere with a team of dogs and comatique. We kept the south side of the bay, and soon found the ice bad. The shores were high and the cliffs precipitous. We had to chop with the axe niches for our feet, and in this way climb around the shore for a long distance. This delayed us, and caused us to be benighted miles away from any house. We entered the forest and camped for the night. The worst was that we had nothing to eat, and not even a kettle to boil water. We prepared our camp and made a good fire. The forest was dense, and through the trees the stars peeped down upon us. We made the best of our condition, and joined in the hymn,

"I sing the almighty power of God."

After reading a portion of Scripture we joined in prayer and found God very near. I agreed to take turns with the men and watch. I slept soundly in my sleeping-bag until midnight, and then lay awake to

watch. During my watch a large spark flew out of the fire and fell on one of the men and set his clothes on fire. It was soon, however, put out. Next morning we were very hungry, but as the weather was fine we pressed on our way. The dogs were the worst off, so I went hunting partridges and got five. These were soon devoured by the dogs. At length we reached a planter's house and were well cared for.

After this trip I remained home but a few days, and then started for Sandwich Bay. We had rough weather during this journey, but the presence of the Master in the services more than paid us for all the hardship by the way. On the 6th of May I finished travelling with snow-shoes and dogs and comatique, having covered in all over two thousand miles.

On the 17th of June the ice broke up in the Bay, and then I prepared to visit the Newfoundland fishermen on the coast. I held twenty-three preaching services,—one on the deck of a vessel, two in the open air, and the rest in houses and stores. Visited many vessels and the families of the fishermen. Owing to the weather being stormy we did not get further south than Independent Harbour.

Here a painful event had happened. It appears that when the men arrived on the coast it was the Sabbath. Some of them, eager to secure the best places, were tempted to put out their killocks for mooring their traps. One young man, at whose father's house "prayers" had been held every year, vowed that because of this no "prayers"—meaning service—should be held. Every Sabbath he would push off in his boat and go for a "cruise" to one harbour or another. This boat had now become his coffin, for it was lost with him and another young man and a little girl on board. Never shall I forget the deep impression which this made upon the minds of the fishermen, and at the close of the service strong men wept as they requested prayer to be made for them.

A few days after I reached home the coast was swept by a terrific gale. It raged from Saturday night until Tuesday. A large number of vessels were wrecked on the shore of my mission and some sixty lives lost. The steamer was kept busy taking the shipwrecked crews off the coast. Many valuable cargoes of fish were lost. The winter began under a cloud, and owing to the steamer not calling in the Bay I was cut off from the outside world for over nine months. This winter was spent in travelling, teaching and preaching as before. God was pleased to own the labour, and at several places souls were saved. This cheered us amid the great difficulties, discouragements and hardships incident to this work.

During the second winter I had a team of dogs of my own and hired a man as driver. In the fall of the year we met with many severe snow-storms. Two days before Christmas Day, seeing the sky looked dark and ominous, I feared a snow-storm, and so resolved to force a march. We reached Vally's Bight about noon and pressed on. We found that the ice had been broken up, and it was very rough around Charlie's Point. We had not proceeded far beyond this when we were driven into camp by the storm. We remained in camp until two o'clock in the morning, when seeing the wind had changed to the north-west and fearing the drift, as we were on a lee shore, we pressed on again, and after a hard tramp for six hours over rough ice reached Lowlands Point at eight o'clock. Here we breakfasted. Shortly after we met with a large seal, killed it, and buried it in the snow.

We found the travelling worse as there was a crust on the snow. We travelled all day and at six o'clock in the evening—Christmas Eve—we

were driven into camp again by another snow-storm. We were now ten miles or more from the house we hoped to reach. Our provisions were exhausted, and we had only ten raisins and a piece of cheese. After treading down the snow and chopping off a few branches and spreading them on the snow I lay down in my sleeping-bag too weary to wait for the fire to burn or the kettle to boil. I had walked some thirty miles on snow-shoes and had travelled from two o'clock in the morning.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when we camped, and I slept until eleven o'clock. When I awoke I found myself covered with snow which had fallen from the trees. We decided to move on, and at once left our camp. The place where we camped was a point of land in Mulligan Bight, and so we named the point "Raisins and Cheese."

We found the snow deeper as we entered the Bight and the cold was very severe. It must have been at least forty degrees below zero. It was lower than that next day. We reached the house of Mr. J. Campbell at two o'clock on Christmas Day in the morning. On our return trip we were overtaken by another storm, and in this case I had to set the compass and steer our way through a blinding north-east snow-storm. At length we made land. My driver was confident that we had gone too far. This is the way persons are deceived, and many perish often through making this mistake. They imagine that they travel faster than they really do. "Well," said I, "before we go any further we must have something to eat." We opened the comatique box, and after refreshing ourselves we struck a match and upon looking at the compass found we were on our right course. Just as we started the flash of a light was seen and with the cry of "House, dogs, house!" we threw ourselves on the comatique, and were soon out of the pitiless storm.

Space will not admit of further incidents of travel. The travelling in the spring is much easier and far more enjoyable. A small team of dogs will then travel a long distance in a day. I became so familiar with these dogs and their strange names that I missed them very much when I left the coast. For some eight months I had travelled with them in all kinds of weather and from place to place around the extensive mission. I can understand the attachment of the circuit-rider to his horse.

In drawing this imperfect sketch of missionary work in Labrador to a close I would commend this part of the Lord's vineyard to the sympathy, support and prayers of all our Methodist people. Whilst we do not ignore what others are doing for the elevation, education, and salvation of the people on this coast, we claim for Methodism the rightful share of honour. Eternity alone will reveal the result of the toil and travel of those years, but the Lord was pleased to give visible results, and we rejoiced at the end of the two years over some forty converted souls. Shortly before leaving the coast I climbed a mountain and surveyed the coast far and near. O how my heart went out towards the people on these desolate shores! I looked upon the distant mountains, with their ice-bound peaks flashing back the light of the sun, and wished for the time when the inhabitants of the land of the Himalayas, and the Andes, the Rockies and the swarthy tribes of Africa, and the inhabitants of all lands, with the tribes of this shore, shall be all blessed in Jesus, and shall call Him blessed. The words of that inspiring missionary hymn sprang to my lips, and leaping on to the highest point of rock I raised my hat and sang with all my soul:

"Jesus *shall reign* where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

Dr. Milligan came in July and visited the Bay. He visited several places, preached and administered the Sacrament. I returned with the Doctor to St. John's in August. This work is being carried on, and in addition to the men resident at Red Bay and Hamilton Inlet, one of the Newfoundland ministers is appointed each summer to visit and work among the Newfoundland fishermen. All this means hard work, as those know who are acquainted with the coast.

In conclusion permit me to bear testimony to the good work done by the Newfoundland Government in providing medical assistance for the large number of fishermen sent down on that coast. It is no holiday task either for missionaries or doctors to labour on the Labrador coast. Great risks are often run in going off from place to place in boats. I gladly bear witness to work done by those gentlemen, whom I learned to esteem highly for their work's sake. Drs. Skelton, Forbes and White I found ready for every good work. Interested as I am in all that tends to benefit the people of Labrador I rejoice in the good work undertaken by the Deep Sea Mission. This is a move in the right direction. May God bless every such effort and God save Labrador.

METHODISM: A LAYMAN'S MOVEMENT.*

BY REV. E. A. SCHELL, D.D.

THERE is but one priest in Christianity—Jesus the great High Priest who is passed into the heavens. All we are laymen. Christianity is a religion of the heart, not of the temple. We are its temples. The older religions, Jewish and pagan, consisted mainly of pompous ceremonies administered by a priestly order; they required a priest and a temple and a set occasion for the elaboration of ceremonies. Basilicas and cathedrals have their model in the Jewish temple and not in the ecclesia held in the house of Jason, or Aquila, or Gaius. His holiness the Pope, his eminence the cardinal, and my lord bishop with his swarm of prelates, do not succeed to the twelve laymen with which Christianity began, but to the Jewish and pagan priesthoods present in their gorgeous robes at the funeral of faith in the year of Rome 753. Christianity is not found alone in splendid temples where music and the arts captivate the emotions, nor in an establishment that maintains, as Lord Selborne once said, "one gentleman in every parish"; but it is enshrined in the home, in the workshop, along the marts of trade—wherever there is a heart that is open there is the altar of our faith. All are ministers and laymen. There is no difference in their relation to God or the church, and there are as many of them as there are Christian men and women.

The foundations of the church were laid in laymen, in the apostles and prophets. The apostles were all laymen. From Simon Peter to Judas, the brother of James, there was not a priest among them. They had, as you have, it is true, the highest and holiest commission for their work, and had it from their Lord Christ. But it is plain that they had no valid orders, as validity was measured in those days or in ours.

Early the ecclesia of Jerusalem chose seven laymen of good report—the deacons. Stephen and Philip were among them—Stephen, who

* From the *North-Western Christian Advocate.*

first climbed the ladder of martyrdom, and Philip, the evangelist to diseased and possessed and deluded Samaria. Presently we learn that a great company of priests were obedient to the faith. Where did they learn the faith? Why, from these devout and enthusiastic laymen who had a better understanding of the truth of God than the priests had, and were an example and inspiration to the priests, as good laymen have been upon ten thousand occasions since that day. The church at Antioch was founded by laymen, and when Paul and Barnabas, both laymen, set out on their great missionary tour they had none other than a layman's commission. They took along John Mark to baptize the converts, for Paul insisted that the Lord's commission to a layman was "not to baptize but to preach." When Mark failed them the two laymen continued their missionary journey alone. Luther was nothing in church history until a pope unfrocked and excommunicated him; made him, in fact, a layman.

Methodism was a revival by laymen. As the mountains are upheaved by natural forces underneath, so the greatest upward movement since St. Paul was given to religion when John Wesley sent out his glorious company of lay preachers. In the heart of the masses lies a deep religious sense, and those early local preachers touched it. The life and fire of aggressive Methodism was like a revelation from heaven to the rustic and the miner and the squire. While the established clergy hurried through the service, or intoned "Submit yourselves to all governors, spiritual pastors, and masters," these lay preachers stood forth on the hillsides and under the spreading tree. They were friends and neighbours, worked on the same shift in the mine, or in the same field with those to whom they spoke. How they startled the world as they stood there with an eloquence born of zeal and faith and testified to their experience. They led the villagers in enraptured songs that swept past the empty churches guarding like sentinels a dreary past. Methodism was not born in a college. It was born in the streets of London, out in the highways and under the hedges of Old England. American Methodism is of the same type. Asbury organized only what Embury, Williams, Strawbridge, and Captain Webb had begun to win. They had preceded him in the school-houses and in the fields, and, without sacraments or church authorization, had kindled the revival fires that leaped from valley to valley, and from state to state, like the leaping flames from the Scaur of Lemnos to the watching roof of Ithaca. Ministers in Methodism are leaders recognized by laymen. Laymen vote them their license in the quarterly conference; laymen recommend their admission to the annual conference; laymen participate in their election to the episcopacy. Methodism is one great assemblage of laymen.

Four duties, to my mind, rest upon the Methodist laymen. *Before all others, let me put lay assistance in revivals.* The minister by vote of his brethren has been appointed leader, and every pastor must at some time or other become an evangelist. It is the business of the laymen to co-operate with him. No regiment ever won a battle in which the colonel did all the fighting. Laymen can carry, as no one else can, the revival fire into the homes and occupations of the people. Paul had his trade, and worked at it; but he did not fill head and heart with it to the exclusion of that great business which brought him to Philippi, Athens, Corinth and Rome. "This one thing I do" did not mean with him tent-making. The church ought to double itself every year, yet hundreds have never won a soul. These laymen are to visit, and preach, and

testify, and pray, and sing—not hire other people to do their singing for them, but to sing as in the days of early Methodism, when the voices of laymen wafted the hymns of the church from the village green to the vaulted heavens with a swell and volume like the sound of many waters. Compared to that magnificent psalmody, the modern quartette choir is like an attempt to make a Niagara with four buckets of water.

The political duty is as plain. We owe it to the state and to the church and to God to participate in public matters. There is no place under the stars where the laymen of Methodism have a greater duty, save in the revival, than at the caucus and convention and voting booths. We have a duty there as Methodists, and we have a right there, and woe to the state where high-minded Methodist laymen forget that our patriotic duty is our Christian duty. The timid and the spiritual and refined must not shrink from this high privilege. Freemen must have courage enough and nerve enough to visit every form of civic corruption with swift, sudden and condign punishment at the ballot-box. Liberty is no liberty, and Methodism is no Methodism, that shrinks from contact and conflict with the ward heeler and the party boss. Methodism has been in politics from the beginning. Horace Walpole once sneeringly said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings: "The queen of the Methodists got her daughter appointed lady of the bedchamber to the princesses." One of the fortunate things about it was that Lady Elizabeth Hastings would not let the princesses play cards, so Walpole could sneer once more and say, "It is off again." Every Methodist ought to be a citizen Christ. Let him who doubts it read Wesley's sermon on "Society for the reformation of manners," which will absolutely disprove that you can be a Methodist, much less a Christian, and keep out of politics. All hail to the citizen Methodist; to the president of this occasion; to the distinguished senator who has just spoken; to his honour the mayor; and all honour to the citizen church led by Speaker Crisp, Premier Bowell, Rickards, Pattison and McKinley.

The social influence exercised by the laity is all important. Edward Gibbon, in his famous fifteenth chapter, in which he assigns the reasons for the rapid progress of Christianity, gives, first of all, the zeal and social spirit of the early Christians. Mountains of difficulty and prejudice are removed by social intercourse. Religion must touch the whole life, and the Christian is needed in society. Worldliness and extravagance, caste and prejudice are there, and the Christian's duty is to be there and cast them out. We need a majority everywhere. By-and-bye, when real Christians, and not *scared* Christians, go into society they will reform it. In that swift coming day a man with a bad character will be treated like a man with no coat and an unclean face. Ever since Jesus came and went to the wedding in Cana, society has been growing better. It is full of higher thinking and nobler impulses. What glee the devil would have if he could put a high stone wall between the church and the world—a wall without doors or windows, and then scatter broken glass on the top of it so that no one could climb over. In society are those for whom Christ died. There are the kings and millionaires, and keen wits and bright intellects, who only wait for the cultivated and the refined to come and win them to a nobler life and a sweeter experience. When our noblest go into society, not as nominal Christians, but as real ones, and go for Jesus' sake, they will bring kings and millionaires to the altars of the church, asking, "What must I do to be saved?"

But the supreme opportunity is for the Methodist laymen to ally the church once more with the masses

Most of our laymen are enthusiastically disposed toward the workingman. A few, from disposition, interest, and from lack of knowledge, are lukewarm. The Methodist Church is the church of the people. In the country districts our work has been more under the charge of the lay element, and therefore its democratic leanings have been more pronounced than in the large cities. Even there the number of laymen who hold important offices, and the intelligence and political courage of many of our preachers, attest still the democratic power of Methodism.

When Wesley and his local preachers went to the miners of Cornwall and Northumberland they made Methodism the dominant faith in those districts for five generations—until this hour. A miner is a strong personality. He has the physical strength of the farmer and the astuteness of the town mechanic; and the miner found in Methodism a faith in keeping with his own sturdy nature. The miners of England now toil under happier conditions, won after many fierce struggles. But be it ever remembered that in those struggles for better conditions Methodism sympathized with him and helped him organize to win them. The Methodist local preacher was his leader. By preaching he had developed the eloquence of speech necessary for leading the masses. This same local preacher was skilled in the art of organization, for he has aided to organize classes and circuits. Name after name of those who helped to organize the great Northumberland strike of 1831 (and men of all classes will justify that strike), and were imprisoned for it, were Methodist local preachers. Memories of such times live long in the minds of the people. Neither the neglect of the Established Church, nor the sympathy of Methodism in those long and weary years, has ever been forgotten. It sank deep into their hearts, and made the miners to this hour the vigorous opponents of the one and the valued disciples of the other. Can any more striking tribute to this Methodist influence perpetuated among miners be given than to say that of the five members in the House of Commons all are Methodists, and four are local preachers; that in the last Parliament there were six; and that the first labour member ever elected to Parliament, Thomas Burt, was a Methodist and the son of a local preacher? The same is true of the agricultural members. Joseph Arch, who organized the farmers of the island and won a victory for them against the combined landlords of England, was a Methodist local preacher, and was sent to Parliament for it. Henry Broadhurst and Charles Fenwick, parliamentary committee for the labour electoral union, are local preachers.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, in the tenth census of the United States, referring to the industrial revolution of the last century, says that "the religious revival work of the Wesleys was one of the most powerful factors in the combination of forces essential to the establishment of the new industrial order." That force crystallized in the local preacher and class-leader.

Brethren, it is indifference, not unbelief, that has laid hold on the masses. They have always yearned for a church that will preach and exemplify the dignity of labour. Methodism ought to be that church. It is the part of denominational wisdom. They make their own fortunes who serve the people well. Losses in such a cause, greatly as they would be deplored, would be infinitesimal when compared to the nobility of the duty, the lofty spiritual elevation consequent upon it, and the marvellous gains. It would mean the application of the religious principle to social transformation, and that, in the ever-memorable words of Mazzini,

would be to "elevate democracy to the dignity of a religious party and give Christianity a world-wide victory."

Often the laity has saved the church. Who does not know that many an old prophet who stayed the decline of religion under the old dispensation was not of the priesthood, nor even from the school of the prophets? The laymen of Methodism must likewise save the church from the rarefaction that afflicts the body at high altitudes, and the world from the putridity which afflicts it at its depths. No more powerful lesson was ever conveyed in history to the churches of to-day than by the lay movement of Romanism in the days of St. Francis. The church had come to be an assemblage of priests. They denied the cup to the laity because they might spill it in receiving it. The church was the centre of culture and the repository of wealth. St. Francis, a layman, saw the necessity of laying hold of the masses, and persuaded the church to countenance his lay brotherhood, the Franciscans. The members of this brotherhood swarmed everywhere, and in two centuries they embedded Romanism in Spain, Italy, and parts of Germany, so that three centuries of reforming zeal have been unable to shake it. Wesley, taught by experience, went to the masses of England, and to-night the world bears tribute to his service.

RETROSPECT.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march,
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed;
There was not a wound in my aching heart
But the balm of His blessing healed.
Oh! tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom, that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him,
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known;
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water springs by the way;
For the glowing pillar of flame by night,
And the sheltering cloud by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting-place.
Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.

INCOMPLETENESS.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the metre.

I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought;
Or if ever a painter with light and shade
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed.

I wonder if ever a rose was found
And there might not be a fairer;
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground
And we dreamed not of a rarer.

Ah! never on earth do we find the best
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portals of shining gold.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

JANE BATEMAN drew the sombre red curtains of the parlour window, and lighted the reading-lamp. Outside the wind was sighing weirdly over the frost-bound moors, and the sky was heavy with the approach of snow. Her husband was to return before six o'clock; he had gone to pray with an old local preacher, who was dying at his homestead on the hilltop, and Jane knew that he would be tired with the rough walk.

After a while she went into the kitchen to see if everything was in order. A middle-aged woman, who had kept Luke Bateman's house before his marriage, was sitting near the fire, hemming deftly the end of a linen sheet.

"Is the minister's tea quite ready?" Jane said. "He will be cold and worn-out."

"Ay, ay, ma'am, 'tis a' ready. Th' kettle's just singin' an' th' cakes are hot."

Jane thanked her and went away. The woman watched her through the open door and along the passage.

"If ever there was idiots i' th' woodlands, 'tis now," she muttered to herself. "She's the prattiest an' th' best-hearted lass as could be met wi' i' a twenty-days' march. I reckon 'tis 'cause she's a foreigner."

A light tap came to the front door, and Jane ran blithely to open it for the minister. He was a tall, well-made man, with a boy's face and a ready smile. He brought in a whiff of the frozen moorland. When the door was closed, he caught Jane's face between his cold hands and kissed it tenderly.

"It's like one's young ideal of home," he said. "The dearest woman in the world to welcome me, and a houseful of light and warmth!"

She drew him to the little parlour, and took her place at the head of the table. He stood for a moment warming his hands at the fire, and watching her movements as she poured out the tea. She was tall and slender, with an admirably shapen face and luminous eyes; her hair was of a pale glossy brown; her long white hands were strongly and beautifully made.

"Sit down, Luke," she said. "I want to hear what you've been doing."

He took his chair. "It has been a very strange experience, Janey," he said. "I don't think I ever imagined anyone suffering such agony. But the wonderful thing about it was, that though his whole body was contorted with pain, so great is his trust in God that he never let one word of complaint fall from his lips.... He told me of his early struggles against doubt.... His experience was not unlike my own."

A silence followed. Jane broke it at last. "They are good people here," she said wistfully. "I never dreamed of finding such true nobility as theirs. But they don't take to me. Oh, Luke, I wish they did. It's the biggest desire I have."

"They only want to know you, Janey, and then, I promise you, when they once understand you it will be all right. They are strong, independent folk, and it takes them a long time to accept anyone.

"I forgot to tell you, Janey, that the harmonium came to-day; it's in the chapel now. I met Mrs. Ollerenshaw as I came back this evening. You know it's her son Joe whom I want to undertake the music. He's a clever lad, and from what I hear is considered a very promising player. I asked her to step in with

him about half-past seven and let us hear his performance. You'll not mind, will you? Mrs. Ollerenshaw is not very impressionable, but I've heard of many good things that she's done."

Just as he finished speaking the door-bell was rung sharply, and immediately afterwards the servant ushered in a lean and tall old matron, who wore an antiquated coal-scuttle bonnet, and a black shawl that almost covered her silk gown. She responded coldly to Jane's advances, and refused to doff her outdoor things. The boy was about sixteen, a brown-skinned fellow with a large, serious forehead. Jane sat beside him and began to talk about music. She soon discovered that his favourite composer was Handel, and that he thought there was no composition equal to the "Hallelujah Chorus."

His mother sat talking to the minister, ever and anon casting cold glances at Jane. She was one of the conservative hill-folk, who consider nothing worthy that comes from beyond the borders of the Peak. When Luke had chosen a wife from the south she had been the first to complain, and her barbed innuendos had often torn the minister's flesh. She had resolutely closed her heart against the stranger, and of late Jane had given up all hope of touching her affection.

Withal she was a tender mother, and a woman whose hand was ever outstretched to succour the poor and needy. Sharp-tongued and bitter she might be, but there were many who spoke of her as a true helper of her people.

"I dunnot suppose you'll care for such music as Joe plays, Mrs. Bateman," she said acidly. "They tell me as London folk fancy operas an' such like best."

"Indeed, no," Jane replied, with some warmth. "There is no music I am fonder of than Handel's. Your son and I have just been agreeing about his excellence. He has promised to play something. This is the piano, Joe."

She lifted the lid and drew the stool forward, and the lad, after sundry ineffectual attempts caused by nervousness, began to play. Jane sat listening in the shade: with the music she saw all the hardness of the mother's face disappear, and an ecstasy, noble and beautifully maternal, take its place. The thin lips parted; it seemed as if her soul sang to her son's music. Jane's heart went out to her; she smiled in response, but so rapt was the other that she took no heed. The music continued; she knew it well. It was one of the almost forgotten suites, and it brought to her visions of the old home she had left. Her eyes flooded; tears rolled down her cheeks; she leaned farther back into the gloom.

When the last chord was struck, Luke rose and shook the boy's hand. "You must come to the prayer-meeting to-morrow night and play for the singing," he said. "We shall have some fine music now."

Mrs. Ollerenshaw's face had lapsed into its ordinary sternness. "Ay, Joe 'll be very happy to look after th' harmonium, on'y I'm afeard he'll be nervous. 'Tis a different matter playin' here to playin' 'i th' chapel. Howsoever, he'll be like to try."

They went away soon. In the passage Jane thanked the lad for his music.

"It has been a great pleasure to me," she said simply.

Mrs. Ollerenshaw replied, before the boy could open his lips: "He's a good player, an' I know't, Mrs. Bateman. But I dunnot think Handel's works can be appreciated by foreign folk. It's grand for us, you know—we not bein' used to operas an' whirligig tunes."

Jane held the lamp so that they might see their way safely through the steep garden. Luke clasped her arm.

"Don't lose courage, Janey," he said. "It will be all right soon."

She sighed heavily. "It's rather hard work," she said sadly. "I want her to like me. I know she's good. Oh, dear! there's somebody else coming—somebody with a lantern."

A stout little man with brindled hair and a round glossy face came panting up the walk. It was Dan Willis, the chapel-keeper.

"I bethowt myself as you promised me some readin', ma'am," he said, "an' my wife an' me were feelin' a bit lonely, so I cam' up for't. It munna be aught high-falutin'—I carena for them London notions! If you've *Pamela* or *The Farmer o' Inglewood Forest,* I'll tak' 'em. It's gettin' on for forty years sin' I read oëther."

He came inside and sat by the fire till she had found him two or three volumes. Neither of those he asked for was in her little library; but she chose some stories that Luke had sent her during his courtship, and the man seemed half content.

"Thank you very kindly, ma'am," he said. "My wench an' I'll look into these. On'y I do trust there's naught in 'em 'bout wicked folk or papists, or such rigmarole as is i' *Th' Arabian Nights,* which I'm 'shamed o' sayin' I onst read. Good-night to you, sir. Good-night, ma'am."

When he was gone, Jane went to the piano and played with an exquisite and tender touch the music Luke loved best. He sat gazing into the fire and listening happily. It was her wont to play to him when he thought out his sermons, and many of his finest ideas had come whilst her fingers were drawing forth the sweetness of the instrument. It was nearly ten o'clock when she ceased; the sound of the old servant's stertorous breathing came loudly from her comfortable corner in the kitchen.

"I've been thinking about that boy," Jane said. "I believe if he studied thoroughly he would make a very fine musician. He has a splendid forehead. I should like to help him if I could."

"Well, we shall see how he gets along to-morrow night. I should be terribly sorry if his mother were disappointed in him."

On the morrow Jane went down to the chapel and saw that the harmonium was in perfect order. It was just a year since their wedding-day, and Luke had bought some chrysanthemums from a gardener in the village. She put several of the finest in a glass beside the music-stand. The minister was already there, looking over some old papers in the small vestry behind the pulpit; he came out to see what she was doing.

"I'll tell you what, wife," he said playfully, "I'm half inclined to think these people aren't worthy of you."

"I am sure they are worthy of a much better woman," she replied. "They are the honestest and most generous I ever met. I am quite determined to make them give in."

Later on Joe came to the house with the music—just the "Hallelujah Chorus" and two hymns, "Miles Lane" and "Rockingham." She heard him practise them on her piano, and then, when he prepared to go, asked him if she could help him in any way.

He blushed awkwardly. "I've been wishin', ma'am, ever since last night," he said, with averted eyes, "that you would sit beside me. . . . I'm awful nervous, an' if I broke down I don't think I'd ever care to touch music again. Will you? I'd take it as a great favour."

"Certainly I will," Jane said. "I'll do anything I can."

In the evening, when Joe came to the corner where the harmonium stood behind a green baize curtain, out of sight of the congregation, he found her waiting. The lad was very pale and excited; his fingers trembled curiously. She spread

out the sheets on the music-stand and waited until he was seated. The little chapel was already filled; it was the first harmonium that had ever been used there, and all were anxious to hear Joe's playing. Drawing aside a corner of the curtain for a moment, Jane caught sight of Mrs. Ollerenshaw sitting rigidly in her pew; it seemed to her that the old woman was breathing painfully.

The service was to begin in a few minutes, so Jane suggested that he should play the "Hallelujah Chorus." He grew paler still; she thought that he was about to faint; his hands fell heavily on the keys. The harmonium sent out a frightful discord: one or two young girls giggled hysterically.

"I can't manage it," he whispered huskily. "I'd best give in at first."

"Hush! be brave. Nobody can see us. Just move, and I'll play this for you—they'll think it's you, and you'll soon feel all right"

She sat down beside him on the long stool, and the triumphant music rose and filled the place, and the hushed men and women held their breath. To some it suggested the music that is to be heard when—

> The bright seraphim in burning row
> Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
> And the cherub host in tuneful choirs
> Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

Only when it was finished, one woman who had hardened her heart against the stranger was weeping bitterly.

Luke climbed up into the narrow little pulpit and prayed fervently; then he gave out the hymn. It was "All hail the power of Jesus' name," to the tune of "Miles Lane."

Jane turned to Joe: he was smiling bravely. "I am sure that you can do it now," she said. "If you have any trouble, I'll put you right."

He began to play faultlessly. When he had time, he glanced up inquiringly into Jane's face, and saw it filled with a bright happiness. The congregation sang with zest: for many years it had been the desire of all the Methodists in this little moorland district to possess a harmonium, and all there had subscribed to the extent of their ability.

The mother's tears were all dried now: her eyes were sparkling as they always did when Joe played, and she was looking into space, as if she saw there all manner of glorious visions.

Then the praying began: member after member rose to relate their experience of spiritual trial and of God's crowning mercies. The chapel was full of the sounds of tears and sighs.

Towards the close an old farmer leaned forward and touched Mrs. Ollerenshaw's arm. She started as if wakened from a dream.

"Ben't ye goin' to speak, Sister 'Ensher," he said. "It's been a rare night—I doubt if I ever remember a happier."

She rose, and stood trembling at her full height. Another woman who was about to speak sat down, filled with awe, for there was the light of transfiguration on her face.

"O God," she began, in a sweet, high-pitched voice, "I thank Thee that Thou hast vouchsafed to open my sealed eyes, so that I might see the goodness of her Thou hast sent among us. She was an alien, an' I did not understand. Forgive me, O God, for my blindness as to a chosen vessel. We are poor, humble folk here, an' we know not th' world, an' we thought her of 't. I have seen whatten she did for me an' mine. O God, keep soft th' big heart, an shower Thy tender mercies on the head o' Sister Bateman."

WHY JIM DIDN'T GO TO THE SHOW.

BY J. EDWIN FLETCHER.

She said in regard to heaven: "We'd try to learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth."
— *Will Carleton, in "Betsy and I are in."*

JIM was a typical specimen of a backwoodsman—tall, lank and thin, but well built and strong. He had been reared upon the farm, and most of his life had been spent in in the rough *rôle* of a farmer's man in summer and a wood-chopper in winter. He had no set place of abode called home, but boarded around and shifted as best he could. If he got off on a spree and lost his place—which, by the way, was a frequent occurrence—he would hunt up another farmer who wanted a man and hire out again, or wait until chopping time.

He had a wife—a patient, pale-faced creature—who followed him in all his wanderings, and clung to him despite his many sprees and shiftlessness with the same tenacity with which the ivy clings to the wall.

Her real name I never knew; when Jim addressed her it was, "Het, get this!" or "Het, get that!" The farmers with whom they hired out generally called her "Het, Jim's wife."

They had two little boys, aged four and six years respectively; the oldest bore his father's name and was called "Little Jim"; the younger was called "Bobbie," and was an ideal of his patient mother.

Sometimes Jim found it rather difficult to get a place upon account of his wife and family, but he would persuade the employer to take Het as a maid-of-all-work.

"Het's smarter'n a whistle in housework," he would say, "and the boys ain't no trouble—quieter'n mice."

Well they might be, for it had been their unfortunate lot to be domineered over by erratic, fidgety old women such as one can occasionally find—those who have forgotten they also were at one time mischievous children.

But I am going astray with my tale. Just before the opening of my narrative Jim had lost his job through a spree, and accordingly Het and the boys were homeless.

"Jim," said Het, when he was uttering loud imprecations against the fate that had decreed him such hard luck, "let's go to town, an' perhaps you might get a job on the outside of the mines."

Jim turned upon her like an enraged beast. "Go to town, eh, an' work at the mines! Oh, oh, my fine gal, an' where'd you an' the youngsters go, eh?"

Het paled and cowered before her questioner, great tears filled her eyes and a heavy sob escaped her.

"Jim," she said, lifting her tear-stained face and looking steadfastly at him, "I thought perhaps we might rent a few rooms and have a little home to ourselves."

"Oh, go 'way, Het, what ye dreamin' about? Where'd a fellow get brass enough to set up a-housekeepin'?"

"But we have got to do something, Jim; and I do wish you'd get work in town. I so hate being hired out, and always in another family. I've done with it, so there!" sobbed Het as she stamped her foot and burst into tears.

Soon after this we find Jim and Het in town, house-hunting. They soon found three rooms—"plenty good enough for the likes of we," as Jim put it. The rooms

had formerly been attached to a low drinking saloon, and were situated upon an almost impassable alley.

Jim purchased a make-shift stove at a second-hand store and some other articles they could not well get along without, paying for the same with his back wages, which he received when discharged from his last place.

When the scanty stock of furniture had been arranged in the rooms, Het busied herself in making a fire, for it was a cold March day, and Jim started out to bring the boys to their new home. When he returned it was quite dark; Het had the table drawn into the centre of the room and the four chairs placed one upon each side; upon the table in the centre was a small oil lamp, near by a large baker's loaf and a knife, while opposite each chair was placed a cup and saucer or a tin cup apiece for the boys; upon the stove a small iron kettle was merrily singing. "Kind o' comfortin' like, eh, old woman?" ejaculated Jim, as he rubbed his numbed fingers over the fire, and the two little fellows were running from one room into another, exploring their new home.

Het smiled in spite of herself as she carefully measured a scant teaspoonful and a half of the precious black tea Jim had bought for her, and deposited the same in a lard pail, which was to take the place of a teapot until favour or fortune furnished a better. While she was pouring the hot water from the kettle upon the tea, Jim pulled one of the chairs from the table and seated himself near the stove; tilting his chair back, and placing his feet upon the edge of the oven, he pushed his hand into the depths of his pocket and drew out his knife and half a plug of tobacco. After cutting off a "good chaw" and depositing the same in his mouth, he commenced:

"Say, Het, there's a show daown taown ter-night. What d'yer say 'bout a-goin', eh? It's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Het—a spiffin' play."

"The boys, Jim; what shall we do with them? And then it will cost so much, Jim, and we can't afford it."

"Pshaw! Het, what on airth makes you so everlastin' skairt o' th' chink? There's piles o' cash in the country, ole 'ooman, and I'm jest the chap what's goin' in ter get it. I am, now; true's I live, Het, I'm a-goin' to stiddy right down. See ef I don't! Say, will ye go, Het? Put the young 'uns to bed."

Het busied herself cutting the loaf, while Jim continued his coaxing. She knew Jim too well to be moved by his grand aspirations, and his promises of "stiddy right down" had grown to be as a tiresome tale, without either a plot or moral.

The simple supper was soon finished, and the boys, tired by the long walk, were beginning to nod: Jim filled his pipe, lit it, and smoked in silence while Het undressed the boys and tucked them, as snugly as she could with the scant bedding, into a shakedown of straw upon the floor. The dishes were washed and laid away. The clock upon the shelf—one that had been given to Het just after her marriage—struck the hour of seven.

"Het!" began Jim again, as he emptied his pipe into the stove, and carefully placed it upon the mantel beside the clock. "Say! ain't ye a-made up yer mind yet? Come, Het! le's go down and see the parade; they're a-going to have one at half-past seven."

After much persuasion Het agreed to go and see the parade, but not to the theatre; the fast diminishing stock of cash in hand, and Jim's natural shiftlessness, brought to her mind dark forebodings for the future, and she determined that she would hoard up all that she could. Het donned her best, which indeed was

very poor, and started out with Jim toward the centre of the city. Upon reaching the main street, Jim again began to coax her to attend the play, but Het was determined.

They had not gone far when the parade put in its appearance. Jim was profuse with his remarks and bets as to the grandness of the show.

Het once or twice feebly protested: "Don't talk so loud, Jim." But Jim was not so easily subdued; he was bent upon persuading her to accompany him to the show.

Het lingered, and ventured every excuse she could imagine; Jim, with his ready wit, met each with a crushing reply.

While standing upon the corner, debating as to whether they should go home or not, the lively strains of a band of music coming up the street caught and held their attention. "I 'clare them 'ere show chaps are a-comin' back agin," ejaculated Jim. "See, they are a-stoppin' to play in the squar'; le's go an' see 'em,"

Jim hurried across the street and through the square, Het following as best she could. When Jim reached the outskirts of the crowd he straightened himself and craned his neck to get a good view of the troupe. Het soon was at his side. Jim, not being satisfied with so distant a view, elbowed his way through the crowd, pulling Het after him, until his tall form was alongside that of the bass-drummer. Jim crowded and pushed until he made room for Het at his side. The good-natured drummer, when he saw Het, moved forward so as to give her plenty of room outside the range of his drumstick, bowing and smiling as he did so. Jim enjoyed the music — it was plain to be seen by his face. "Fine tune they ar' playing, Het; guess it is another show."

The merry drummer caught the words just as the band was finishing the piece.

"This is the Salvation Army, sir," he smilingly said as he turned to Jim, and then proceeded to clap his hands in unison with the chorus which was being sung by the soldiers and bandsmen.

Jim and Het listened attentively through the whole service, and when it closed followed with the crowd to the hall. It took some persuasion to induce Jim to ascend the stairs into the Army hall, but Het had the saving of fifty cents in view.

"This won't cost anything, Jim, 'cause the man with the spectacles said it was free, and if we go to the show it will cost us half a dollar at least for the two of us."

Jim yielded, and as they were singing the first song Jim and Het entered and took seats in the rear of the hall. The opening prayer-meeting did not impress Jim very favourably. When the next song was being sung and the brass instruments were brought into full play to the tune, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," some soldiers sang, some clapped their hands, while those in the audience who felt so disposed followed suit.

"Come," said the spectacled young man, who was apparently the leader, "you are not half singing; everybody feel right at home, and help us to sing. I will give you the words,

"'We'll all shout "Hallelujah"
As we march along the way,
We will sing our Saviour's love
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.'"

Jim's enthusiasm roused itself. "I say, Het, this is grand, ain't it? I'm a-goin' up to the front seats," he whispered. Before Het could fairly comprehend what he said, Jim's tall form was half-way down the aisle. Het quietly picked up Jim's hat, which he in his forgetfulness had left behind, and followed him to the second seat from the front.

As the service continued Jim and Het became deeply interested; never

before had they been in such a religious service. The jovial, free-hearted nature of the soldiers, their spontaneous and original "speeches," completely captivated Jim.

Het, when at home, had attended the quiet country church with her parents, but when she married Jim, the hired man, her church days ended. Jim would say, "The farmer what was pious driv' his men jest as much as them that wasn't, and pious fellows are so plaguey hard to get on with; if you get a leetle tight, or happen to cuss the cattle, then they come a-down on ye like a hawk into the chicken-yard. You don't ketch me a harbourin' an' upholdin' no sech nonsense as piety.' Therefore, Het and the boys were not allowed to indulge in anything "pious."

In the after-meeting the captain came and laid his hands upon Jim's shoulder, asking pleasantly:

"Are you serving God, my brother?"

Jim was surprised at this audacity. "Me," he stammered, "me servin' God? No sir; you'd better go an' talk to the ole 'ooman."

The captain, nothing daunted by the man's apparent carelessness, endeavoured to persuade him to become a Christian, until, seeing it was useless, he turned to Het, who had been an interested listener to the dialogue which had passed betwixt the captain and Jim. Could it be possible that she could ever become so happy as these people said they were? Could she become as good? Could Jim be made into a good man—a sober man—an honest man? Oh, how happy their home would be! God had done these things for these people, so they said; why, then, could He not do the same for Jim and her? These thoughts, with hundreds of others, kept passing through her mind. Tired and sick of a life of sin, not so much upon her part, but upon Jim's part, she was trembling when the captain spoke to her, and when she would answer, she broke down and sobbed hysterically. The captain waited near her until she had somewhat composed herself, and as she was wiping her tear-stained face with the corner of her old gray shawl, he asked her again if she would not decide that night. Het looked at Jim appealingly, but he sat rigid as marble, his elbow upon one knee and his chin resting in his hand; seeing Jim took no notice of her, she replied in the affirmative to the captain's repetition of the question, and went out to the mercy-seat.

Jim remained indifferent and stubborn until the service closed.

When Het arose from the mercy-seat she was somewhat fearful of what action Jim would take now that she had openly avowed her intentions of leading a better life. A glance at Jim allayed her fears for the time being, for he still sat as one lost in deep thought, apparently unmindful of what was transpiring about him.

The walk home was a quiet one, naught being said upon either side.

Jim, the next morning, as he was preparing to go in search of work, remarked, in an offhanded way, as he stood in the door:

"Well, Het, seein' you got religion, I suppose I got ter chirp up, or I'll be gettin' preached at." Noontime brought Jim home, carrying a few small bundles of necessary victuals. He brought no very encouraging report to his anxious wife; he had earned a solitary half-dollar by chance, but could find no steady job. After a frugal dinner he started out again, only to return at dusk tired, unsuccessful and despondent. After the supper was finished and the boys had been put to bed Het ventured to ask Jim to accompany her again to the Army hall—a request to which he willingly acceded, much to her surprise.

The Friday night service was not as enthusiastic as was the meeting

e previous night. Het thought she had never in her life at-ed a better meeting; the simple, felt words of the soldiers, the reading and the simple ex-ding of the same by the captain, food indeed to her hungering —food that brought life, hope encouragement.

m sat through the service, star-acantly into space, untouched, oved either by song or Scripture, beneath his ragged vest raged orm. The Spirit of God had ed upon the waters and said, there be light."

id there was light.

ie barriers cast up by the flesh, s of darkness and sin could not out that tiny ray. The dark-soul saw the light, and com-ended it, hence the storm. The oled sea cast up the mire and of past misdeeds, the sins of s, his tyrannical nature and habits. Never before had he red his mind to wander upon themes; not even Het's oft-shed ever produced such a reflection; as a wicked man—yes, he was! vas more than wicked, he was —cruel to his wife, his children iel to God and to himself.

ie captain, also one or two of oldiers, spoke to him after the ce, but he only answered curt gruff or was reticent.

hen he arrived at home he ied and raged as one heavily icated, grumbled because the vas out, swore at Het for taking to the Army, and vowed what ould do if she ever went again. spent the night in restless ber, and when he left the house ie morning to search for work as morose and sullen. Jim did return at noon; in vain Het hed and waited, anxious for eturn, yet half dreading it, for feared that some saloon had ed too strong an attraction.

owly the dinner-hour crept by, io Jim.

Het and the boys, tired of waiting for the belated husband and parent, ate their simple meal in silence.

Jim did not return until dusk, but he returned sober, though still cross and out of temper. Het did not dare question him as to how he had spent the day. After supper she undressed and put the boys to bed, singing softly to herself, while Jim sat beside the stove and smoked his pipe.

The clock upon the mantel struck seven.

Het looked at Jim, but he took no notice of her. She was on the point of asking him to accompany her again to the Army. The threat of the night before flashed into her mind, and rather than have Jim grumble and probably wake the boys, she resolved to forego the treat. Silently she gathered up the boys' clothes; seeing a rent in Robbie's coat, she got a needle and thread and began to sew, occasionally glancing at the clock.

Quarter-past! half-past! but neither party spoke.

Jim had refilled his pipe, and was sitting enveloped in a cloud of smoke. He was trying to think but could not. Not a sound broke the stillness in the room save an occasional rattle of a loose window against which beat a cold, blustering March wind. Het had almost finished her sewing when Jim hastily rose from his seat and walked to the door; opening it, he peered out into the darkness, then stood for a moment as though he was listening for something.

"Whatever's the matter, Jim?" queried Het as she knotted the thread and broke it.

"Well, I never, Het! can't you hear the drum an' music? Them Salvation folks are out a-marchin'. Guess I'll go down; want ter come along? Wall, yes, I guess you'd better; 'cause we got ter have some vittles for ter-morrer; it's Sunday, ye know, ter-morrer."

Surprised as Het was at the change in Jim's attitude toward the Salvation people, she lost no time in preparing herself to go with him again to the Army hall. The Army people had got a choice place in Het's affections—she felt at home amongst them, their homely ways and open hearts were as lodestones drawing her to the great Magnet, even God Himself.

She was willing to be drawn; her heart had long yearned for sympathy; for years she had gone the ceaseless round of daily labour as mechanically as the clock fingers travel around their allotted circuit. Life was labour, continuous and hard, with no recreation.

How many women, ay, and men, too, there are who are carrying like burdens, to whom life is only drudgery and toil, whose thoughts are continually upon this world and how to exist, whose brows are furrowed by wrinkles, ploughed and deepened by brooding over the future—the duties and needs of to-morrow. These hearts are being made callous, yea, being petrified for the want of—What? Money? No! Ease?

No; but for the want of Love; not the sickly, sentimental love of the novelist, nor yet the fickle love that is human, but for that love—"all other excelling"—the love that helps us bear one another's burdens; love that "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

Jim and Het enjoyed the service at the hall; it was one bubbling over with salvation joy, but before Jim left the hall that night he was counted one amongst the seekers at the mercy-seat.

When Jim went forward Het was almost overcome with joy. Jim was going to be good—yes, he was, at last! Happy, happy thought—now they would have a happy home!

Late in the summer I again visited N——. My first thought as soon as I arrived in the city was to call upon Jim and Het. I went to the old place, but it was closed and tenantless. I inquired of a neighbour if she knew where the former occupants had gone.

"Them folks what joined the Salvationers, d'ye mean? Oh, them folks got too stuck up to live in a hole like that, and I don't blame 'um nuther, seeing the man kep' sober; wisht my man wus. They moved out onto C—— Street som'eres."

After some more inquiry I found them and received a cordial welcome. Their new home was poor, it is true, and plain; but the sunshine that streamed into the room through the white cotton curtain that hung over the window seemed to intensify the neatness of the place.

"We are so happy," replied Het, when I asked her how she was getting along. "We have named our baby after Captain A——'s little boy. Jim's jest as good as he can be, and we go to meeting and the boys go to school."

"ALL'S WELL."

Out of the heart of the night,
Over the billows' swell
Rings the voice of the watch till the morning light
With the cheering cry, "All's well!"

And so on the sea of life,
When the way seems dismal and dark,
And the waves are raging in sullen strife
Around our human bark,

There's ever a watch at the prow
Whose care shall lighten nor cease
Till "All's well!" sounds from the homing bow
In the happy harbour of peace.

AIRLIE'S MISSION.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Maitland of Laurieston," etc., etc.

JANET BRUSHED OUT HER LONG FAIR HAIR.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK had a dozen questions to ask about the different students who had gone up for examination along with Errol. And his face grew rather sober when he heard some of the questions; and he shook his head dolefully and said it would be a poor lookout for him next year if the papers were as difficult. Errol did not appear to be outwardly elated with his success, but none knew better than Airlie how significant was the deep quiet light of satisfaction in his fine eye. Mrs. Keith seemed much inclined to discuss the future, but Errol skilfully

changed the subject every time she broached it. It was evident, both to Airlie and Janet, that he did not wish it to be settled in any way yet.

"Do you know anything of Errol's plans, Airlie?" Janet asked that night when they were alone in the room they shared together.

"No, Janet; he has not confided them to me except in a vague fashion. But I know that he will make an earnest good use of whatever sphere and opportunities are given him," Airlie answered.

"Oh, I am sure of that, Airlie. When mamma was speaking so much about him beginning practice beside us, I fancy he looked troubled. Do you know, I should not be at all surprised though Errol were to do something we don't expect."

"What kind of thing, Janet?"

Janet brushed out her long fair hair, and did not at once reply.

"Don't you know where his chief interests, apart from his studies, have been centring of late, Airlie?" she asked. "I would not grudge one of my brothers to the mission-field." Her voice in the last sentence was rather unsteady, and when she brushed aside the golden waves of hair, Airlie saw her eyes wet with tears.

"That is a great deal for you to say, Janet."

"*You* have made it easy for me to say it. Errol will do a great good work anywhere, but I do think he has all the attributes of a successful missionary."

"Would you really not think it a pity that his splendid talents should be devoted to such a cause?"

"Airlie! Show me a better! Are you growing lukewarm?"

"Oh no, Janet. Forgive me, I only wanted to hear you say more. It is so sweet to me to listen," said Airlie, through her happy tears.

Janet smiled—a tender and exquisite smile—which softened her face into a rarer and more spiritual beauty.

"The trouble will be with mamma. She does not like the little home-mission work I have been planning to begin after we return. She seems to think it *infra dig.* for me to go among the poor. What she will say should Errol propose to go abroad, I am afraid to think."

"If Errol's life-work is to be abroad, the way will be opened up, and all Aunt Marion's scruples removed," said Airlie, softly, and dropping her face on her hands, she gave herself up for a moment to the sweet and blessed thoughts which surged upon her like the sunlit waves of a summer sea. She had come to Scotland an exile, leaving heart and love behind under tropical skies, and lo! had not the desert blossomed like the rose? Had God not done great things for her, and given to her a glorious antidote for her pain? Many things were made plain to her in that quiet moment. She saw the significance of the cross which had been laid upon her; she knew now the inner and hidden mystery of the ministry of pain. By simply lying still, bearing patiently what was ordered, speaking a gentle word as opportunity was given, she had served the Lord in a way she knew not of. In the early sunshine next morning Errol and Airlie went away for a little stroll together along the green lanes which skirted the shore. Nobody wondered to see them go, for they had always been such "chums," as Jack had it; only Janet, watching from the drawing-room windows, smiled a little tremulously, and turned away, for her eyes grew dim. Was it a prevision of a double parting which might come sooner than she or any of them anticipated?

Errol and Airlie talked a great deal as they went, chiefly, however, of the beautiful coast retreat in which Airlie had found the elixir of health; the subject nearest their hearts was furthest from their lips. They came at length to a little shel-

tered nook among the rocks, close on the beach, and as the air was mild and soft, Errol suggested that they might take a little rest before returning home.

"How well you look, Airlie! It is quite true what Jack said, that I should hardly have known you," said Errol, looking down from his tall height to the low rock where his cousin sat. "Do you feel quite strong?"

"Quite. Oh, Errol, the joy of being free from pain; of feeling really well! I shall never be able to thank you for placing me under Professor Laurence's care."

"Hush, Airlie, no more of that. I saw Laurence asking for you yesterday. Well, what do you think of what my mother was saying last night? It seems to be a settled question in the family that I am to begin practice in Edinburgh."

THEY CAME AT LENGTH TO A LITTLE SHELTERED NOOK.

"Your mother hopes for and expects it."

"It goes against the grain, Airlie."

"Duty very often does, until we

accept it as God-given," said Airlie, quietly.

"Then there's Jack; mamma forgets him, I think. What will he do next year? He is not so well fitted to push his way as I am, and—"

"And what?"

"I will tell you by-and-by. How long is it since you came to us? Eighteen months, isn't it?"

"Yes, fully."

"You are one of us now, Airlie; we will never spare you from Errol Lodge any more."

Airlie winced a little, and for a time there was nothing said.

"If I stand the winter well, Errol, and feel strong in spring, I must go."

"Where?"

"Back to Tahai."

"Oh, nonsense! What would be the use of going back there, probably to fall into bad health again? We will never allow it."

Airlie looked up into his face, her earnest eyes full of meaning.

"You will be the first to bid me go, Errol, if I feel that I should, I know."

"I am not so sure of that. Would a medical missionary be of any use in Tahai?"

"Use! Errol Keith! There is hardly a limit to the influence such an one would have there. Papa often regretted his lack of medical skill. Ministering to the body so often opens up the way for ministering to the soul. I wish the day would speedily dawn when there would be a medical missionary in Tahai."

"Then you will really leave us in the spring without a regret, Airlie Keith? We are nothing to you after two years," said Errol, with a strong impatience.

Airlie arose, and turned her head away from him. She was deeply hurt, but she would not let him see it.

"We are not agreeing very well to-day, Errol," she said, cheerfully, at last. "Come, let us go home, and see if we can get up a picnic in the boat to the island."

Errol Keith laid his firm, strong hand on her arm, and bent his eyes full on her face. Her colour rose under that look.

"You will leave us in spring on one condition, Airlie."

"What, Errol?"

"That you take me with you."

"In what capacity?" asked Airlie, trying to smile, but tears came instead. "It's a long time till spring, Errol. Don't let us say any more about it to-day."

But Errol bent from his tall height and kissed her for the first time since he had given her that cousinly kiss on the platform at the Waverly Station. And I think it was all understood then. And Errol knew that Airlie loved him, and would be his wife some day, if God willed that they should spend any part of their earthly life together.

CHAPTER VII.

"Never was woman tried as I have been with my children. If my husband had lived there would have been none of this! Janet, I wish we had never looked on the face of Airlie Keith."

"Hush, mamma! That is a very hard thing to say," said Janet, quickly. "Whatever you may think of this step Errol wishes to take, none of us can deny that Airlie is worthy of him. And after all, mother, I am sure papa would not have grudged him to the work."

"How do you know what your father would have done?" was Mrs. Keith's sharp retort. "Talk of heathen; there are plenty here in Edinburgh, I am sure, if Errol must act a missionary part. But to let him go away to that terrible place, to give him up forever, my noble boy! Oh, Janet! Janet! you know nothing of a mother's feelings."

Janet Keith looked on in sad perplexity at her mother's keen distress.

She could not but feel deeply for her, she looked so frail and worn, and the thought flashed upon her that there might be a duty for Errol lying nearer home. And yet, as she recalled his kindly eye and enthusiastic look when he had spoken to her of devoting himself to the work of the medical mission, a slight sigh escaped her lips. It would be a trial of no ordinary kind for him to give up his ardent hopes; and then there was Airlie. Nothing, Janet knew, would keep her back now from the mission field; must they then let her go forth, a frail, solitary girl, to that great lone land, where only love and prayers could bind their sundered hearts. It was the month of November now, and after some hesitation, for he greatly feared his mother's verdict, Errol had laid before her all his hopes and plans. And she had listened with a storm of tears and reproaches, and had shut herself in her own room for two days, and resolutely refused to see anyone but Janet. So, as may be imagined, the domestic atmosphere at Errol Lodge that bleak winter's day was about as dreary as that out of doors. The silence which had briefly fallen on the two, while Mrs. Keith languidly played with the breakfast Janet had brought, was broken presently by a low tap at the door, followed by the unexpected entrance of Airlie herself. She was very pale, and there were dark rims round the big pathetic eyes, which told of a heavy heart. But there was no hesitation or faltering in her look, but rather a dignity and resolve which caused Janet to look at her in amaze.

Mrs. Keith, after the first glance, continued her breakfast, ignoring the presence of her niece. Janet rose with flushing face, for she saw Airlie wince, just as she had done that summer day when Errol had broken to her the verdict of Professor Laurence.

"Would you leave us for a little, Janet?" she said very, very quietly; "I should like to speak with Aunt Marion."

Janet nodded, but first put her gentle arm round Airlie's slim shoulders, and kissed her on the brow.

"Well, Airlie Keith, what have you to say to me?" asked Mrs. Keith, the moment the door closed upon Janet.

"May I put your tray on the table first, Aunt Marion?"

"No, I am not finished," answered Mrs. Keith as coldly as before. "Pray go on."

Again that strange pathetic wincing look crossed Airlie's face, and she pressed her lips to still their quivering. She was sensitive to a degree, and her aunt's manner cut her to the heart.

"Are you so angry with me that you will not even look at me, Aunt Marion? If I have hurt or wronged you, it has been unintentional. I assure you."

"You cannot expect me to say what I cannot think, that you have made a good return for my kindness," said Mrs. Keith, calmly, for with the persistence of a selfish nature, she hugged her imagined wrong to her heart. "You know well enough that my eldest son was my chief stay and support. Was it kind, or right, or Christian, to tempt him to leave me?"

"Aunt Marion, you have no right to say such things to me," said Airlie, quietly, yet with a certain proud dignity which became her well. "How can you attribute such a thing to me? I have never sought to influence Errol, and no one dare say I sought to win his love. I could almost wish I had died before I left Tahai."

"It is all very well to say that when the mischief is done," said Mrs. Keith, quietly. "Although it might be a very good and suitable thing for you and others to take mission work on their shoulders, it

was a different case with my sons. If your religion were as real as it is zealous, Airlie, you would have urged them to fulfil their nearest duty, rather than turn their backs on their widowed mother in her hour of need."

Airlie bit her lips. Oh! this was harder than all! What a stern control it needed to bear this with meekness and patience. She trembled under the ordeal in every limb.

"What I came particularly to say is this, Aunt Marion," she said, even more gently than before, "I will make immediate preparations to leave Scotland. They will be glad of my services in Tahai, and I am perfectly able now to undertake the journey."

"People will say I am heartless if you do that. I would rather provide the money for you to spend a few months in the south of England or France, and you could go out in spring," said Mrs. Keith, with selfish eagerness. "Really you are quite sensible, Airlie, and I am sorry if I seemed to judge you hardly. You must allow a margin for a mother's feelings. I believe that if the temptation were removed, Errol would soon come to his senses. We will try and be as gay as possible this winter, and try and show him all the advantages of life in Edinburgh. Well, Airlie, what do you say? I could let Janet and Marion alternately spend a time with you, if you consent to go to some of the health resorts. It would do you good, too."

Up rose the warm red flush to Airlie's neck and cheek and brow. What it cost her to keep a firm hold of that meek and quiet spirit the Master will give to all who prayerfully seek it, was known only to herself and to Him.

"I don't think you quite understand me, Aunt Marion. I could not do that. But I will go away just as soon as I can make my preparations. I love Errol so well," she added with a simple grandeur and pathos, "that I would die rather than give him a moment's pain, or do him the slightest harm. I cannot help it that he has learned to care a little for me; I never sought it nor encouraged it, Aunt Marion. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts. But you need not fear, I will never be his wife. But the other matter he must settle with himself and God."

So saying, Airlie turned about and walked with steady enough steps out of the room. But when she reached her own, and had locked herself in, she stood in the middle of the floor, and pressing her hands to her temples, uttered a long, low moan of intense pain.

She had been sorely tried, wounded in the tenderest, most womanly part; she could have cried out, "Lord, if thou wilt, let this cup pass from me!" it was so bitter to the taste. But He willed that she should drink it to the very dregs. Airlie went downstairs no more that day. Errol, who since the beginning of the session had been assisting his professor in the anatomy class-room, came home to dinner as usual at four o'clock.

"Where is Airlie?" was his first question, as Janet and the others took their places at the table.

"Airlie is in her own room, Errol. She will not come down. I have sent Ellen up with a tray. I knocked at the door myself, but she asked me to wait a little, she would see me by-and-bye," said Janet, with troubled eyes.

"What's up? That isn't like Airlie," said Jack, his eyes round with wonder; but Janet made no reply. Errol, though evidently disturbed, exerted himself to be as agreeable as usual, but they were all glad when dinner was over and they could rise from the table.

"Airlie saw mamma this morning, Errol," said Janet in a low voice, detaining him in the dining-room a moment behind the others.

"Did she? What occurred?"

"I don't know. Oh, Errol, I am afraid this is going to be a great trouble to us all," said Janet, bursting into tears. "I am very sorry for you, and most of all for Airlie; mamma will never consent."

Errol made no reply, but stalked out of the room, and upstairs to his mother's dressing-room door.

Mrs. Keith had now risen, and was resting on a low lounge near the fire. She sat up when Errol entered, for she saw that he had come to say something on the vexed subject.

"You saw Airlie to-day, mother, Janet tells me," he began without preamble. "What did you say to *her?*"

"Much the same as I said to you. She understands that I will never consent, so there is no more to be said."

Mrs. Keith spoke with that unmistakable decision which is sometimes exhibited very strongly by those who are weak in many respects.

Errol leaned up against the mantel-shelf, and bent his gravely troubled eyes on the fire. There was a sore, sore struggle going on in his mind at that moment. Whether was love or duty to win the day?

"Airlie is not quite so unreasonable as you were, Errol. She is determined to leave us; and really you must admit that it would be advisable. I offered to send her to the south of England or France, and even to let one of the girls go with her, but she resented that pretty sharply, so I suppose she must just go back to Africa. I am sure I have done my duty by her, and have watched and cared for her as if she had been my own child. No one can attach any blame to me; and it was quite understood that it was only for a time she was to be with us."

"Did Airlie say she would return to Africa?"

"Yes, immediately."

"And you will allow her to go out there alone, mother?"

"Really, Errol Keith, I wish you would be reasonable. What am I to do? How can I keep the girl if she is bent on going?"

"Then I am to have no say in this matter, mother? I am just to give up all my hopes because you wish it?"

"It is surely not too much for a widowed mother to ask of her eldest son. I lay no commands upon you, Errol. I have simply expressed my opinions. You may do as you please. Only if you marry Airlie Keith, and bury yourself in the wilds of Africa for her sake, you will do so without my approval or consent."

"It is not altogether for her sake, dear though she is to me," said Errol, with deep earnestness. "I feel as if God were calling me to the work; my whole heart is in it, mother."

Mrs. Keith slightly shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not easy to believe in religion so quickly put on. The probability is that it will be as quickly and thoughtlessly laid aside. I like Christianity which quietly and unostentatiously does its duty, without saying so much about it."

Words of pleading rose to the lips of Errol Keith, but the sight of his mother's calm, proud, determined face kept them back.

"You have given me a difficult task, mother," was all he said, and walked slowly out of the room.

He met Janet on the stairs; she had been lingering about, not knowing what to do. She loved them all, and she was sorely vexed that anything should have happened to disturb the happy harmony which seemed to have been inaugurated in the household with the coming of Airlie.

"Mother is inexorable, Janet," Errol said, in response to his sister's mute questioning. "I must see Airlie. Will you come up with me?"

Janet nodded, and they ascended

the stair together. This time the door was opened to Janet's knock, and Airlie's face, sweet, placid and unruffled, smiled upon them, and bade them enter. It was the same little sitting-room she had first entered when she came to Errol Lodge, and she had gathered her own books and things about her, and made it a little home for herself. Everybody in the house, save, perhaps, Mrs. Keith, loved to spend an hour in Airlie's room. Janet merely crossed the threshold, then swiftly turned round and fled with a bursting sob. Under her cousin's influence Janet Keith had learned to feel keenly for the sorrows of others; all that was sweetest and best in her nature had of late come to the surface, and the change in the proud Miss Keith was observed by all who knew her. When Janet left them, Errol shut the door, and then these two, who loved each other so dearly that it would be almost like death to part, looked steadfastly into each other's faces, without a word.

"Airlie, Airlie!" fell at last hoarsely from Errol's lips, "tell me what to do"

"There is only one course in the meantime, Errol," said Airlie, in her quiet, peaceful voice. "I will go; and though we are apart we need not forget. We can think of and care for each other apart as well as together, and we shall both have our work to comfort us."

"I cannot, Airlie! If you go, I must," said Errol, passionately. Then Airlie folded her quiet hands on his arm, and looked up at him with shining, earnest eyes. Her battle had been fought and was won, and now she must needs help him.

"Errol, we would not be happy, dear, we would not prosper, if we acted in disobedience to your mother. I think your first duty is to her. So I will go, and perhaps in God's good time Aunt Marion may see things differently, and if not—"

"What then?" asked Errol, almost harshly, his new-born faith sorely tried.

"Then we will labour on, you in Scotland and I in Africa, and—and, we will meet some day."

Her voice broke, and in a moment Errol's arms were round her, and for a long time there was no more said.

And it happened all just as Airlie said; a fortnight more and Errol Lodge knew her sweet, bright presence no more.

She went forth alone, yet not alone, for the Master whom she so faithfully served went with her, shielding her with his everlasting love. She had her recompense in the welcome accorded her in that far off land, in the certainty that she was needed, and that her work would be blessed. It was harder for Errol Keith than for her to sacrifice love to duty, for he was but faltering yet on the pilgrim way, and his faith, perhaps, had a slacker hold. Nevertheless, he manfully did his part, and for his mother's sake buried out of sight the sweet hopes with which he had looked forward to crown his manhood. His self-abnegation was blessed to himself and all with whom he came in contact; and while faithfully fulfilling the laborious duties of his profession, he did not allow any opportunity for doing good slip past him. And there are so many at our very doors lying to our hand, if only our eyes be not holden so that we cannot see.

Mrs. Keith is still a fretful, selfish invalid, unhappy herself, and the source of some unhappiness to others. If there has ever been any touch of relenting in her soul she has not yet shown it, for Errol and Airlie are still apart. But they are not unhappy. Each knows the other true, each knows that though there may be no meeting on earth, there *will* be reunion beyond.

So Airlie's Mission, though mayhap fraught with some pain to herself, has borne its fruit, not in Errol's

life alone, but in Janet's, now the sweet, noble mistress of a happy home; in careless Jack's, who has graduated successfully, and is doing a good work in his own sphere; in Marion's, who is the light and sunshine of Errol Lodge. And Airlie's recompense is sure. Knowing that, she labours on; and if at times her woman's heart fails her a little, she has but to carry her cross to the Master's feet, and leaving it there, go on again in faith and hope. For the day WILL come when all earth's mysteries will be made plain, and when we will know, beyond a doubt, that all things work together for good to those that love Him.

THE END.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHE FOUGHT WITH DRAGONS.

FAITH KEMP thought that she had a pretty hard battle to fight in life. She daily found need for all the patience and courage which she could command. It was hard enough to endure, and sometimes enduring requires more valour than doing. But the time came to Faith when she had to gather up valour for more than enduring, and instead of foes without she had to encounter strong temptation, foes from within; and it is on these fields of inner strife that we fight our hardest battles and achieve our finest victories.

"I wish," said Letty one morning to Faith, "that Mr. Julian would stop coming here. The times when he comes this summer are so irregular, and father is so very uncertain in his ways, too, that I am in constant terror for fear a visitor should come in and find our poor father in one of his worst states. I wish he wouldn't come!"

"You can't wish it any more than I do," said Faith. "I have been so mortified and distracted by things that have happened here with father that it seems to me as if I should be one of the most thankful persons in the world if we might be left here in quiet and never see a human face except each other's."

"And Hugh," said Letty.

"Not Hugh either," insisted Faith. "I don't yearn to have the poor dear boy come here for misery and mortification like ours."

"I don't think Mr. Julian will stop coming," said Letty. "He cares more for you than as a mere friend; I can see it."

"Well, I don't care for him. I don't care for anyone but you, Letty. I've been miserable and ashamed until I nearly hate everyone else in the world. It is dreadful to live in such an un Christian frame of mind!" And Faith began to cry.

If Faith were in a un-Christian frame and far from a temper of holy charity, Kenneth, on the contrary, was more and more inclined to love his neighbour fully as well as himself, and this knowledge pressed upon him; and, like the divisions of Reuben in Deborah's time, it caused "great searchings of heart." When Kenneth pictured to himself how happy he might be with the charming Faith for his wife, he would have desired nothing better than to go to the house on the beach and ask her to share his fortunes. When he went up there and saw Faith's lovely face con-

stantly growing sadder and more weary; when he noted that the stress upon her of her father's irregularities was making her nervous and careworn; when he saw how sordid were her surroundings and the circumstances of her daily life, while all her tastes were for what was refined and beautiful and pure, —he felt as if he must take her far away from all that was so hard and bitter, and place her where all should be bright and pleasant. He did not so much question whether Faith would go; her position at present seemed to him so distressful that he did not see how she could bring herself to endure it at all.

But when Kenneth looked at his own situation he found much to trouble him. The home where he lived belonged equally to Patty and himself. He hardly felt justified in setting up an independent establishment at the beginning of his business life. For twenty years Uncle Doctor had had his home with his wards, who had become to him as his own children. To disturb the old man and make him unhappy in his home would be a poor recompense for a life of faithfulness and kindness. Kenneth felt that his home must be Uncle Doctor's as long as the good but opinionated old gentleman should live. He told himself that a household established on strife, injustice, or ingratitude would not be a household that could rest under the benediction of God. To think of setting up a home where "father" should be an inmate was impossible. What should be done with "father"? The idea of an asylum crossed Kenneth's mind; that might be the best place for him. And Letty? Well, Letty could share Faith's home; but Kenneth realized that Uncle Doctor would rise in arms if he proposed taking a wife and inaugurating domestic life by putting a father-in-law in an asylum and bringing home a dwarfed sister. Uncle Doctor had a singular adoration of beauty, and Kenneth had relied on that trait to make him favourable to Faith. At the same time, until he had had experience of the beauty of her character, it would make him very unfavourable to Letty. Uncle Doctor was stubborn to a degree; he was full of queer conceits, and at his first hearing of Faith he had taken a violent prejudice against all that regarded her.

"You tell me, and your aunt and Patty tell me," said Uncle Doctor, "that you have taken a great fancy to some fisher's girl up at the beach."

"I never said a fancy, uncle—I love the girl sincerely."

"You think you do, no doubt; but what have you to base love on —a face that looks to you pretty now, because it is fresh and young; a pleasant day or two by the sea, when you had everything about you to make you merry and easily satisfied? That will not afford a basis for a love that must weather sickness, anxiety, age, possibly poverty, and unusual trials. You would bring to your home a girl without education or cultivation or the habits of the life you live, and you would find her unfitted for that life. When the first glamour of your fancy wore off, you would find her discontented, incapable of taking an equal place among your friends, and you would be ashamed of her and blame her for your mortification, and your love would prove not love but an idle fleeting fancy, and would turn to weariness and dislike. Do you understand the great injustice you would do her?"

"You are all out, uncle; you don't understand the matter at all. Faith is not only remarkably beautiful, as Aunt Parvin can tell you, but she is admirably well educated and well read, and very refined and lovely and gracious in her ways. I don't know any young lady as much so. As for her family, she is

ɔd family—she is Hugh Kemp's and Mr. Tom Wharton's niece." nneth had been driven to this nent. Whereupon Uncle Doc- ɔok occasion to make acquain- with Mr. Wharton and, not oning his nieces, but turning conversation upon Hugh, he presently treated to a tirade st Ralph Kemp, as a fiend in n shape, a creature guilty e most enormous follies, the reckless and selfish, weak shameless of mortals. There no pity for Ralph Kemp in Wharton's soul—no sympathy, mprehension of his temptations, ıderstanding of his sufferings. two men had never in any harmonized, and Tom Wharton ı deep rage cherished in his because of his sister's sorrows ɜarly death, all of which he ɐd, and no doubt very rightly, husband's account.

w when Uncle Doctor had this discussion of Ralph Kemp his misdeeds, he was more ıtely opposed to Faith than and lectured his nephew ly upon meditating entangle- ı with any such person.

ınneth, being by no means a trong or reckless young man, counsel with himself that ıg patience might be the most ıble aid he could secure. In er year Hugh Kemp would be rom his promise to his uncle. he could shut up his father ɜ he would be safe from him- ınd the two sisters could be ht to the city. If they did live with their uncle, they have a home with their ɜr, and Kenneth was sure that once Uncle Doctor saw Faith, realized the loveliness of her cter and manners and the lence of her education, he l be well content.

feel that I owe to Uncle Doctor ıe deference that I would pay father. He has acted like a father to us, and I've seen many fathers quite as stubborn as he is," said Kenneth to his sister.

"Yes," said Patty, laughing; "queer as it may seem to us, parents do sometimes hold opinions contrary to those of their children! Why don't you inveigle Uncle Doctor to going to the beach with you, and let the acquaintance of the young lady reconcile him to the affair?"

"I'd be worse off than ever, Patty," said Kenneth. "He would be as hard on poor Mr. Kemp as Mr. Wharton is, and then you know Uncle Doctor's whims; he'd take a dislike to poor little Letty, and she is the dearest little soul."

"Well, all right; wait awhile," said Patty, who, despite her sisterly sympathies, was less interested in the subject than her brother was; "but whatever you do, Ken, don't forget that the Fifth Commandment takes in Uncle Doctor, for he is all the father you have."

"I mean to remember it," said Kenneth.

And so he did. But sometimes a very little affair overthrows our best intentions. And, moreover, Kenneth might have held that it was not a little affair at all to stroll up the beach to see Faith, and nearly an eighth of a mile from her house to hear yells and vociferations and vituperations, and to get sight through the window of Letty, her face hidden in her hands, weeping miserably, and then, as he quietly passed round the house, intent on going to Kiah Kibble to ask what this all meant, to find Faith crouched down in the long grasses behind a clump of beach-plum bushes, her head bowed to her lap, sobbing as if her heart would break.

When Mr. Kemp, locked in his room, broke forth in a storm of maniacal rage, extraordinary even for him, Faith simply could not stay in the house to hear it. If she fled as aforetime to her grotto, Richard or some other might there

intrude upon her misery. No one ever thought of crossing the tangle on the dune, and so she fled there, and, abandoning herself to her woe, stopping her ears to shut out that terrible din from the house, she knew nothing of approaching footsteps, until Kenneth was beside her.

On his part, Kenneth had no idea of seeing Faith, until, turning with the little track about the bushes, she was almost at his feet. He was overwhelmed with sorrow and sympathy, and strong within him rose the manly instinct of protection. He knelt beside her:

"Faith, dear Faith, is this what you have to suffer? Tell me what has happened. Don't cry so, dear girl!"

Here now was the last drop of bitterness added to poor Faith's cup —that Kenneth should enter into this scene of wretchedness!

"Nothing has happened more than always happens!" cried Faith. "Why do you ask me? You can hear for yourself. That is the way my poor, crazy father always goes on, and dear little Letty sits in the house and endures it. But I am a coward and I fly; and then people find me crying, and ask useless questions. I wish you would go away, Mr. Julian. I want to be alone. I can't bear people near me this way. It is not fair of you to come here and— Go away, won't you?" Thus Faith, incoherent.

"No! I cannot go away and leave you feeling like this. I am not people, I am only Kenneth; and I don't see why I should not know of your trouble and help you bear it. Isn't that Scripture, Faith?— 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Trouble shared is halved, is it not, dear?"

"No, it is not!" retorted Faith, angry in her mortification, for she was an intensely proud girl. "It is doubled in this case. My Letty and I bear one another's burdens, and that is enough; and we don't want any other person to have anything to do with it or know about it. Will you go away, Mr. Julian? I want to be alone."

"No; I cannot go away just now," said Kenneth calmly. "I think heaven sent me here to help you. If I had not come here in this unexpected way, I might never have known of all you have to endure, and I feel as if I had a right to know, because I love you, Faith. You must know that I do, and that your sorrow grieves me more than I can tell, and that I would gladly give my life to making you happy and sheltering you from trouble. It is not right, my dear, that your life should be wrecked like this. Do not allow it to be. I shall ask nothing more good and beautiful than to surround you with every comfort and happiness. This has been in my mind for a long while, and I have not dared to say it to you before."

"I wish you had not said it now!" cried the unappeasable Faith. "It is the most impossible thing I ever heard of."

But suddenly to Kenneth it did not seem impossible at all. He had taken a resolution. The ways and means of life came before him like a vision. Why had he thought the question so difficult? It was clear enough what he could do. It was wrong that the crotchets of Uncle Doctor should debar him of happiness and should leave this dear Faith to such a doleful lot. Patty could remain at the home and keep house for the Uncle Doctor. What more need Uncle Doctor ask? And he could find some cosy little flat, and furnish it prettily and simply, and he and Faith and Letty could live there in holy peace, while with the margin allowed him in income by this simple style of living, their father could be taken care of in some retreat, where he could damage neither himself nor anyone else. When Uncle Doctor came to know

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the care of you all in this way.
not rich, but I am pretty com-
bly off, and all that I have or
shall have, Faith, is yours, if
ill take it."

"I cannot take it," said Faith, turning her sorrowful eyes upon him. "I wish you would not offer it any more or say any more about it. I will not say what I might have done or felt if I had met you when I was situated as other girls are, and free to choose my life as others do. But I know what is my part now. I must stand by my sister and my father, and I cannot leave Letty and she cannot leave father. I never, never could marry you, or anyone, and begin life by having you burdened with the support of my sister and the charge of my father, in the state he is in, at any retreat. When people have that kind of trouble in their family they should bear it themselves and keep to themselves. You may think me too proud. I know I am proud: all the Kemps are, even if in father's sin we have fallen so low. It is a right kind of pride, I think. I know my poor little Letty would feel just as I do. I am sure you must care for me very much, Mr. Julian, or you would not heartily offer to do all this for my family for my sake; but I cannot take it, and the very greatest kindness you can do me is never to mention it again."

"Do not shut me off from hope in that way," said Kenneth; "and remember, if you feel that this plan of mine would be burdensome to you, in a year or so your brother will share it with me. He and I have talked of his plans more than once."

"Do not say any more about it. If Hugh cares for a drunken father, that is part of the burden God lays upon him, and he cannot neglect it without sin. But no such burden has been laid on you, and I will not lay it on you. This is a foolish world, and before long people would credit you with having your own father in a drunkards' retreat, not your father-in-law, and they would be saying: 'No doubt Mr. Julian

will go as his father has.' Do you think I could endure that? Some things cannot be explained, and people do well to keep clear of them. I am going back to Letty now. It is wicked to leave her so long, and I beg, I entreat of you, do not come up here any more. I live in terror, thinking you may come, and find things as you have to-day. Will you do me this favour? Say good-bye, and say it finally."

She held out her hand. Kenneth, overwhelmed by her resolute dismissal, touched the hand gravely and turned away, while Faith went to her sister.

So miserable was Kenneth that he won his aunt over to his views entirely, and she undertook to go and plead with Faith and expound affairs more definitely than Kenneth could do.

But Faith was inexorable. She would not burden a husband's hands and name with her family sorrow. She and Letty had been called to this path—they would tread it alone.

And yet how often a glimpse of the rest, the freedom, the happiness that might have been, came to her! She loved the good, bright things of life so well! It would be so blessed to be free from disgrace and reproach and fear! Sometimes she was almost tempted to regret her decision, to feel as if she could not endure unto the end. In these hours she fought indeed with dragons, and she conquered them.

CHAPTER XVII.

BY SORROW'S HEARTH.

About this time the honest heart of Kiah Kibble ached at seeing the sad faces of Letty and Faith Kemp. All the former sallies of mirth, the reaction into happiness after grief, had passed away, and there were two maidens all forlorn, sure enough. There was always good pretext for sorrow in the behaviour of their father; but behind this ostensible cause of trouble was other care. Letty privately felt herself a very helpless, in-the-way little body, with no errand in this world but to burden other people. She knew that Faith was unhappy, and she grieved accordingly.

Faith felt that she had put aside the one great opportunity of happiness that had ever come into her life, and she in fancy saw her future stretching on and on in months of rayless gloom. She did not regret the course she had taken; she said that no other was open to her; but in taking that path she had turned her back upon the sun of joy, and cold and long the shadows fell before her as she pursued her way.

Kiah Kibble was looking after his young friends more closely than usual, and he observed this gloom for two weeks; then he considered it time to go forth on a little missionary work to the house on the beach. It was Sabbath afternoon, and Kiah put on his best clothes; then, charging his boy to be scrupulous in refraining from fishing, and bidding Nan by no means read other than religious books while he was gone, Kiah set forth to call upon his tenants. Father was asleep in his room; Letty was in her usual low chair, reading; Faith had taken her Bible out to the sand-line, but she was not reading. The book lay on her lap, and she looked out over the sea in a sorrowful dream. Oh, the long, long years of the future! How they seemed to pile up before her, like dark and frowning peaks! Life seemed so strong in her that she felt as if death must lie much farther from her than other people, and the coming road would be as long as dark.

Kiah Kibble was one of the very few whom Letty had met to whom she ever talked freely. The hearty piety of the old man brought him near to her. For six years he had been their only friend and helper,

their exile. When Kiah
gan kindly to question con-
the added gloom that seemed
over the sisters, it was not
fore Letty had told the whole
It was not only that father
ving on to ruin with accel-
pace, but Letty had found
did not suffice for comfort
anionship to her sister Faith,
ith, on behalf of Letty and
ad made a great renuncia-
l was very sad.

ow," said Letty simply, "that
be a terrible trouble to love
very much and send that
ay forever, as she has done.
wretched when we gave up
nd if I were obliged to part
aith forever, it would break
rt! So I mourn over Faith,
g that she is mourning. And
ot all, Mr. Kibble; I think I
elt so troubled about myself
I have always just taken
t that I am not like other
that my face looks old, and
m deformed and dwarfed—
taken that as something that
not help and that I have
used to. But now I feel
uble all the time; I fret
I feel not only helpless,
the way, and one of the
ng-blocks before my sister. I
of the reasons why she
be happy. Faith sees that
whom she married would
take care of me, and I
be a burden to my brother-
and it is different from what
d be if I looked like other
If I were gone, Faith could
along with father, and he
ave to be taken care of, and
ould be free."

ay," said Kiah, looking at
rled, knotted fingers; "how
etter you can plan it than
d does! It is a pity, child,
had had the ordering of
ter's life: you would do so
etter for her!"

iah!" cried Letty.

"That's what it amounts to, child. You had nothing to do with this deformity coming upon you. It's true it was your father's sinful indulgence that caused him to drop you, but many a man not at all in liquor has dropped a child he was tossing about in play; and many a child has caught a bigger fall than you had, and never was hurt a particle. Often when I see the way children fall I think of the verse, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' For some reason that is all dark now, the Lord permitted this injury to come upon you, which has set you apart and made you different from other people. The darkness, my child, will not always lie upon His designs. It is written, 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.' When the end comes, Miss Letty, you and all the rest of God's children will be able to say, like Jacob, 'The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil.' You see, he did not mean that he had been kept from all evil, but God had made it all turn out for good in the end. You are one of that kind, child, that you care more for others than for yourself, and so you can take some comfort thinking that this misfortune of yours may in some way be your sister's best help toward heaven. It may do more for her spiritual life than any other thing. You feel as if you'd like her to have a nice home and easy times and all that is good in this world, but the word of God is that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' Life, in God's idea, consists in growing toward eternal glory. I mind that my grandfather, who was a very godly man and a deacon in the church, said once of a man who had had a

very great number of troubles and much sickness and suffering, that he had 'been a pack-horse to carry the rest of the family toward heaven,' because it was only his afflictions that turned their minds to religion. When my grandfather said that to him one day, the old gentleman looked about at him and said, 'All right, deacon; so they get there, I don't care if it is over my shoulders, for I'm like Paul: I'd be willing to be made a curse for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh.' And so, child, you cheer up; don't go to desponding now about the trouble you've borne bravely for so long. Take the Lord's will concerning you and yours with a cheerful face. The Lord loves singing pilgrims better than weeping ones. 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.'"

These words gave Letty heart again. She saw her life in a better light, all radiant with the accepted will of God. And then when Kiah found that her heart was lighter he concluded it was time to go and give a little counsel to that other maid sitting musing by the sea. He went and sat down near Faith.

She nodded at him silently.

"And so, Miss Faith, you have made your choice of a hard lot?"

"Did Letty tell you?"

"Yes; what did you do it for?"

"Because I ought. It was the only thing I could do."

"You don't repent of it then?"

"No. As long as things are as they are it was my only course. Let us not speak of it any more."

"Yes, that is a good plan; it was done because, on your best judgment, it was right to be done, and so best not speak of it. That is right. But how about thinking of it?"

"One can't help thinking, you know, Kiah."

"One ought to, if the thinking leads to brooding and depresses the spirits and makes one unhappy. A sacrifice, Miss Faith, when it is laid on the altar ought to be laid there with a smile. I've got a book at home I like to read sometimes, a history of those old-world countries, Greece and Rome. It has pictures in it, and one of them is of ancient sacrifices; and the sheep and oxen that are brought to the altar are dressed out in ribbons and wreaths of flowers. Those were sacrifices to false gods, and the more is the pity; but still, in the way of doing it, they had the right of it; they made the sacrifice free and joyful. You know, Miss Faith, in the Law, Moses ordered that on some of the sacrifices a handful of incense should be thrown. That is a type of prayer, but also of cheerful prayer, a sort of joy in the giving. It seems to me, if you don't mind my poor way of talking to you, that when we come to a place in life where there are two roads which we can take, and only one that we feel that we ought to take, then when we turn our feet into that one we should go on cheerful and singing and not looking back. Don't you mind how it says, 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God'? I am not educated as well as you are, Miss Faith, but I am older, and I have gone further in Christian experience, and I take it it is Christian counsel you need just now."

"I believe I need something," said Faith, looking round at him; "go on, Kiah."

"I don't mean to say you are turning back as regretting that you did it; but you perhaps keep looking back as sort of lamenting, and contrasting what is with what might have been. That is nature, Miss Faith, but it is by no means grace, and it is grace we ought to be all the while stretching up to if we mean to grow up to the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus. I've been remarking on you for

le of weeks or more that you seemed very down-hearted. down-heartedness bears heavy he bodily health. A cheerful t is a continual feast, but a ided spirit who can bear? If allow yourself to get into gloom stay there, my girl, you can no grow well spiritually than a o vine can grow well in the . As long as you are in this d you might as well be making best of yourself in the way of ing up to glory. If you break self down by indulging in w, you won't be as able to re the lot to which the Lord you, and you'll have a discour-, worn look that won't be any t to your Father which is in en.

Once I knew a man, Miss Faith, became pretty deaf when he about middle age. Now I reckon that anyone would r to be deaf; it's a trial, sure gh. This man I'm speaking ad a comfortable home, a well-ved family, enough to live on mfort; but he took it into his that he didn't want to be deaf couldn't abide it. 'It was le enough, and too much,' he

So instead of counting his ings he spread them all over that one trouble of being deaf, he looked the most woe-begone, rnful, down-at-the-mouth crea-ever I set eyes on. I said to one day, 'If you think your enly Father takes any comfort atisfaction in a child of your ig quality, you are very much aken; you're a disgrace to the stian family,' I said, 'and it of disheartens your brethren ok at you. If you can't chirk n your own account, why don't do it for the sake of other folks?' Now, Miss Faith, I don't mean look that dismal, or are like rry on the way that man did. not in your nature: but I do k you are yielding to sad feelings and discouragements, and it will be bad for you and hard on your poor little sister. She has heavy burdens of her own, and I observe when you look cheery and talk lively and seem to feel fairly contented, she seems just lifted up into comfort by it. She's one to pine over your troubles more than over her own. Now, miss, let me remind you that the Lord knoweth the way that we take, and He has counted up all our tears and all our trials. Is your father's failing a burden? The Lord knows all about that. He knows just how far he is to go and when he is to stop and what will come after. He knows where help is to come from; He knows whether, by-and-bye, all this worriment will seem like a very short time, and the after good very long and great. You cannot help these troubles that are about you; but you can help giving way to them and being ruined by them. There is always the good Word of the Father, if you will listen to it, and there is always His hand held out, if you will take hold of it. Many a little child, Miss Faith, walking in a rough way gets a tumble because it pulls and jerks free of its father's holding hand."

"I believe you are right about it," said Faith, turning to Kiah, to whose plain discourse she had listened attentively. "I have always said that the best sense and the best courage made the best of the hard places of life, and here I was giving way! I will think more of poor little Letty and less of Faith."

"Do so," said Kiah, "because that will not only be good for you, but it will take that extra sorrow out of her face. Then, Miss Faith, if the time comes when she is gone away to the place she seems far more fit for than for this world, you will remember that you always did your part to comfort her."

Faith started. Yes, she must consider Letty! "I've been wrong

and selfish after all!" she cried; "and do you know, Kiah, that I have been praising myself as a very heroic and self-sacrificing young person?" she added whimsically.

"No doubt; we all like to do that. Well, I'm glad you don't take my little preachment to you amiss. I meant it well. But I have been up here a long time, and I'm afraid that things at my house may not be going on just right for Sunday afternoon. I kind of hear it said to me as to David, 'With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?'"

"But he was justified in leaving them, you know, for he was out after that big giant Goliath. You have been up here slaying giants, and you found me and my Letty in the dungeon of Giant Despair and you have given us a key to help us out."

Kiah laughed. "Ay, ay! that's a main good book, that 'Pilgrim's Progress!' I'll go home and read it to my family."

As Kiah went up the beach to the path over the dune, he met Ralph Kemp, and completed his missionary enterprise by walking along with him and taking a seat behind a clump of juniper, for a little reasoning with him on his besetting sin. He could not take him on such high spiritual grounds as Letty and Faith. Kemp had no spiritual yearnings; but he had some remnants of family feeling and of personal pride when he was sober. He was ready to agree with all that Kibble said to him. Tears of honest sorrow came into his eyes when the old boat-builder pleaded the cause of the daughters. He promised reform: promised it so heartily that Kiah could not but believe in him. Kiah had only known Mr. Kemp for about seven years, and he did not yet understand the futility of promises so fervently spoken.

And now, when Kiah and Mr. Kemp were pacing slowly along the dune together, Faith, who had made new resolutions and had found something better to do in life than to dream and regret, ran up to the house to Letty. Self-scorn had helped Faith to put on a brighter bearing and take a more valorous tone than she had used of late.

"Letty!" she cried, "I have been down by the sea learning lessons. They were good ones, too, and have brought back my courage. With such a dear little sister as you are why should I not content myself?"

"Has Kiah been telling you what I said?" asked Letty wistfully.

"No, indeed! What where you speaking about?"

"Nothing worth repeating. What was he talking about?"

"About my religious duty; about serving God willingly and cheerfully, and I mean to do it! I sha'n't mope any more. There is nothing to mope about. I am young and healthy, and I know how to make a living. I have a dear little sister, and as for our little home, it is comfortable, and many people would be glad enough of as good a one. I have been counting up my mercies, and I can say, 'How great is the sum of them!' Now, Letty, if I cheer up, you will have to, or I shall go to disgracing myself by moping again, and you will be the cause of my downfall. To begin with, I haven't been making it very pleasant for father lately, I have been so dull and self-absorbed. Let us get supper, just such a supper as we all like. Then after that we will have a good sing; we will sing all our best hymns. To-morrow I mean to borrow Kiah's violin, and it may amuse father to play on that for us while we work. What does it strike you we should have for supper? Say something easy now!"

"Welsh rarebit and potato salad," said Letty laughing.

Thus Faith at Kiah's suggestion reconstructed her ways.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

ith Kemp entered upon her of cheerfulness with much ır. She was a girl of great of will, and she was the more i to exercise this regnant power ɜ soul by seeing how her father always been lacking in self- rnment. Having before her a spectacle of moral weakness, ne of its most painful ex- ions, she felt animated to rule her passions and emotions and ıtom herself to be dominated he sense of duty. Therefore was now all day busy and ful, and at night did not it herself to lie thinking of roubles or of how much better s might have been, but quietly ed Letty's hand in hers and ıanded sleep, as healthy or- ɜations are able to do.

ɜty for some time watched her, ɜe if her cheerfulness were ned in public and if privately ɾere miserable; but Faith had ed that there should be "no ward thought, and no return- and presently Letty began to comfort in her regard. Pri- y Ralph Kemp questioned his daughter as to why Mr. Julian ɜeen no more. Letty told him ɾuth.

ɜ was then on my account?" r questioned.

es, father. He came up here you were at your very worst, Faith sent him away forever."

hen I have ruined Faith's life e way, just as I ruined yours other," said her father bitterly.

es, father; but still—you never t it."

nd what did I mean? Nothing; is where the trouble lies. My l nature has been like a bit of ɜ-down swept about by the ɡ wind of appetite. Such a as I am ought never to have ɜhildren, Letty."

"Father—did you drink before you were married?"

"Only a little, child."

Letty worked in silence at the train of a peacock.

"The lesson from which is," continued father, "that women should never marry men who drink any. They never know unto what that taste will grow. 'Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' That was what Tom Wharton held, and he was opposed to our marriage, and that is one of the reasons of his hostility to me. I don't blame Wharton; I don't blame anyone but myself—and I blame myself for being morally weak. I wish I knew at what point I might have begun the being stronger. Where could a commencement of moral vigour have been made? before I was born?"

"Very likely," said Letty; "and then, as soon as you were born, your parents might have helped you to understand by their management and training that there was an *ought* and an *ought not*, and that people have to do what is right, whether it is pleasant or no. And so you would have come up with a good habit to the years when you were old enough to know reasons and govern yourself a little."

"The Whartons," said father, "were all people with a tremendous sense of moral responsibility and great will-power. They were headstrong too, on occasion. I think your mother was that when she married me. We loved each other, and for the sake of that love she resolved to take a great risk. Now Faith in her will-power must be a regular Wharton, for I see she has taken a step that must have cost her much, and she is resolutely cheerful about it. I'm sure I wish she had a father more worthy of her. I'd reform if I could, Letty. Sometimes I think I will, if it kills me. Suppose I do resolve!"

Letty said nothing; what innumerable promises this man had made, and they had all been to his ungovernable appetite as the new ropes on the brawny arms of Israel's giant judge!

"I see you don't believe in it, Letty, and I don't; it is too late! too late!"

Faith had common sense to see that in order to keep up her courage and fulfil all her duty she must maintain her physical strength. Open-air life was absolutely essential to her, and she daily persuaded Letty and her father to spend some time with her out-of-doors. An old sail of *The Goblin* was stretched as an awning against a background of plum bushes, and sometimes they all sat there, and sometimes at the grotto among the rocks. It was a pleasant-looking family party—the handsome Faith, with her lace pillow on her knee; Letty, throned on cushions, working at some frame filled with gorgeous designs; father busy at a net or a hammock. No one would have thought to see them what a terrible sin blighted all their lives, and from what high and fair estate they had fallen.

The penitential mood is a painful one, and father did not relish this indulgence in it. He tried to lessen the poignancy of reflections upon himself.

"I am sure Faith is not unhappy or grieving. She is contented with us, and didn't care for Mr. Julian. I rather wonder that she did not; he is a fine fellow, but Faith evidently took a dislike to him and showed it very plainly."

Daily these sisters grew dearer to each other and came into closer and more tender confidence, and those weeks were to Faith's thoughts in after life as a sacred time, a sweet and blessed memory. She learned at last to forget the shadows that father cast into that autumn, and recall only the hours she and her little, gentle elder sister spent in sweet sympathy. The father was often away, they did not know where. He now went so often that they could not follow and rescue him as once they had tried to do. No work would have been done, and no bread earned, and "Kemp's daughters," "the dwarf girl," and "the handsome one" were becoming more conspicuous than they could endure to be.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

EVEN a hasty visit to the Old World from the New forces upon the mind the correspondences and contrasts between their different institutions and practices. One cannot fail to find much to admire in that Island Empire to which so many of us look back with love and pride and veneration, either as our birthland, or as the land of our fathers. The bulwark for centuries of civil and religious liberty, it has won the homage of all lands for all time. Nevertheless the conservative influence of ancient use and wont has given a rigidity, or at least a lack of flexibility, to its institutions which is not in harmony with the freer air and ampler liberty of this Western World. These institutions in Great Britain may be likened to the vaulted arches of her mighty minsters and cathedrals, majestic in their strength, glorious in their history, but rigid as the everlasting rock from which they were hewn. Those of our own country are more like the overarching boughs of our Canadian forests, flexible and yielding to the influence of public opinion as the elm tree to the passing breeze.

To the democratic denizen of Canada the class system—it might almost be called the caste system of Great Britain—is felt to be repressive, if not oppressive. The dominating preponderance of the Established Church, and of the titled and aristocratic classes in religious, political

e, creates a feeling of restraint
environment of the stone
mparts which still engirdle
ncient cities. Even the Dis-
rches seem to some degree
led to these influences. They
ur judgment, sufficiently as-
ves. Many of the Methodist
London, for instance, per-
at the morning service the
e Church of England, and in
s decline to emancipate them-
its step-motherly influence.
ilates the cut of their coats,
ollars, and ultra-clerical style
f most Methodist ministers.
r that so many of the sons
rs of Methodism have for the
l prestige drifted away from
f their fathers to the Church
s established by law.
vinces the Church of England,
of the squire and rector and
the manor, has, in the agri-
ions especially, striven to
warf the growth of the Non-
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se have thriven best in the
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lependent of either squire or

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ittle Salems and Ebenezers,
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re to dignify with the name
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development of that strength
alone can give. Of this we
stration in York. Like the
r, dominating the whole city,
tower rises like a cliff in air,
shed Church seems to domi-
. We saw in a very humble
v a meagre announcement, in
n a small-sized placard, of a
al to welcome to his new
inister of one of the minor
bodies. We would have in
ggressive announcement on a
d, in bold type, challenging
n of the world. To speak
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seems to invite indifference
mpt.
Nonconformist Churches con-
think, both in numbers and
power and earnestness, the
of the nation. The union of
it Methodist bodies would
urch which the squire, and
d not venture to insult or
Henry Fowler's Bill for the

organization of Parish Councils throughout the realm will do much to overthrow the reign of squirearchy in even the rural communities. Already the dissenting shoemaker, weaver or farm labourer has in many cases been elected to the chairmanship of the Council over both parson and squire.

It is true that the spiritual power of a Church consists not in its social status, but that is no reason why Methodism should not vie in the beauty of its churches, not with the great cathedrals which belong to the nation, but with the smaller parish churches throughout the realm. The homely character of such chapels as Great Queen Street, in London, if it does not repel, fails to attract the passer by.

It is true that the movement inaugurated by the late Dr. Punshon for the erection of better churches throughout the kingdom has introduced remarkable changes in this respect. The old City Road Chapel—the cradle of early Methodism — has also been greatly beautified and adorned in recent years. On both occasions when we attended the congregation was large, the preaching able, and the singing soul-stirring. This last was the result, we judge, of the labours of Mr. Wesley, the organist, a grandson of the sweet singer of Methodism.

The most active phase of Methodism in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other great cities is that known as the Forward Movement. It seems a pity that in London its centre should be a public music-hall devoted during most of the week to secular amusements. But, perhaps, it thus touches more closely the life and needs of the great pleasure-seeking community in which the West Central Mission is established.

We were pleased to note also the aggressive spirit of Methodism in the northern metropolis. The Synod Hall at Edinburgh, an audience-room of magnificent size, was filled with an earnest congregation. The singing, especially, had a Methodist swing and fervour which we heard not elsewhere in Great Britain.

We mean not to detract from the noble work being accomplished by the Established Church. Its great preachers and scholars have laid all the Churches under obligation by their books. Its devoted parish clergy, many of whom, however, are strongly tinctured with High Church principles, are doing an incalculable service in ministering to the poor, succouring the sorrowing, visiting the forsaken, and remembering the forgotten in the lowly lanes of life. In this they have

zealous rivals in the scarlet-liveried soldier of the Salvation Army, and in the gray-gowned Sisters of the People and other Protestant Deaconess Orders.

The great enemy of all righteousness, of all social and religious reform, however, in Great Britain is the drink traffic. One finds it intrenched in the high places of the land. It occupies the strategic position in all the towns and cities. On the best corners of the streets, sometimes on all four of them, lit up at night with a blaze of light, the modern Moloch receives the homage of his willing victims. To every lover of his kind it is heart-rending to see the tide of humanity flowing in and out of these open doors, over which might be written the words on Dante's *Doors of Doom*, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Worst of all was it to see women, forgetting their womanhood, sometimes with babes in their arms, drinking at the bar with the veriest tramps and drunkards.

In the godly city of Edinburgh, in the High Street, under the shadow of St. Giles and John Knox's house, and in the great city of Glasgow, with its pious motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," this dram-drinking was more prevalent than we saw elsewhere.

Against this giant evil all the Churches should unite and every lover of his kind should fight. Thank God, the Churches are awakening from their lethargy in this regard. The highest dignitaries in the Church of England are among its strongest foes. Methodism is awaking again to the stern denunciation of this guilty traffic by its honoured founder and is working in the forefront for the overthrow of the liquor traffic, which Mr. Gladstone asserts has slain more victims than war or slavery or famine.

We had not the good fortune to meet the able representative of Canadian Methodism to the Conferences of the sister Methodisms of Great Britain, but we received most flattering testimonies as to the eloquence and ability with which Dr. Dewart discharged his duties, and as to the influence of his stirring addresses on the benefits of Methodist Union in Canada.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference, which is the 152nd, met in the King St. Chapel, Plymouth, England, Rev. Dr. J. Waller being elected President. For many years he had been an excellent Conference secretary. Dr. Waller has long occupied a prominent position in the ranks of the ministry. He is the fruit of village Methodism and has grown up in the ranks. At present he is Secretary of Education and, with the exception of Dr. Rigg, no man is better posted in the legislative history of Wesleyan Methodism. It was generally expected that he would be elected President, but Revs. Dr. Randles, H. P. Hughes, F. W. Macdonald, and T. Allen received a considerable number of votes.

The election of women as delegates to the Representative Session was a burning question which was lost, so that no Chairman of District can in future accept any lady as a candidate to Conference. Rev. H. P. Hughes spoke strongly in favour of their admission. He reminded the Conference how that John Wesley admitted them to the pulpit and allowed them to itinerate, and that the Rev. Thos. Jackson, Robert Newton, and Mr. W. Dawson were all converted through the preaching of women.

Rev. M. Hartley, who has been well trained under Dr. Waller, was elected Secretary. He is a thorough business man and has long been one of the missionary secretaries. Having also an able staff of assistants, the business of Conference will be faithfully recorded.

A portion of two sessions was occupied with a conversation respecting the work of God. The increase of members is 4,372; deaths, 5,298; 490 circuits reported an increase of 10,678 members, but, alas,

ported an aggregate decrease of

ngements were made for reducing
bt on the Missionary Society, which
nounts to $150,000. It is proposed
e $250,000 at once, nearly $100,000
ch was promised at Conference.

debate on the Book-Room was
ted and lively. The circulation
uthorized hymn-books, of which
eems to be a plethora, hinders the
the connexional hymn-book. The
were not equal to former years, as
tal amount was only $7,500, one-
f which was appropriated to the
Missionary Society and the balance
Superannuation Funds.

extension of the pastoral term
l great interest. The number of
ions for a longer term was increas-
ery year. Two ministers were in-
to remain a fifth year. It was
tely agreed that there should be
ension under certain circumstances.
were granted a lengthened term.

number of candidates for the
ry greatly exceeds the demand.
enteen years 768 men had been
to the home work, and in the
work 442 had been received in
me period. Circuits not able to
e houses for married ministers
assistance from the Home Mission

Last year $7,700 were thus
priated. This year only twenty-
andidates were received for the
work, and eighteen for the foreign
forty-two in all, while there were
-four candidates, so that more than
ere refused. Application for ad-
n into the ministry was made from
ers of other denominations, but
ne was accepted, Rev. A. Woolley,
Newfoundland.

great deal of time was occupied
ting the central missions in connec-
with what is known as the "For-
Movement," which excites universal
st and is doing much for the ex-
n of Methodism in the centres of
ation. At least ten thousand peo-
tend the missions in Manchester
where there were only a few hun-
some years ago, and $150,000 will
e expended in the erection of new

At a meeting in aid of the London
n Rev. P. Thompson said that his
eek of work in East London was
ppiest in his life. The joy of the
n and the miracles of grace he
bed in glowing words. The plan
k came through the gutter children.
bitter winter night the children
had no shelter but the 240 public-houses.
John Jameson began the work. There
were now twenty thousand children in
the East End who had been through the
mission schools. He told of the muni-
cipal and social work, and of the open-air
work."

Dr. H. J. Pope's report of his visit to
Canada was very creditable to that gen-
tleman. He was greatly pleased with
his visit, and spoke in terms of com-
mendation respecting our Church and
the country. The Canadian representa-
tive, Rev. Dr. Dewart, was most cordially
greeted, and delivered an elaborate address
which was most favourably received. He
gave the English Conference a knowledge
of Canadian Methodism which could not
but be gratifying to them.

Besides the representatives from New
South Wales, France and Ireland, who
spoke at the open session of Conference
with Dr. Dewart, a lady from Austria,
Baroness Langenau, was introduced and
received a most hearty welcome. This
distinguished lady has rendered eminent
service to Methodism in her native land,
and richly deserves the honour which
she received. In her address she said,
"What I have done I have done for
Christ." Bishop Abraham and Professor
Council, from the African Methodist
Episcopal Church, were introduced at
another session of the Conference. The
Bishop interested the Conference with
his speech. He said that he represented
a branch of the Church which had half-a-
million of members, 3,200 ordained
preachers, 10,000 local preachers, and
375,000 Sunday scholars. "Eleven hun-
dred of the preachers," said the bishop,
"are under my direction, and I make the
appointments myself"—a remark which
greatly amused the Conference. Then
came the startling statement, "Once I
was a slave, and sold for $6,000." He
wound up a capital little address by
saying "they thought that when they
overtook the English people there would
be no other people on God's earth to pass
by."

The religious services were all more or
less characterized by great fervour. The
ordination of thirty-one young men who
had finished their probation, the official
sermons, the public examinations, recog-
nition of returned missionaries, etc., were
probably the most enthusiastic. The
memorial session was deeply affecting;
twenty-four ministers died in England,
six in Ireland, and six in foreign stations.

Rev. James Chapman was appointed
principal of Southlands College. Rev.

W. L. Watkinson, editor, is the appointee to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference to be held in 1896.

It is a matter of deep regret that, owing to the financial difficulties of the Joyful News Mission, the Rev. T. Champness has been compelled to recall sixty of his agents, though he hopes to keep these employed who are in the foreign work in India, Ceylon, China, South Africa and West Africa, and probably a few at home.

The Methodist Church.

Newfoundland Conference. — Harbour Grace was the seat of this Conference, Rev. W. Swan was elected President and Rev. J. T. Newman Secretary. The ex-president, Dr. Milligan, a most enthusiastic educationist, said that the Government had set apart $10,000 more for educational purposes than was expected. This was joyful news.

There was only one death reported, that of Rev. G. P. Story; five young men were ordained to the full work of the ministry. The Statistical Committee reported an increase of ten Sunday-schools, 104 teachers, and 642 scholars. The increase in the membership is 991.

Japan Conference. — This Conference gathering took place at Tokyo and was in session six days. There were present seven Canadian and nineteen Japanese ministers. Three were ordained at Conference, making twenty-nine in all. There were three probationers recommended for ordination. Dr. Macdonald was re-elected President, an indication that the Doctor's popularity does not wane.

The ladies of the six Tokyo Methodist churches gave a reception to the members of Conference in a new Japanese house, where they were regaled with fruit, ice-cream and cake.

The Conference Sunday was similar to those of Canada. The love-feast was entirely in Japanese, but instead of bread and water, trays with small cups of tea and nice assorted cakes were served. Rev. W. Elliott presided. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. B. Hashimoto. Dr. Macdonald preached in the evening and all present felt it a profitable waiting upon God.

The *Gokyo* is the *Christian Guardian* of Japan Methodism, and it will henceforth represent at least three branches of Methodism. Two committees were appointed, one relating to union and another to co-operating in evangelistic and other kinds of church work. There are now 2,070 members, an increase of eighty-nine, there is also a large increase in the number of Sunday-school scholars.

Since our last issue the mission premises in China have all been destroyed by rioters connected with the Vegetarian Society. Happily the missionaries have escaped with their lives, though they endured much suffering. Some other missionaries and their families have been put to death. All the missions in Western China appear to be in great jeopardy.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the month of September forty-three Annual Conferences were appointed to be held in the United States alone.

Bishop Foster passed his seventy-fifth birthday very quietly. Only a few of his friends knew of it.

Persecution has befallen the mission in Mexico City; school-teachers and converts have been maltreated. A widow and her two sons have been imprisoned simply because the latter had been withdrawn from the municipal, and sent to the mission school. A Methodist schoolmaster also had been imprisoned.

In three weeks Bishop Mallalieu travelled two thousand miles on hot, dusty roads, preached nine sermons, delivered seven special addresses, besides attending personally to his large correspondence.

Bishop Walden recently purchased a suitable lot in Honolulu, Hawaii, for a tabernacle to cost $2,500, which will be the first Methodist church in the island. It will help the work in Japan.

Bible Christian Conference.

This Conference met in Thorne Memorial Chapel, Barnstaple. James Thorne was one of the founders of the Connexion and this was the year of his centenary. His son, Rev. John Thorne, from South Australia, came to England to take part in the centenary services, and he was elected President of Conference.

On the Conference Sunday services began at seven o'clock, a.m. Dr. Dewart preached in the evening and gave his official address the day following, which was a great missionary day, when the Chinese and Australian visitors also delivered earnest addresses. Dr. Dewart greatly pleased the Conference.

The union question was the most important which came before the Conference. Principal Watson, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, attended as a fraternal delegate. Dr. Dewart spoke first, and detailed the results of union in Canada. Several members of Conference took part in the discussion. A committee

was appointed to confer with other committees which may be appointed, and it is hoped that during the next year, by reason of friendly exchange of pulpits, the Bible Christian and Primitive Methodists, at least, may be ripe for union by the Conference of 1896.

Recent Deaths.

We regret to learn that the honoured head of the long-established house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, has recently passed away from time. Mr. Houghton maintained for many years the best traditions of the publishing trade. Under his auspices the leading writers of New England were introduced to the public. The *imprimatur* of his house upon any book was a guarantee of its high-class character. The book catalogue of the house embraces the leading contributors to New England literature for the last score of years. Mr. Houghton was a member of the Methodist Church, and for twenty-five years held the position of superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school. We had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance and were deeply impressed with his urbanity and Christian courtesy. We doubt not that his surviving associates will maintain the same high aims which distinguished Henry Oscar Houghton during his long career as the head of this great publishing house.

Dr. Edward Beecher, brother of the late Henry Ward Beecher, died last July at the great age of ninety-two. He graduated at Yale when he was only nineteen; after being in the pastorate a few years he became president of a college in Illinois. He was one of the founders, and for some years editor, of the *Congregationalist*, and the author of some important works. For a few years he was assistant to his brother in Brooklyn, whom he dearly loved. When Henry was tried in the civil court some years ago Edward was at his side during the whole trial. When eighty-two years old he was again called to the pastorate. A few years ago he met with an accident, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He was a man deservedly esteemed, and served his generation nobly.

Dr. John R. Alexander, a well-known Methodist in Montreal, was recently called to his reward. He was a native of the Province in which he died, and was a man of great energy. Whatsoever he found to do he did it with his might. At one time he was in the Methodist ministry, but voice failure compelled him to locate. Having taken a medical course, in due time he took his medical degree. On retiring from the ministry he became connected with the Ætna Insurance Company, in which he rendered most efficient service. He was also proprietor of the Turkish Bath Hotel, in Montreal, and was an inveterate hater of tobacco and liquor. Those who knew regarded him as one of the noblest of men. His death is a loss to Methodism in Montreal. He was a member of the General Conference in 1886 and 1890.

Book Notices.

The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics. A sketch of institutional history and administration. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D. Author of "Congressional Government." Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The fact of government is one of the oldest in the history of the race. The scientific study of its theory is one of the newest. The present volume, we believe, is the first attempt to analyze the facts and synthetize the principles of human government. The subjects of constitutional law and political and social economy are now being studied in most of our universities. This book is designed to aid the instructor and students in this important department. Of special interest is the account of the historical development of government from the times of the Aryan patriarchs. The struggle between the democracies and oligarchies of Greece; the shrewd, practical and firm administration of Rome; the evolution of the feudal and monarchical systems of mediæval times; the modern governments of France, the German kingdoms and empire, Austria and Switzerland; the governmental system of Great Britain, with its vast colonial empire, and of the United States are outlined with luminous

A WOMAN OF EGYPT.

[E METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WOMAN IN THE EAST.

TATTOOED DRUSE WOMAN.

condition of woman in the one of marked subordination. largely the result of Mohamism, which everywhere dewoman, treats her as an increature and jealously hides the harem. The practice of my saps the very foundations ly life, introduces discord and and often makes the home a very hell instead of a heaven on earth.

In widest contrast to this degraded position is the honourable rank of woman among the Jewish and Christian peoples. There she occupies her rightful place as man's equal and his helpmate, although not enjoying the predominance of position she holds in the West as the regent of society, its *decus et tutamen*—its ornament and safeguard. In the times of the patriarchs, and of the Hebrew commonwealth, women occupied positions of honour and renown. Sarah, Rachel, Rebecca, Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, and Huldah, are names that for all time shed lustre on their sex. The account given in Proverbs xxiii. of the virtuous woman is one which exhibits the noblest ideal of womanhood.

It is only, however, under the New Testament dispensation that woman has attained her true place in the home, the Church, and society. Woman was last at the cross, first at the sepulchre, and the first to receive the revelation of the risen Lord. She was present at the first meeting of the disciples after the Ascension. She was among the earliest converts of the apostles' preaching, and was

steadfast under direst persecution. The first trophy of the gospel in Europe was a woman, whose name is handed down for a perpetual memorial.

Upon a woman was pronounced the most splendid enconium that ever passed human lips. Matt. xxvi. 13. Dorcas and Priscilla, Phœbe and Prisca were fellow-helpers, with many others, in the gospel of Christ. Blandina, Perpetua, Felicitas, and many other faithful martyrs sealed

TURKISH LADY WITH VEIL.

their testimony with their blood. Monica and Paula were types of Christian matrons, whose saintly character is the crown and glory of the primitive church. The enthronement of virgin motherhood in art and dogma created an ideal of purity and ruth, during long, dark ages of rapine and of blood, that did much to keep alive the sense of chivalry in the world.

The rise of Mohammedanism with its odious system of polygamy, did much to degrade the status of woman. The traveller in the Orient is struck, especially, with her seclusion and social inferiority. In the cities of Cairo and Damascus, of Smyrna and Constantinople, the women go about swathed in long, white robes, like the shroud of the dead, which completely envelop their frame in a shapeless, balloon-like covering. A very small opening is left through which one or both black eyes may flash, all grace or beauty being effectually concealed. I have seen a girl, ploughing in the field, on my approach hastily draw the veil over her face and remain completely covered until I passed. Sometimes this veil has woven coloured figures which make it perfectly conceal the features from the observer, although very slightly, if at all, obstructing the vision of the wearer.

In Constantinople, however, where Western ideas have come into closer contact with Oriental life and thought than elsewhere, the veil of the woman has grown thinner and thinner, until it has become a filmy gauze which reveals rather than conceals the dimpling smiles and bright eyes of its wearers. The missionaries on Mount Lebanon informed me, that out of regard for the prejudices of the natives, the Christian women wear opaque veils when abroad, and in the churches sit on the opposite side from the men, and separated from them by a high screen.

In the railway trains and steamboats there is often a separate compartment for women, at which the conductor knocks and waits patiently until bidden to enter and collect his fares. On leaving the station or steam-boat landing they scuttle hurriedly away as though they were

d of either receiving or com-
cating the plague. Over and
again, as with Western curiosity
ere inclined to study the out-of-
life or domestic operations of
Arab women, our dragoman
d remonstrate : "You must not
ere, you must not look at these
en, they do not like it." The
lty of seeing a Frank lady un-
d in the bazaar made shopping
amascus exceeding embarrass-
for the only lady in our Cana-
party. The natives, after star-
ier out of countenance from one
of view, would move around to
t the process from another coign
antage, until Madame became
different as to heed their atten-
no more than she heeded the
ns that hopped around her feet.
e jealous separation of the sexes
oys all public social life. At a
ner picnic, which I witnessed at
bec, the women and children
part by themselves, and chat-
like magpies, while the men
ed their pipes and sipped their
in secluded and dignified si-
. The chief type of holiday
ment for women seems to be to
on Friday—the Moslem Sab-
—the cemetery, and gossip
g the graves beneath the cy-
es, or to row on the water,
ded by a coal-black eunuch,
ng like so many ghostly figures
acted by grim Charon over the
Styx.

e costume of women of Egypt
culiarly ungraceful and un-
y. A long, closely-woven veil,
xture like black crape, com-
ly envelops the face all but the
ead, leaving only an aperture
he eyes, as shown in our cut.
een the eyes is affixed a brass
with transverse ridges which
be exceedingly uncomfortable.
ong the lower fellaheen, or
nt-class, and among the Arabs
omen are not veiled, but many
m are instead tattooed on cheek,
chin, and brow, in a manner
which most effectively conceals any
beauty they may have had.

Among the peasant-class through-
out the East the women do much of
the labour of both house and field.
I have seen them ploughing the
stubborn soil, digging with rude
mattocks, making and carrying
bricks, and preparing animal re-
fuse for fuel. Of the gentler toil
of folding and watering the flocks
no complaint can be made. One
arduous part of woman's never-end-
ing work in the East is carrying

VEILED WOMAN OF CAIRO.

water from the village fountain, or
spring, or lake, or river-side, to their
homes for daily use. The water-jars
are often heavier than I could lift,
but these they will poise upon their
shoulders and climb the banks of the
Nile or steep slopes of the hill country
to their often remote and secluded
villages.

The congenial occupation of card-
ing, spinning and weaving wool, or,
in the more leisured classes, of sew-
ing and embroidery, are still, as from

time immemorial, the appropriate work of women. "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." Prov. xxxi. 13, 19.

The unending labour of grinding the daily grist of meal is one that is heard in every household. Two circular flat stones, about eighteen inches in diameter, are placed one upon the other on the ground, with a cloth beneath them to catch the meal. At this rude mill two women sit and make the upper stone revolve upon the lower by means of an upright handle near the outer edge, continually pouring the grain in the opening in the centre. To this custom allusion is made in the passage, where, foretelling the suddenness and completeness of the destruction of Jerusalem, our Lord says, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left." In the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, the desolation of old age is illustrated by the figurative words, "the grinders cease because they be few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low."

"GRINDING AT THE MILL."

So necessary is this daily grinding of the food that a special injunction is uttered in Deut. xxiv. 6, "No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge, for he taketh a man's life to pledge." The labour of grinding was often relieved by song, hence, among the many threatened desolations following the invasions of Nebuchadnezzar, are these words: "I will take from them the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle." Jer. xxv. 10. This work was performed by persons of the humblest condition. Thus in Exodus xi. 5, we find the words: "from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maidservant that is behind the mill."

At the weekly fair held at Hasbeiya, Dr. Thompson saw fifty pairs of these stones, made of porous lava, for sale. It was a piece of such millstone that a certain woman cast upon the head of Abimelech at Thebez, and "all to break his skull." Judges ix. 53.

The Druse women of Lebanon have still the extraordinary habit of wearing a large silver horn on their heads, over which is thrown a veil; surely a more ungainly style of female head-gear was never conceived. To this custom, doubtless, allusion is made in the passage, "In thy favour our horn shall be exalted." Ps. lxxxix. 17.

Among the more leisured classes, light embroidery, in which they are very dexterous, and the endless eating of sweetmeats seem to be the chief employment of the women of the harems; the absence of books and of intelligent conversation is a marked feature.

DRUSE WOMEN WEARING HORNED HEADDRESS.

The Christian and Jewish women are graceful dispensers of hospitality. At Nazareth we were "most courteously entreated" and regaled with exquisite sweetmeats by a native Christian family; and at Damascus, in a Jewish household, which we visited, two bright daughters of the house played the hostess. They were daintily dressed in loose flowing trousers, embroidered jackets and dainty slippers, and walked about on high pattens, richly enlaid with mother-of-pearl, which kept them six inches from the ground. They chatted pleasantly in excellent French; the mother of the house, probably unable to speak any Western language, remained in seclusion, although we saw her as we passed the open door of her room, reclining on her divan and vigorously smoking her hubble-bubble pipe.

The baking and cooking for the household is also an important part of woman's work. We were greatly interested in the dexterous manner with which the Syrian women made their thin, wafer-like bread without rolling-pin or board. They take a layer of soft dough, flatten it with the hand, and spread it out, tossing it in the air until it is a large, thin disc of eighteen inches in diameter. This they deftly spread over a sort of cushion, which is then thrust into the bee-hive-shaped oven, previously heated by live coals, and pressed against the hot surface; to this the disc of dough adheres and in a very short time is thoroughly baked.

The braying of meat or grain, that is, its reduction by continuous pounding to the consistency of paste, is a work demanding much physical energy. The product, however, to the Western palate is not commensurate with the labour bestowed. To this protracted process allusion is made in the passage "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Prov. xxvii. 22.

Milking the goats and camels and making the butter is from time immemorial woman's work. The method of doing this is hardly in accord with Canadian notions of dairy cleanliness. The milk is received into a goatskin with the hair side out, and this is suspended from a tripod or pole and swung or shaken to and fro until the milk is curdled into cheese or butter. The butter is a very different thing from the fragrant golden cakes to be seen on our breakfast tables.

The care of children is by a sacred

prerogative the special duty and privilege of woman. The eternal principle of mother-love is strongly manifested by Eastern wives. Among the Arabs the birth of a girl babe is no cause of rejoicing, but of the reverse, and, indeed, is sometimes accompanied by the groans and reproaches of the nearest of kin and the tears of the mother. The babe is "wrapped in swaddling clothes," as was the Divine Child of Bethlehem, and, swathed like a little mummy, is placed in a cradle. Often the skull is distorted quite out of the normal shape by the continual pressure; indeed, "there is hardly one well-shaped skull among the hundred Syrian students at the college at Beyrout," says one of the professors, "they are all flattened on the side during the first year of infancy."

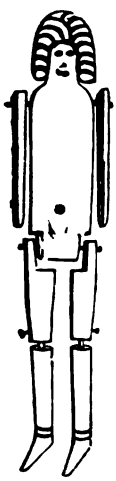
EGYPTIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

"As soon as he can creep," writes Marion Harland, "the child is tossed upon the bosom of mother earth, and left to 'hustle' for himself among his fellows. When drowsy he crawls into a corner and goes to sleep like a little brown dog; if hungry he eats whatever comes within reach of his dirty hands that commends itself to his judgment as possibly eatable. At night he huddles down in the one garment he has worn all day, close to brothers and sisters, to gain warmth through the sunless hours from their bodies.

"When his mother is in a good humour she strokes and pats him and flings him a fig or morsel of sweet cake; when she is busy she kicks him out of her path; when angry—and this is often with the ignorant, untrained women—she takes a stick to him and swears volubly, cursing the day in which he was born and invoking the vengeance of heaven upon his undutiful soul."

Children's toys in the East can vie neither in number nor ingenuity nor variety with those of the favoured boys and girls of Western lands. Nevertheless there is evidence of the existence in the very cradle-lands of the race, of toys almost identical with those in use in our nurseries to-day. The accompanying cut

shows a jointed doll of ivory, with arms and legs that can be moved by pulling a string or wire like our common jumping-jacks. In the rock-hewn tombs of Egypt similar toys have been found, also miniature horses, dogs and chickens —sometimes with a slit for receiving money — whistles and terra-cotta flageolets. Similar articles have also been found in the catacombs of Rome.



EGYPTIAN JOINTED DOLL.

Mother-love now, as in the days of Hannah, has been employed in the clothing of their children, every fibre of whose garments was enwoven with the heart's richest affection. We saw no more beautiful children than those the mothers of Nazareth, on Easter Sunday, decked out in many-coloured garbs, gay with all the colours of a humming-bird.

In addition to the pleasant pastoral work of feeding, folding and watering the flock, often done by women in the East, they not unfrequently take their full share in the tilling of the soil. I have seen them doing the hard work of ploughing, digging, and gathering the fruits of the earth. The sweet idyl of Ruth gleaning among the corn is over and over again repeated in the field of Boaz at Bethlehem, memorable forever with its Old and New Testament associations. The garnering and winnowing of the grain, as well as its subsequent preparation for food is still part of the never-ending work of women in the East. Woman's rights in the Orient seems to imply more than her full share of the arduous toil, which among most western peoples is borne by the more sturdy frames and robust thews of the sterner sex.

Among the poorer classes facilities for cleanliness are very limited. Water is scarce, and baths in the houses are almost unknown. At more or less frequent intervals, however, the women and children resort to the public baths, which are in the cities numerous and cheap, those for

WOMAN WINNOWING GRAIN.

the women having quiet and secluded entrances. Here they soak and parboil themselves and gossip to their heart's content.

The instinct of the female mind for personal adornment is strongly developed in the women of the Orient. Among the Moslems they are forbidden to exhibit their toilets in public. Women spend much of their time, in private, in tricking out their persons with jewels and filigree. Not satisfied with rings in their ears and noses and on their necks, they bedeck their persons with costly jewels, and wear a profusion of armlets, wristlets and anklets. We have in our possession examples of the latter decked with little tingling bells, whereby the human belle "shall have music wherever she goes." To these Isaiah refers in the passage, iii. 18–23, "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon. The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails."

ENTRANCE TO A BATH FOR WOMEN, CAIRO.

The fashionable women in the time of Solomon had their apes and pet peacocks, as fashionable ladies now have their pugs and poodles and cockatoos. Tertullian in the third century reproaches the women of Alexandria for wasting as much wealth on a pet monkey as much as would feed a starving child. He denounces also the practice of employing rouge and cosmetics. "Who can weep for her sons," he says, "when her tears wash bare furrows on her cheek; and how shall that face be lifted to its maker which He cannot recognize as His own workmanship?"

The practice of polygamy, or even of bigamy, is by no means conducive to domestic harmony. Mrs. Bishop records the existence of the most bitter jealousy, rancour and strife, even culminating in ruthless cruelty, poisoning and murder by violence, among inmates of the harem, in order to get rid of some hated rival, or to advance the fortunes of some

favourite child. While storm-stayed one day in the house of a Druse on Mount Lebanon, each of his two wives came to us separately and urged us not to give anything to her rival as she, the one addressing us, was the only true and original wife.

Far different is the picture of ideal beauty of the virtuous woman, as drawn in the days of Solomon, one thousand years before Christ. With this inspired description, which embodies the chief existence of true womanhood throughout all time, we bring our present paper to a close.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Prov. xxxi. 12–23.

NIGHT.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

Outspreading shadowy wings, and slowly wheeling
Between the tired earth and fading sky,
The darkness, like an angel, comes revealing
Night's holy meaning and its mystery.

While one by one, like sudden thoughts upspringing
From a deep heart, the myriad stars appear;
And from low heights the rising moon is flinging
A strange, dim light on meadow and on mere;

The birds are silent in their leafy bowers,
And blending odours brim the quiet air;
The wind that played all day with leaves and flowers,
Sleeps with them now, and peace is everywhere.

Feet that have trodden pathways hard and dreary,
Tread them no more awhile, at night's behest;
And patient hands, with many tasks work-weary,
Ceasing from toil, are folded into rest.

The pitying peace of kindly night has won us
From all the care and trouble of the day;
The silence lays its tender touch upon us
Like a dear hand, and we have time to pray.

Now mourners come for comfort to the Father,
And tear-wet eyes shall close in slumber sweet;
And now may loyal souls, rejoicing, gather
With sheaves and fruitage at the Master's feet.

We thank Thee for the day, its joy and sorrow,
Its tasks and duties, burdensome or light;
And oh! we thank Thee that before each morrow
There comes the gracious ministry of night!

Victoria, B.C.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

BY W. J. GORDON.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE HOUSE, LONDON.

THIS Society was instituted in 1804, with the object of circulating the Word of God throughout the world. Upwards of eleven millions sterling have been spent by it in the work of translating, revising, printing, and circulating the Scriptures, and almost one hundred and thirty-six millions of bibles, testaments and portions have issued from its depôts in over three hundred languages and dialects, many of which have been reduced to writing for the first time. In this work the Society has been aided by every section of Christ's Church, by the leaders and friends of Christian enterprise, by scholars and philologists, especially among missionaries, foreign as well as British.

There is no country in the world which has not felt the interest of this Society. Not only does it possess agents and correspondents, colporteurs and depôts in every part of Europe, but it is working as the handmaid of all the missionary societies among the most distant nations of the earth. Syrians and Persians, Indians and Chinese, Abyssinians and Kafirs, the Islanders of Madagascar, New Zealand and the South Seas, Malays and Eskimos, and many others, can say that through its means they hear in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

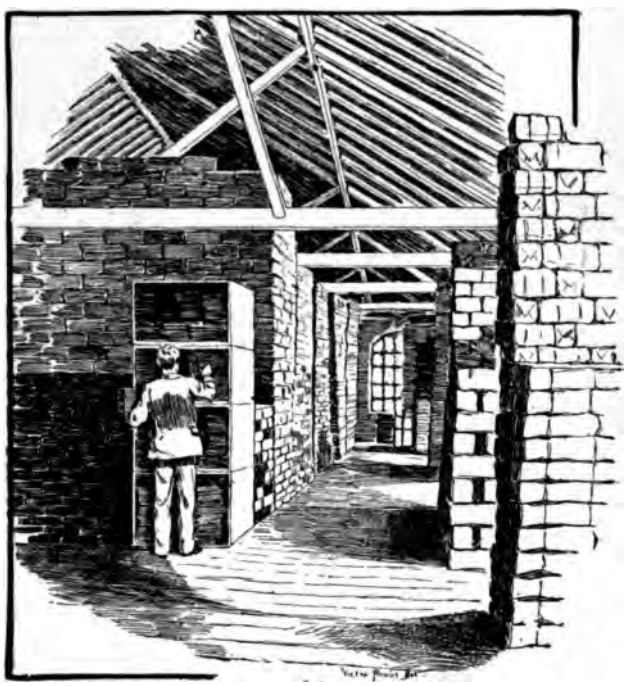
Schools and hospitals, prisons and reformatories, railway stations and hotels, the army and the navy, acknowledge the blessing the Society has conferred upon them. Poverty, trouble, sickness, and even blindness, present a claim to which it never turns a deaf ear. Public and social movements, emigrations, international exhibitions, wars, fires, floods, are regarded as so many occasions for its renewed exertions, and for the introduction of God's Word into fresh channels.

The average issues from the London depôt alone are about six thousand volumes a day, and from the various foreign depôts, taken together, the issues are still greater. Printing-presses are employed by the Society, not only in London, Oxford and Cambridge, but also in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Beyrout, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Shanghai, Capetown, Sydney, and other centres of activity.

The Bible House in Queen Victoria Street is one of the noblest buildings in London—an appropriate building, in every way fitted for its work, and suggestive of it. It is not the British and Foreign Bible Society's original

home. In its earliest days the Society used to meet at Seeley's in Fleet Street, but this state of things lasted only for two years, when a move was made to Earl Street, where the Society remained for half a century, until it moved into its present home in 1870.

The work done in this solid, handsome building is enormous. In a year the Society issues nearly four million copies of the Bible, or portions thereof; and these are in 320 different languages. The bulk go to the churches and missionary societies, of which the Bible Society is avowedly the handmaid, but a very large number are supplied direct to the people; and to distribute these about a thousand men and women are constantly busy in almost every country of importance.



IN THE BIBLE SOCIETY WAREHOUSE.

Go where you will, in the east or the west, you will find the colporteur or bible-woman at work telling the people in the language of the people the story of the wondrous book. The women—there are over four hundred of them—are most of them in the East; there are nearly three hundred in India, some seventy are in Ceylon, there are fourteen in Syria and Palestine, sixteen in Egypt, eight in China, and four in Mauritius and the Seychelles. The men are chiefly in Europe. A patient work is theirs. "A colporteur," it has been well said, "is everywhere a man of the people among whom he labours—a Frenchman in France, a Slav in Russia, a Hindu in Hindustan; he is able to understand his countrymen, and the idiom which expresses the feelings of the heart. Often of high intelligence, he possesses not a few popular gifts, and even when of the homeliest cast of mind there are some gifts with which he cannot dispense. He must be of infinite patience. He requires the full indwelling of that charity which hopes and endures everything. He needs a quick heart with natural sympathy, and, being often himself a householder, the gentle bonds by which wife and children draw him homewards, lead him also to enter into the sorrows of many a family he visits, and compel him to drop tear for tear."

The success these men meet with is astonishing. In France, for instance, last year, the colporteurs sold over 60,000 copies, while the distribution through the churches and other agencies amounted to 173,000 more; in Belgium over 9,000 copies were sold by colportage, and another 9,000 through the churches; in Spain the

colporteurs sold 30,000 copies out of a total of some 65,000; in Italy—and this is remarkable—the total distribution reached 200,000, of which the colporteurs accounted for nearly 90,000. In Germany, last year, over 612,000 copies were sold, but most of these were distributed by local agencies, for in Germany, as in Sweden, and Norway, and Holland, and Denmark, and Switzerland, societies have been founded to carry on the work initiated by the British and Foreign. From Sweden and Holland the London house has withdrawn entirely, from Norway it has almost retired, Switzerland also has been left to itself, and in Germany the Society's work is practically limited to the Roman Catholic districts.

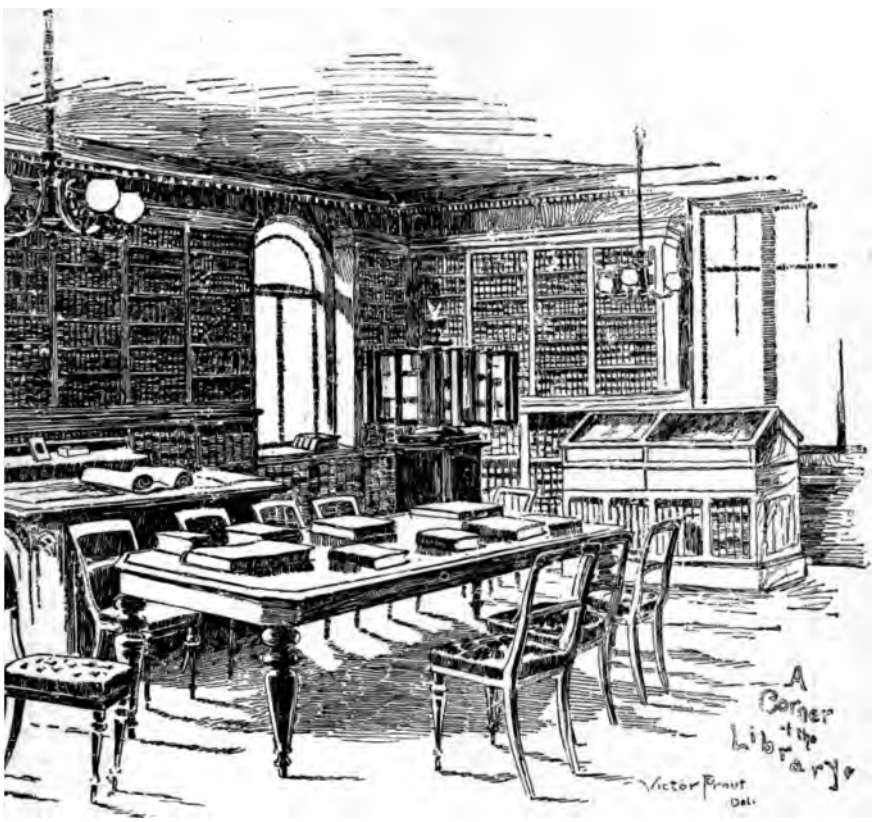
In Germany the colporteurs distributed over 60,000 copies last year; in Austria-Hungary they distributed nearly 90,000 out of 156,000. Even in Turkey and Greece the Bible Society distributed over 40,000 copies, of which half were sold by colporteurs. This distribution is not without its influence. "In Bulgaria and in other lands of the East," says Doctor Thomson, "the circulation of the vernacular Scriptures is producing at present changes which may almost be compared with the Reformation in England and Scotland and other countries of Western Europe."

In the Russian Empire, European and Asiatic, which, judging from recent events, one would at first be inclined to look upon as almost hopeless ground for such work, it is most significant to find that during last year more than half a million copies were distributed, of which the colporteurs disposed of over 190,000. The Chinese is another empire yielding surprising results, for here a quarter of a million copies are sold in a year, of which the colporteurs distribute over 183,000. In the Islands of Malaysia, the colporteurs distribute 32,000 copies out of a total of 36,000. In Japan the colporteurs dispose of about 5,000 copies annually; in India they distribute about 200,000; in North Africa, about 16,000; and about the same quantity is sold by them in Brazil and Argentina. Altogether the Bible Society's colporteurs dispose of over a million copies of the Scriptures during the twelve months. In the Islands of Polynesia and in South and Central Africa, the distribution is entirely in the hands of the missionaries, and it is one of the most noteworthy facts in missionary story that to Uganda alone, last year, some 66,000 bibles were despatched.

People talk of a successful book that sells so many editions of perhaps a thousand each. What do they say to a book which has been selling for nearly three hundred years and is now issuing at the rate of four million copies a year from one centre alone? for, of course, the Bible House is not the only distributing agency, the shops of the booksellers procuring their supplies from the University presses, the Bagsters', and other houses.

How many these other sources issue is nowhere stated, but the Bible House, since its establishment ninety years ago, has actually spread a hundred and forty million copies broadcast over the world, and kindred societies have issued eighty-five millions more. And in all cases it has been the book alone, without note, or comment, or explanation, except such as is inevitable in the paraphrases, unavoidable in the translations—the translations that are always in progress, for, on an average, seventy of them or their revisions are printed every year, so that the supply shall never fail.

There is considerable interest in the way in which these translations are made. They are nearly all produced by the missionaries whose good faith is vouched for by the society to which they belong, and whose work is subject to revision at



edition, the first edition being ve hundred copies only, so as) remain too long in print. Few ze what a long job translation d how difficult it is to exactly ess a thought in a way that can- e misunderstood.

e translator almost invariably s amid the people for whom endering is intended, toiling ily for months in some distant endeavouring to give the iar English in the local tongue, h often has no characters or ols and has never been written e. Then it is that he has prac- y to make the language, using ary type, and spelling phonet- , giving the vowels their full or nental sound. Often there are iar intonations that are so diffi- o render that special signs have to be used as Robert Moffat did with the Kaffir clicks, which signs are frequently simplified in later editions.

In reducing a language to writing for the first time a missionary can often do good work in harmonizing dialects. There is Faté for instance, an island of the New Hebrides, where the inhabitants of the north of the island were almost unable to understand the inhabitants of the southern half owing to a difference in the dialect. Here two versions would have been necessary had not the translator hit upon the happy idea of forming a third dialect by a system of give and take, which would be intelligible to all parties, the result being that the "combined dialect" of Faté in which the New Testament was rendered has now become the speech of the whole island.

Communication with these distant islands is not easy. In some parts of the world the mail takes twelve months. During the last year some of the gospels have been translated into Neshga, which is the language of one of the Indian tribes in the interior of British Columbia, and the manuscript was a year on the road on the dog-sledge mail, as were the proofs outwards and on the return, so that four years were spent in producing the book after it was written.

ZENANA BIBLE READING.

The first translation the Society undertook was one of St. Luke and St. John into Mohawk in 1804. Nowadays there are translations into Micmac for the Nova Scotian Indians, into Malisect for the Indians of New Brunswick, into Iroquois for the Indians of Lower Canada, into Cree for the Indians of Manitoba, into Slavé for the Indians on the Mackenzie, into Beaver for the Indians on the Peace, into Ojibwa and Blackfoot and Chipewyan; into Tukudh for the Loucheux Indians on the Yukon, into Kwagutl for the Vancouver Island Indians, into Hydah for the people of Queen Charlotte Islands, and into Greendlandish and Eskimo.

The Bible, in whole or part, has been translated into a dozen languages of Malaysia, including Pangasinan, spoken by the natives of Luzon; for China and Japan there are no less than twenty-three languages, including that of the Hairy Ainu; for Indo-China there are a dozen; for India there are over fifty; for the Russian Empire there are thirty, and for Europe without Russia there are sixty or more, almost as many as there are for Africa. In fact the number of languages into which the Scriptures have been rendered is far greater than most people imagine to exist. Of course the whole Bible is not attempted at once, the translation is a gradual growth; first a gospel is taken, then all the gospels, then the New Testament is completed, and the Old Testament is entered upon afterwards, the first book attacked being as a general rule the Psalms.

In reducing the language to writing for the first time and using Roman letters the translator has matters much his own way; but in the case of a language with an ancient character or symbol he has not so free a hand. In such special characters nearly one hundred and forty languages have been printed; and curiously elaborate some of them are. Some of these strange characters make handsome pages;

for decorative effect for instance it would be difficult to beat Tibetan, or Hindi, or Lepcha, or Marathi, or the neat Macassar.

Some of the translations have run into large numbers. Nearly four hundred thousand copies have been issued in Arabic, over a million and a half have come forth in Bengali, over three-quarters of a million in Czech, over five millions in Chinese, over a million in Danish, over two millions in Dutch, over twelve millions in French, some seventeen millions in German, about a million and a quarter in Hebrew, over a million in Magyar, nearly three and a half millions in Italian, over three hundred thousand in Lettish, over five hundred and sixty thousand in Malagasi, over six hundred and sixteen thousand in Malayalam, six hundred thousand in Marathi, over five millions in Russ—in the South Russian agency there are no less than forty distinct languages—over two and a half millions in Spanish and nearly three and a half in Swedish, nearly three millions in Tamil and over a million in Telugu. The smallest issues up to the present have been the two hundred and fifty in Berber for use in Tunis and Algeria, the two hundred and sixty-two in Balolo, the three hundred in Bogos for Northern Abyssinia, and the three hundred in Saibai for the islanders in Torres Straits. Some forty-six thousand in embossed type, Moon at first and now chiefly Braille, have been distributed in seven languages, for the blind, the printing being done at the top of the Bible House, and being the only printing undertaken on the premises.

Sometimes, as in the case of Japanese, the printing is done in the country for which the version is intended; but as a rule it is entrusted to the two or three English printers that undertake Oriental and other foreign work, the English versions being of course supplied by the Universities to whom the copyright of the Bible belongs. The half-penny gospels, penny testaments and sixpenny bibles are all printed and bound complete at the Clarendon Press at Oxford, and a most interesting experience it is to follow a Bible through its several stages, from the casting of the type onwards; the setting, the making-up, the taking of the electros (including the pressing of the type into the black-leaded wax, the pickling in the cell sixteen hours, the scattering of the tin shot on the thin copper skin, the floating in the metal to get the needful thickness of backing) and then the careful working on the ordinary Wharfdale machines, the cheaper issues being printed on a big perfecting machine doing both sides at once.

No English Bible is now printed from the movable type; and only a few of the very large ones are printed from stereo. For most of the foreign translations also type is cast and set, and electros taken from it to print from, but some that run only to small numbers are printed direct from type, and a few are processed from manuscript. For the translations already mentioned, the first few editions are of about five hundred each, but the established editions run to thousands. The Universities print the Bible by the fifty thousand or more at a time, all except the first eight pages, which are worked separately with the imprints of the firms who buy the work in sheets, and bind it as they please. Of the English Bible printed in this way, the Society has issued some sixty million copies.

In all cases the numbers refer to completely bound books, for nothing goes out of the Bible House in sheets. Not only is there no note or comment, but everything is done to prevent notes and comments or other printed matter being bound up with the version as issued. Every day some six thousand bibles or parts of bibles, are despatched, so that bind-

ing alone is a large item, and every day when the bound books come in the binder takes away further "quire stock" to bind. The binding is not a simple matter, it has to be made to suit the climate and conditions. A binding that would do well in this country would be useless in the tropics. Heat, moisture, insects, all have to be provided against. For China, for instance, every book must be bound in something smooth; one of the local pests being a little insect with sharp nippers which will work its way into any rough cloth and destroy it in a few hours.

BIBLE COLPORTEUR IN CHINA.

There are not many bindings in the library that would last long under the equator, substantial and good as many of them are, for the library contains perhaps the finest series of bibles in the kingdom since it was enriched by the addition of the Fry collection in 1890. Even the eight-inches-thick Dutch bible here, which weighs forty pounds, and is bound in half-inch oak, would soon succumb. This is the largest book in the library; the smallest is a book of devotions in French and Latin which weighs but a quarter of an ounce. Among the curiosities is a plan of binding a testament and a prayer-book together in a way that one wonders has not been more generally adopted in the case of prayer-books and hymns. Three boards are used instead of two, the middle board coming between the books, which open in opposite ways as if on a screen, the complete book having two backs, each back starting from the middle board. Among other very interesting specimens are William Addy's bible in shorthand, issued in 1687, and the little Thumb Bible, and the Bible in Miniature.

Here is Mary Jones' bible, the very book which served as the seed from which this great organization sprang. Who does not know the story of that earnest Welsh girl, the weaver's daughter, who carefully saved her pence and farthings in order that she might have a bible of her very own, and who does not remember how she walked the five-and-twenty miles to Bala to get the book she longed for, and sat down and cried when Mr. Charles told her that all his copies were sold? The girl's tears, however, were not without effect; the good minister managed to get her a bible, and at his next visit to London told her story at the Religious Tract Society's house in Paternoster Row, when it was suggested by Mr. Joseph Hughes, a member of the committee, that a society might be formed for the wider and cheaper distribution of

the Scriptures, not only in Wales, but all over the world. For the gratification of the curious here is the first resolution extracted from the minute book of February 1st, 1803:

"Mr. Charles, of Bala, having introduced the subject, which had been previously mentioned by Mr. Tarn, of dispersing Bibles in Wales, the committee resolved that it would be highly desirable to stir up the public mind to the dispersion of bibles generally, and that a paper in a magazine to this effect may be singularly useful. The object was deemed sufficiently connected with the object of the Society thus generally to appear on these minutes; and the secretary, who suggested it, was accordingly desired to enter it."

Such is the first record of the starting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which may in a sense be said to have sprung from Mary Jones' bible.

Here is another bible with a story, a Malagasy one, which was buried during the persecution of 1835–53, the owner having fled with it to a cave to which his wife brought him food, the sentry not daring to enter owing to the fear of small-pox which was said to be lurking within it. For months did this man stay in the cave, learning the book almost by heart, and becoming quite a concordance as to chapter and verse; and then he buried it and escaped, to recover it again after eighteen years. Close to it is a St. Matthew which a Loyalty Islander was reading at the door of his hut, when one of his countrymen cut off his head with a hatchet, and shore away a corner of the book, leaving the blood from the hatchet on the page. And here is another interesting item, the Indian Bible translated in 1685, by John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. The book has lasted longer than the people for whom it was made: the tribes to which Eliot preached have vanished, and their language is extinct.

Greater than all these external facts is the spiritual movement they represent and embody, which in its manifold influences no man can measure.—*The Sunday at Home.*

NOTE.—The annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, shows total receipts of $1,166,815, about $460 less than the year preceding. Of this sum $699,050 was contributions, the sales realizing $467,760. The home issues were 1,651,566, the foreign issues 2,185,656, making a total of 3,837,222. One special point of interest is the increase of 28,264 copies in whole Bibles. The total issues from the commencement amount to nearly 144,000,000.

ONWARD.

BY MARIAN NORMA BROCK.

HAPPY this life!
Though tears will come,
Days end in gloom—
Earth has its strife.
Faint heart, beat strong!
Life lasts forever,
Good is its Giver,
Right conquers wrong.

March on in peace—
Storm-clouds forgot,
Thorns heeded not,
All ills will cease.
Spirits will soar!
Here we may stumble:
Bodies will crumble—
Vex us no more.

What lies above?
What strive we for,
Waging this war?
Beauty and love,
Freedom and rest!
Sunbright and gladness,
No more earth's sadness,
Forever blest.

TORONTO.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE ESKIMO.

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. PAISLEY, M.A.

MAP OF MOOSONEE—SCALE, 400 MILES TO THE INCH.

AROUND the southern part of Hudson Bay, where that inland sea takes the name of James' Bay, lies a region of country now known as Moosonee, roughly about 800 by 1,200 miles in extent. The soil, which, in most places, is covered by thick forest, is mossy and sterile. This region, which lies partly in each of the three provinces of Keewatin, Ontario and Quebec, is a portion of that vast area which in the year 1670 was given by Charles II. of England to the "governor and company of adventurers of England trading to Hudson Bay" —a company consisting of nine or ten merchants who retained the monopoly of the fur trade of the country until 1870, when, together with the rest of the British possessions of the northern portion of the

nent, it became a part of the nion of Canada. Its popula- made up of Eskimos, half- ls, and Indians, principally of ree, Ojibway, and Chippewyan inné tribes, together with a few peans in connection with the on Bay fur-trading posts, now bers about ten thousand.

e Company's post on the Moose r, from which the country takes its name, is almost the settlement in the whole region, ıe Eskimos and Indians, living ely by the chase and fishing, ɔt form permanent settlements; move from place to place as ɜ and fish are to be found. In winter-time the sole residents of Moose — the Company's post ɜ the missionary and his family, officers of the post with their ınts, and a few sick and aged ıns.

is desolate region forms the ɜ of those heroic missionary ırs which Bishop Horden car- on during forty-two years in lf of the Church of England onary Society. In this same the Rev. James Evans, brother ev. Dr. Ephraim Evans, well ʏn to many of the older Meth- ɜ of Canada, and the Rev. George ley and other devoted mission- of the Methodist Church had ome time laboured under the ices of the Wesleyan Missionary ɜty in England. But for some ɔn the Society withdrew from eld about 1850, and immediate- fterward the Church of Eng- Missionary Society sent John len as a lay missionary to ı the people and to instruct ı in the doctrines of Christianity. three weeks' notice he sailed England with his newly-mar- wife, and after a tedious voy- in which they encountered y hardships, they landed at e Fort — the most southern t on James' Bay — where they ɜ welcomed by the officers of the Hudson Bay Company's post, the Indians and Eskimos.

With the least possible delay Mr. Horden set about his work, commencing almost immediately the study of the language, which seems to have been peculiarly involved and difficult, with many striking peculiarities. Being devoid of the infinitive mood, and having the verb and personal pronoun inseparable, as well as two different forms for the first person plural; according as one wished to say "I and you" or "I and he," it was very puzzling. By indefatigable perseverance, however, he was able to master it so that in twelve months he could preach without the aid of an interpreter, although sometimes he made ridiculous mistakes, as when, on one occasion, he was describing the creation of Eve, instead of saying God made Eve out of Adam's rib *(ospikakun),* he said *ospɯakun,* which meant one of Adam's pipes—a rather laughable mistake.

At the end of twelve months Mr. Horden was ordained to the work of the ministry by Bishop Anderson of Rupert's Land, of which diocese Moosonee formed a part. Of the long and difficult journey from Red River (where the bishop lived) to Moose, we may form an idea from the fact that it took him six weeks to accomplish it by canoe and on foot. Having now been duly appointed to the full work of the ministry, Mr. Horden visited all parts of his field preaching, baptizing and administering the Lord's supper to the people scattered through the vast region he called his parish. In his journeys he visited Albany, which lay one hundred miles to the north of Moose, and where, in winter, there were eighty families of Indians and Eskimos; Hannah Bay, fifty miles to the east, where fifty families made their home in winter; Rupert House, one hundred miles to northeast, with sixty families; Kevoogoonisse, 430 miles to the south, with

thirty families; Martin's Falls, 400 miles to the north; Osnaburg, 600 miles to the north-west; Flying Post, 530 miles to south, and New Brunswick, 630 miles to the south-east,—the whole making a field sufficiently large to tax all the energies of the strongest man.

To visit all portions of this vast region even once during the course of the year was a great undertaking, as the only way of travelling was on foot and by canoe in summer, and on snowshoes or by dog-train in winter. The journey which had to be taken in the course of the round of these places, lay through trackless wastes intersected by rivers, many of which were well-nigh unnavigable even for canoes by reason of rapids and cataracts, and through forests rendered almost impassable by reason of myriads of fallen trees blown down by storms or felled by lightning stroke. Sometimes for several hundreds of miles not an inhabitant would be encountered, and on some parts of the route not a human dwelling was to be seen for several weeks together. Sometimes, also, great dangers were encountered in ascending the rapids on some of the larger rivers, when seven or eight stout Indians paddling the missionary's canoe and endeavouring to make headway against the current would find their frail bark irresistibly driven back, and only the greatest skill on their part in reversing their paddles so as to make the bow the stern for the moment, would save them from destruction. In such cases a second attempt would only be a useless risk of death, so nothing remained but to portage or carry the canoe and its load of provisions, utensils and other things necessary for such a prolonged journey around the rapids and re-shipping them on the upper side to pursue their way.

Sometimes it proved just as dangerous to descend the rapids; for the canoe, shooting through the foaming waters, would be torn on some hidden rock, and could be saved from sinking only by being forced to the shore at all hazards. Having reached the shore, however, there would be a delay of an hour or two only, for the Indians, with bark stripped from the birch tree and fibres from the roots of some plant for thread, to patch the rent and to make it water-tight with pitch, always carried to meet such emergencies.

When the journey to some of these stations had to be taken in winter, which usually began toward the end of September and was prolonged to May, the dangers were still greater. The piercing cold, which often for days together was down to 35° below zero, the dreadful snowstorms and driving blizzards, and the great depth of snow constituted dangers that threatened the life of the traveller. On one occasion when Mr. Horden was going to Hannah Bay, which was about fifty miles only, to the east of Moose, he had a very narrow escape for his life. He set out with a dog-train in the very early spring, and in order to avoid snow-blindness, which frequently results to the traveller in those northern climes from the glare of the sun upon the snow, he travelled by night and rested during a portion of the day. Taking a short cut on the ice across one of the inlets of the bay, he reached by the next morning a spot where a few Indians and Eskimos were encamped. Resting there that day, he resolved to cross the next inlet during the following night; but in the evening the weather seemed to promise rain, so he did not set out at the usual hour. Towards morning, however, the weather turned cold again, and he started on his journey; but when he had made about ten miles, he discovered that the tide was coming in and was breaking up the ice in all directions. Not a moment was to be lost or escape would be im-

possible. So turning his dogs, and with his Indian guide running at their side, he urged them back over the tracks they had just made, and by almost superhuman efforts reached the land in time. A few minutes more and he would have been caught amidst the breaking ice and been hopelessly battling among the broken masses that for many miles were tossing upon the waves.

While the dangers of the journeys and the hardships of a life among circumstances of such an inhospitable nature taxed the energies of the missionary, and sometimes, perhaps, tested very severely his faith, there were many things to compensate him. The Eskimos were very docile, being, as Mr. Horden says, "the most teachable of men"; while the Indians, though somewhat fickle, were as a rule very receptive and gladly listened to his instructions. Many both of the Indians and Eskimos had formerly come under the influence of Methodist missionaries or under that of the Moravians and were able to read; but the most of them were still not only very ignorant, but also extremely superstitious. Of the simple and childish character of their beliefs we may form some idea from their opinions as to the origin of the sun and moon. "Long ago," say they, "not long after the creation of the world, a mighty Eskimo lived to whom nothing was impossible, and being a great conjuror, no other profession was able to stand before him. At length this world became too small for him, so taking with him his sister and a small fire, he raised himself up to the heavens. Heaping on the fire immense quantities of fuel, he formed the sun, which has been burning ever since. For a time he and his sister lived together in harmony; but after a while he began to ill-treat her, and his conduct toward her became so violent that he burned her face, which was of great beauty. On this she fled from him and formed the moon. Ever since, her brother, the sun, has been in pursuit of her; but although some times he gets near her he will never catch her. When it is new moon the burnt side of her face is toward us, and when the full moon appears that is the other side of her face."

The Indians were not so teachable as the Eskimos and were much more ignorant and superstitious: but they were still further depraved by the cruel customs that had from time immemorial prevailed among them. Until they became Christianized, they never allowed themselves to be burdened very long with their sick, or with the aged and infirm. So soon as any serious sickness seized any one of them the friends held a consultation, and, if it was thought in the interest of all that the sick should be put to death, it was not long before the decision was put into effect. Or, if age or infirmity prevented one of them from bearing his proper share of the burdens of the family or immediate community, he was either left to starve or, by some more speedy death, put out of the way. We are not surprised, therefore, that Mr. Horden says that he knew of no place of which it was more literally true "that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," than it was when he first entered the work in the region in which he laboured.

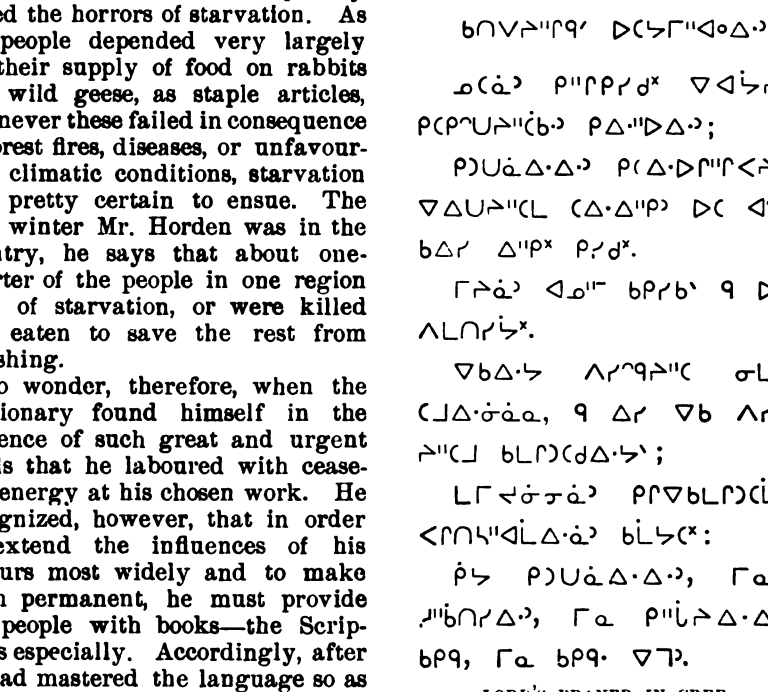
Even after the missionary had succeeded in mitigating the evils of cruelty, superstition and ignorance among the people they still suffered, sometimes in the most pitiable manner, from sickness and even from hunger which, in many cases, issued in starvation. As the winters were extremely cold and the abodes of the people of a very rude and primitive kind, that constituted even at the best a poor protection against wet or cold or storm, both Indian and Eskimo were very liable to diphtheria, consumption, and all

varieties of chest diseases. At one time at one of the stations whooping-cough broke out, and before it could be checked no less than forty-four persons were carried off. Under these circumstances Mr. Horden was compelled to combine with his ministerial labours the duties of physician, which in his case included very often the no less arduous tasks of the nurse.

To the sufferings brought by sickness and disease were frequently added the horrors of starvation. As the people depended very largely for their supply of food on rabbits and wild geese, as staple articles, whenever these failed in consequence of forest fires, diseases, or unfavourable climatic conditions, starvation was pretty certain to ensue. The first winter Mr. Horden was in the country, he says that about one-quarter of the people in one region died of starvation, or were killed and eaten to save the rest from perishing.

No wonder, therefore, when the missionary found himself in the presence of such great and urgent needs that he laboured with ceaseless energy at his chosen work. He recognized, however, that in order to extend the influences of his labours most widely and to make them permanent, he must provide the people with books—the Scriptures especially. Accordingly, after he had mastered the language so as to use it with some degree of fluency, he set about that task, although it was no easy matter on account of the difficulties that are common to all such undertakings, as well as on account of special difficulties arising from the different dialects spoken in different parts of the field. Yet he did not hesitate to confront the task.

His way had, however, been cleared in considerable measure by the invention of the Cree syllabic character by the Rev. James Evans, the Methodist missionary to whom we have already referred as one of those who, under the direction of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, had toiled in this very same field. When Mr. Evans had found himself confronted with the necessity of providing those whom he had been instrumental in leading to Christ with the Scriptures, the hymn-book, and other books of a simple character, he had first of all to reduce the rude language of the people to a written form,—to invent



LORD'S PRAYER IN CREE.

an alphabet, and to compile, at least in simple form, a grammar. With marvellous ability for such work, he undertook the task and invented an alphabet consisting, not of letters, but of characters each one of which represented a syllable, with some subordinate characters representing accents or breathings. So simple is the system that in the course of a few hours an intelligent person can learn to read with tolerable fluency. Mr. Evans

his first type with little pieces
d which he cast out of the thin
of tea-lead lining the tea-chests
Hudson Bay Company's store;
iis first ink was made of the
'rom the Indians' fires in their
ams. Although he afterwards
ed a supply of type, ink and
from the missionary society
which he laboured, yet with
rough means he really laid
oundations upon which others
been able to build up a liter-
for vast numbers of the native
ations of the northern parts of
ominion. When Lord Dufferin
earned of the wonderful work
r. Evans in the invention of
ree syllabic character, he de-
l that there were many men
or far less important work had
given monuments in Westmin-
Abbey. Mr. Horden made a
ation of "Pilgrim's Progress";
f our reader would like to
by what name "Mr. Worldly
Man" is known in Cree, it is
kewekutatawaletumowililеu,"
"Evangelist" is "*Miloache-
lilew,*" and "Little Faith" is
wayaletumowineshish." With
ich of the work already done
hand, Mr. Horden was able to
iplish, in a comparatively short
what would otherwise have
a sufficient task for many
of his active life.
at was the joy of the people
LIFAX, N.S.

when Bishop Horden first placed in their hands copies of the gospels in unbound sheets, for as yet he had not acquired sufficient skill to bind them; but, unbound as they were, they were carried by the Indians and Eskimo, in their journeying, between sheets of birch bark, and every evening were read around the campfire. By the year 1891, almost the whole Bible was in the hands of the people; and under its influence, accompanied by faithful administration in preaching and teaching in the Sunday and day schools, the life of the people was wonderfully transformed.

The protracted labours and hardships endured by Bishop Horden in Moosonee for about forty-three years, at length warned him that the end of his missionary career was drawing nigh. It was, therefore, a great comfort to him when, in August, 1891, he was reinforced by the arrival of Rev. J. A. Newnham—now (1895) bishop of the same diocese. In the end of 1892, however, Bishop Horden was taken suddenly ill, and in the following January passed peacefully away at the age of sixty-five. Much of his work had been that of the pioneer; but much of it also had been permanent; and among the men who have built their lives into the religious life of this Dominion, few have filled a more important place than Bishop Horden.

RETROSPECTION.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

we have passed dread Jordan's tide,
gladsome gained the further shore,
ll glance back across the wave
iew our heavenward journey o'er.

we note, with sight grown clear,
hidden snares before us lay,
here God's guidance turned our steps
ı what had been our chosen way;

And how the path He pointed out,
Whence we, dismayed, had shrunk aside,
Was the one path alone, that led
Straight to the joy we deemed denied,—

How shall our thankful hearts leap up,
With gratitude no words can tell,
To praise His wisdom and His love
Who, only, ordereth all things well!

TORONTO.

HYPNOTISM.*

BY F. TRACY, B.A., PH.D.

THE progress of human knowledge does not present itself to the historical student as a continuous, uninterrupted advance, but rather as a zigzag line, in which the movement proceeds from side to side and back again. Only when we look at the whole, or at some large section, do we appreciate the progress that has been made. And this, which is true of knowledge in general, seems equally true of each of the sciences in particular. Each has been marked by a gradual advance through countless blunders, and the successive adoption and abandonment of crude hypotheses, each only less inadequate than its predecessor. The mistakes of science have truly served as the stepping stones upon which it raised itself to higher things.

In philosophy this fact has been very noticeable. Errors of Empiricism, of Dogmatism, of Realism, have roused the philosophical world time and again to a more careful consideration of the fundamental principles upon which all further progress was conditioned, while the extravagances of extreme Idealism have themselves suggested a more excellent way.

The subject of Hypnotism—which is now recognized as a valuable chapter of psychology—has had a checkered career. Heralded by quacks and mountebanks, its phenomena attributed to the agency of mysterious "fluids," or to that of the stars or planets; at one time proscribed and its exponents banished, at another hailed as a panacea for all human ills, "no other science, since the dawn of creation, has suffered so much at the hands of ignorance and superstition."

Through all this, however, there has come about a gradual clearing up of obscurities and errors, and the elimination of incongruities and incompatible hypotheses. One thing now seems established, viz.: that though this whole subject has been surrounded by a great haze of mystery—which its charlatan advocates have sought to deepen for their own selfish purposes—though in the very nature of the case affording endless scope for fraud and deception, yet there lies hidden here a genuine grain of truth, which through the labours of disinterested scientists, is gradually emerging into the light of day. What that grain of truth is, and in what direction we are to look for its further unfolding, may be indicated best, perhaps, by a brief historical sketch.

Every science has to do with certain *facts*, which constitute its raw material, which it seeks to classify and describe, whose laws it seeks to formulate, and whose causes it endeavours to discover. The one fact which forms the starting point and datum of Hypnotism may be stated provisionally and vaguely thus: *It is possible to control mental and physical states and processes by other than the ordinary means.* This is the fact, stated in the broadest way, and with a minimum of detail. Any further explanation at present would anticipate the results of investigations of which we are to give an account. We shall now proceed historically and show how that statement requires to be modified in conformity with the results of successive investigations.

The fact itself has been recognized in almost every age and country of the world. It doubtless accounts, at least in part, for the wonderful things

* The substance of a paper read before the Century Club, Toronto, by Dr. Tracy, Lecturer in Psychology in Toronto University.

ɔd of the soothsayers and magi
ıcient times. The fakirs of
ı were able, beyond all question,
luce in themselves and others,
al and physical states by other
the ordinary means; while the
ana of the Buddhists and the
sy of the Neo-Platonists were
supposed to be attained by a
nal cancellation, in succession,
l the feelings of sense, all the im-
s of the will, and all the ideas in
ıousness; so that by freeing the
from all occupation with the
ıary objects of knowledge, it
ıt become completely absorbed
e contemplation of the Absolute.
no doubt, was the result of
suggestion.

modern times many attempts
been made to bring these and
red phenomena under one gen-
ɔonception, and to posit a general
by which they might all be ex-
ed. The first general hypothe-
this character was made by a
hman named Maxwell about
beginning of the seventeenth
ıry. He accounted for the phe-
ɔna by the postulate of a vital
; or fluid, pervading the whole
erse, by whose agency bodies
elated to one another and are
to act upon one another. This
ıfterwards called the "universal
"

e most famous name, however,
is connection is that of Mesmer,
ysician of Vienna, who died in
. Early in life he became in-
ted in astrology, and was led to
ve that the stars exercised an
ence upon the health of human
gs. His dissertation for the
ɔr's degree was entitled "De In-
. Planetarum." The stars were
to exercise this influence, he
ght, by means of the universal
of which we have just spoken.
ɔmpletely fills the whole uni-
, not only the spaces between
gs, but the things themselves,
h it permeates in every part.
"more subtle than ether, just as
ether is more subtle than air, and air than water." Its nature he supposed to be magnetic, and he is said to have healed diseases by stroking the bodies of his patients with magnets held in his hands. Thus we see that the first use made of the doctrine in modern times was a therapeutic one, and this, as we shall see, has continued to be one of its most interesting aspects.

The medical profession of that day treated Mesmer with great contumely, but it is significant that Mesmer, and not the medical men, demanded an investigation into the phenomena. The result of that investigation is of great interest. The commissioners admit the genuineness of the phenomena, but declare that the result depends not at all on any fluid, magnetic or otherwise, but solely upon the mental condition of the patient. Strange to say, having thus laid down the principle which is the cornerstone of the modern doctrine of suggestion, they themselves apparently attached no importance to it, but considered that, in bringing in the above report they were annihilating Mesmer. Unwittingly they emphasized and helped to bring into clear light the grain of truth obscured by the vagaries of mesmerism.

By the year 1820 so much attention had been drawn to this subject, chiefly through the efforts of the Abbot Faria, that experiments were allowed in the Paris hospitals. A second commission to inquire into the subject was appointed by the French Academy of Medicine in 1826. This commission spent six years in its investigations, and brought in a report acknowledging the genuineness of the phenomena; but the Academy refused to publish the report. They appointed instead another commission, with a chairman violently opposed to the mesmerists. This commission examined *only two cases,* and these under circumstances which rendered success

impossible; and its report was published by the Academy!

The doctrine of Faria, that no occult force or influence was required to explain the phenomena, was taken up by Braid, an English physician, to whom the world is indebted for the name "Hypnotism," as applied to the phenomena in question. He declared that "no magnetic fluid exists, and no mysterious force emanates from the hypnotizer." The hypnotic state, and its associated phenomena arise entirely from the condition of the nervous system of the subject. Braid's method was to induce the patient to fixate some object with the gaze, in such a position that the eyes were raised a little, and the muscles of the upper lid became fatigued. This and the concentration of attention upon a single idea so far as possible, induced the sleep. He even found that he could hypnotize himself by steady gazing and concentration of mind.

In France Dr. Azam, of Bordeaux, took up Braid's discovery in 1859. The opening sentences of his book ascribe to Braid the honour of simplifying the study by clearing away the false idea of an occult influence, and proclaiming that the principle of hypnotism lies in the nervous system of the patient. Azam thus defines Hypnotism: "Hypnotism is a particular means of provoking a nervous sleep, an artificial somnambulism, accompanied by anæsthesia, hyperæsthesia, catalepsy, and certain other phenomena having to do with the muscular sense and the intelligence."

Broca, too (whose name is well known in connection with the cerebral localization of the faculty of speech), studied the subject, and employed hypnosis in certain cases as an anæsthetic. Indeed, we find, from 1845 on, evidence of the successful employment of hypnosis in surgery, sometimes even in such painful and difficult operations as amputation of the limbs.

The real founder of the present prevailing doctrine of hypnotism is Dr. Liébault, of Nancy, the title of whose book indicates the standpoint taken by him and the Nancy school generally: "Sleep, and analogous states, considered especially from the point of view of the action of the mental upon the physical." He took his stand upon the fact of suggestion, declared war upon all mystical interpretations of the phenomena, and maintained that there is nothing strange or abnormal at all in the hypnotic condition. Hypnosis differs from natural sleep only in the fact that the hypnotized patient falls asleep *en rapport* with the operator.

In 1878 Charcot began public lectures on this subject in Paris, and practised suggestive therapeutics in the hospital of the Saltpétriere By fixation of the gaze upon a bright object, by gentle friction, and other means, he produced catalepsy, anæsthesia, lethargy, sleep, muscular hyper-excitability, and kindred phenomena. Charcot is the founder of the Paris school, in which great importance is attached to the physical conditions accompanying hypnosis. His school maintains that all, or nearly all, hypnotic subjects are persons with a nervous system more or less diseased; in short, that the hypnotic state is abnormal. This, as the reader will see, is quite the opposite of the position taken by the Nancy school.

With Bernheim began the recent revival of interest in this subject. He is now the head of the Nancy school. Accepting the views of Liébault, he published in 1884 his "Suggestive Therapeutics." His method is chiefly that of verbal suggestion. Discarding all mysticism, he exerts himself simply to produce in the mind of the patient the *belief* that he can be cured by this method. Let me quote his own description of his method:

"I proceed to hypnotize in the following manner: I begin by saying to the

patient that I believe benefit is to be derived from the use of Suggestive Therapeutics, that it is possible to cure or to relieve him by hypnotism; that there is nothing either hurtful or strange about it; that it is an *ordinary sleep* or torpor which can be induced in everyone, and that this quiet, beneficial condition restores the equilibrium of the nervous system, etc. If necessary, I hypnotize one or two subjects in his presence, in order to show him that there is nothing painful in this condition, and that it is not accompanied by any unusual sensation. When I have thus banished from his mind the idea of magnetism, and the somewhat mysterious fear that attaches to that unknown condition; above all, when he has seen patients cured or benefited by the means in question, he is no longer suspicious, but gives himself up. Then I say 'Look at me and think of nothing but sleep. Your eyelids begin to feel heavy, your eyes tired. They begin to wink, they are getting moist, you cannot see distinctly. They are closed.'

"Some patients close their eyes and are asleep immediately. With others I have to repeat, lay more stress on what I say, and even make gestures. It makes little difference what sort of gesture is made. I hold two fingers of my right hand before the patient's eyes and ask him to look at them, or pass both hands several times before his eyes, or persuade him to fix his eyes upon mine, endeavouring at the same time to concentrate his attention upon the idea of sleep. I say, 'You are closing your eyes, you cannot open them again. Your arms feel heavy, so do your legs. You cannot feel anything. Your hands are motionless. You see nothing; you are going to sleep.' And I add, in a commanding tone, 'Sleep.' This word often turns the balance. The eyes close, and the patient sleeps, or is at least influenced."

The doctrine of the Nancy school regarding the nature of the hypnotic state has obtained more general acceptance during recent years, than any other. It may be well therefore, to give a brief summary of their doctrine:

(1) States of body and mind can be controlled by other than the ordinary means.

(2) In order to this control, no mysterious fluid, no occult influence, and no animal magnetism, is required.

(3) Hypnosis is not an abnormal condition, but finds its perfect parallel in some of the most familiar experiences of daily life.

(4) Hypnosis does not require a diseased condition of the nervous system, but persons in the most perfect health often make the best subjects. Nor is it at all necessary that the subject should be a person of weak will or of inferior intellectual power. These are in fact unfavourable rather than favourable circumstances, because a certain degree of intelligence and a certain strength of will are necessary in order that the patient shall give his attention to the idea with which the operator is seeking to fill his consciousness. Idiots, and children below a certain age, make very poor subjects.

(5) Climatic conditions, race and sex differences, seem to have no influence either one way or the other. Wetterstrand succeeded in ninety-eight per cent. of the cases he tried in Stockholm. Bernheim's best subjects are men.

(6) Everything depends on *suggestion, i.e.*, getting the idea into the mind of the subject. It makes no difference *how* you get it there, whether by verbal suggestion or otherwise. It is now a familiar maxim in Psychology that ideas possess in themselves a motor force. Some, indeed, would go so far as to say that volition itself consists in nothing else but giving full attention to the idea of what we are about to do. All the movements follow as a matter of course, just as soon as you succeed in bringing the appropriate idea vividly enough before the footlights of consciousness, and in banishing all antagonistic representations. We are all familiar with the effect of a vivid idea upon our nerves and muscles. Who can read the "chariot race" in "Ben Hur" and sit perfectly still the while? It is a familiar fact in

surgery, as Bernheim says, that people sometimes go to sleep suddenly, without any period of excitement, while the anæsthetic is being administered, and before it could have done its work.

(7) We must distinguish between *hypnosis* and *suggestion.* Suggestion is to be seen at work everywhere, in the school-children who follow their "leaders," in the crowd who stand and gaze into a shop window because others do so, in the contagious yawn. Everyone is liable to suggestion, everyone possesses suggestive power. The hypnotic sleep is less universal than suggestion, of which it is a result. Every hypnosis is suggested, but not every suggestion is hypnotic. Some persons successful resist the sleep-suggestion, but obey other suggestions. Some, after yielding to the sleep-suggestion, successfully resist all other suggestions. In the majority of cases, however, the two are found together, and the hypnotic sleep, while itself the result of suggestion, increases the susceptibility of the patient to other suggestions.

(8) Hypnotic sleep differs in no respect from natural sleep, save in this, that the patient *remains awake to the influence of the operator, while sound asleep to all else.*

The effects of hypnotic suggestion upon mental and physical processes are extremely varied, both in kind and degree. It is not possible to give, within our present limits, an adequate description. Apparently every power of body and mind can be affected, and that in either of two ways, positively or negatively. Each power can be (temporarily) increased or diminished (or even annulled) at will.

In the first or lighter stages of hypnosis, the patient's *movements* fall under the power of the hypnotist. It is suggested that his legs are stiff and that he cannot bend them (catalepsy). He tries to bend them without avail, and even cries out as though in pain when an attendant tries to bend them by force. Automatic movements are suggested; *e.g.* the patient's hands are set in rotation, it is suggested that he cannot stop them, and he is unable to do so.

The intellectual powers are the next to yield. Take *memory* as an example. Here it is possible to produce (a) Suggestive Amnesia, in which real events are (temporarily) blotted from the patient's memory; (b) Suggestive Hypermnesia, in which the memory of real events is rendered more vivid. A man in the hypnotic state suddenly spoke Welsh —a language which he had learned in boyhood, but had, as he supposed, utterly forgotten; (c) Suggestive Pseudomnesia, or the creation of false memories. The famous Tisza Eslar case in Hungary is in point. The subject was so wrought upon by the hypnotist, as to give false evidence against his own father.

In the deepest stages of the hypnotic sleep *sensations* and even *bodily states* fall under the power of the operator. Here as elsewhere the phenomenon is threefold: (*a*) Suggestive Anæsthesia, or the cancellation of sensations. One whole sense channel can be annulled, the patient may be rendered blind, or deaf, or insensible to pain, or may be made unable to see or hear some particular thing. (*b*) Suggestive Hyperæsthesia, the quickening of sensation. Braid says: "A patient who could not hear the tick of a watch beyond three feet when awake, could do so when hypnotized at a distance of thirty-five feet, and walk to it in a direct line without difficulty or hesitation." (*c*) Suggestive Pseudæsthesia, the production of sensations to which no objective stimulus corresponds. These hallucinations may be produced in any and all of the senses. The patient may be made to see his own image in a paper pad (under the impression that it is a mirror), to hear the fire

alarm and count the number, when no bell is ringing, to drink from an empty glass and declare himself no longer thirsty. Bodily states and processes can be produced and modified by hypnotic suggestion. A damp cloth laid upon the skin, aided by suggestion, has been known to produce all the effects of a mustard plaster. The same means has been successfully employed in many cases to produce or check the operation of bodily functions, such as vomiting, changes of temperature, the flow of saliva, the movements of the bowels, and the menstrual changes. Nevertheless, although the possibilities of suggestion as a therapeutic agent are thus seen to be considerable, there will always remain, probably, one serious obstacle in the way of its general adoption as an anæsthetic in surgery, viz., that in many cases the patient is so excited by the expectation of an operation, as to be incapable of hypnosis.

A DAY IN THE ASYLUM FOR INSANE.*

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.B.,

First Assistant Physician of the Asylum for Insane, Toronto; Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, of the Ontario and of the Canadian Medical Associations, and of the Toronto Medical Society.

PERHAPS the matter of greatest surprise, when one comes to make a special study of insanity, is that it is not vastly more common than it is. A very small proportion of the race ever become insane in the legal sense of the word. The term "insanity," to use it in its widest sense, signifies any form of mental derangement that is sufficiently grave to make special medical treatment and restraint in an asylum absolutely necessary for the safety of the patient himself, or of those about him.

Mental impairment which falls a little short of this is not usually called insanity, out of courtesy to the person whose mind has suffered the impairment. The term is regarded with traditional repugnance. In the popular mind insanity is not altogether respectable. From the standpoint of politeness in general, this amiable usage is altogether to be desired; but from the standpoint of medical science the custom is often misleading.

Moreover the popular idea of insanity is drawn chiefly from literary sources, and from time immemorial the disease has been regarded as a very picturesque one. It plays an important part in the histrionic world, where, to use the simple nomenclature of the stage, the last resort of many rather high-strung dramatic persons is to "go mad!" the proceeding being wholly a matter of their own volition, and the decision only being taken after mature consideration. To romantic literature and to the stage, however, the inquirer must not turn to learn what insanity is.

Disease of the lung is generally accompanied by pain in the chest, some difficulty in breathing, and perhaps a cough. The clinical symptoms are more or less connected with the act of respiration, which is the physiological function of the lung. In like manner, and quite as simple to understand, severe disease of the brain, or of viscera whose conditions intimately affect the brain, will probably be followed by some

* Read in part before the Toronto Medical Society, May 2nd, 1895.

disorder of the functional manifestations of that organ.

As the brain (the metaphysicians have said it) is the organ of judgment, emotion and memory, it naturally follows that its disease may very possibly alter the power of judgment, allow the emotions to run riot, or impair the memory. No two cases of mental aberration are exactly alike, but in all forms of insanity the helplessness of the brain to exercise unimpeded one or all of these faculties is observed.

Slight irregularities in these particulars are common enough in the life of anyone, but they are not sufficiently intense or permanent to occasion alarm or even comment. They are probably due to the same causes which, acting with greater stress, cause the more formidable distempers which are found in the wards of the insane asylum. Low spirits and bad temper, egotism and forgetfulness, vanity, eccentricity, laziness, and even so-called natural stupidity, are, as far as they go, pathological conditions of mind; but fortunately they do not go very far.

Even so, a tendency in any one of these directions will bear watching. The self-love which encourages and defends these mental defects under the impression that they are adjuncts of strong personal character, or possibly a mark of genius, forgets that mental imperfections are quite as much to be avoided as those physical deformities to conceal which any pain will be cheerfully endured at the hands of the dentist or surgeon, and any inconvenience borne. Personal vanity dwells more upon the texture of the skin than upon the texture of the brain.

When one considers the delicacy and infinite mysteries of the brain, enthroned with its millions of silvery cells in a shining vault of ivory; and when one reflects upon the wild tempests of passion and emotion which are constantly sweeping over that enshrouded amphitheatre, it is hard to understand how the beautiful fountain of memory and will and imagination retains its limpid lucidity, or preserves undimmed the thousand pictures and images amid the confused panorama of sights and sounds.

A feeling of awe, not unmingled with a sense of fear, must come to anyone who even faintly recognizes the splendour of the instrument which has been placed in his power to use as he will, or admits to his own heart the unworthy uses to which he has dared put it.

Mental unsoundness has been an affliction especially of civilized nations. It is almost unknown among savage races. The higher the civilization, and the greater the liberty of thought allowed the individual, the more common insanity becomes, and the more diverse are its forms.

Religious fervour was once thought to play a very important part in causing insanity, but an examination of the facts does not prove this to be the case. One, for example, might reason as follows: A large proportion of the insane in Ontario asylums are Methodists, and in view of the religious earnestness encouraged by the teachings of the Methodist Church, this fact may point to religious excitement as a cause. But the Methodist people form a very large proportion of the population of Ontario; and in this light statistics show that the percentage of Methodists among the insane is in reality a very low one.

The excessive competition in those walks of life which make the greatest demand upon the mentality and nervous system — a competition which is largely owing to an accession to these walks in late years altogether out of proportion to the amount of work to be accomplished by them—has led, in accord with the fundamental law of survival of the fittest, to such mental overstrain and to such a sacrifice of all the finer mental and spiritual needs of the

soul, that at the close of the nineteenth century the nervous condition of the American and European people, and especially of the urban populations, is uncertain, unstable, and in many respects altogether morbid. The newspapers, the art, the amusements, the literature, nay, and even the religion of the epoch, indicate strongly this pathological condition.

Neurasthenia, or nerve exhaustion, is the name that medical science has given to the actual disease produced by this condition. A jaded and exhausted race demands light novelties and strong impressions with which to occupy its mind. More than this, the overworked mind seeks artificial stimulation when the vital forces fail, and forgetfulness when the mind aches with the overstrain. This demand has been promptly supplied. To alcohol and to opium have of late years been added innumerable drugs, to lash to further effort the flagging energies, or to lull to Lethean slumber the wakeful brain. In his chemical laboratory some modern Archimago is bringing together the primary elements into new combinations that Nature herself never distilled. With twenty new forms of inebriety with which to contend, and as many forms of narcomania, in a moral atmosphere thick with social evils undreamed of in the past, the minds of the weaker individuals first of all now begin to give way.

Asylum after asylum is built and filled with new inmates, and new forms of insanity are developed.

Amid all these omens of evil, meanwhile, the health, the buoyant freshness of the people is being undermined. Degeneration is the term applied to such a condition.

Disease is hardly personal. The person suffers for the race because he is a part of it. He represents either its strength or its weakness. If its weakness, he becomes its sacrifice—a practical principle of nature illustrated allegorically in some of the legends of Greek mythology.

It is not alcohol alone, then, that is undermining the nervous sanity of the race, but a condition of life—a system of evils of which alcohol and crime and disease are merely the material manifestations.

Insanity is not a new disease, and these conditions of civilization which produce it cannot therefore be new either. The ancient Egyptians, the most civilized of the earlier races known to history, recognized mental derangement as a special form of disease, and their treatment of it, barring possibly a certain amount of superstition, was almost the same in principle as that which is at present followed in all civilized countries.

In Greece it was also recognized, and was regarded with equal superstition, one form of it being commonly called "the sacred disease," under which name Hippocrates, the great Greek, treats of it in his medical writings.

The subject of demoniacal possession has been very fully discussed, both scientifically and exegetically, in the standard text-books of theology, and it is not necessary to more than suggest the subject in this connection.

The insane, while they have often been regarded with superstition, have always been looked upon with terror, and in mediæval times they were driven out from the communities of the sane, and died, the most miserable outcasts, from starvation and exposure, the objects of mingled fear and hate. The idea has been preserved with great tenacity from century to century, both in pagan and in Christian Europe, that the mental infirmity of the maniac was a just punishment visited upon him by a higher power for some horrible crime. The violence of the mania was supposed to be proportionate to the heinousness of his guilt.

Of the few madhouses maintained

in Europe a century and a half since might be mentioned the Hospice de la Salpêtrière in Paris, and the Bethlehem (shortened to Bedlam) Asylum in London. The milder cases of the latter were allowed to beg at large on the streets of London, hence the sobriquet, "Tom o' Bedlams," by which these unfortunate patients were known. The Bedlam madhouse was visited by ladies and gentlemen a little more than a hundred years ago in search of amusement, and in very much the same spirit as people go to the Zoological Gardens to watch the wild beasts (and perhaps tease them) to-day.

The medical treatment of the insane in the early madhouses was extremely simple, and consisted merely in chaining the madman alone in a bare and darkened cell, where bread and water were thrown to him, and where a flogging of the cruellest character was often administered by way of indoor exercise. This mode of treatment has fallen into desuetude of late years in all well-regulated hospitals for insane. There are a few misguided ones, however, even in Canada, who imagine that the old *regimen* still obtains, and with the best intentions they are to this day to be heard in the newspapers, clamouring dismally for needed reform.

As late as twenty years ago restraint of various kinds was common in Canadian asylums, and even at the time of writing there are a few asylums in America where the camisole or straight jacket and the wristlets and the padded room are tolerated still. These relics of barbarism are to-day obsolete in all Ontario asylums. Perhaps the most convenient way of showing what insanity is in Ontario at the close of the nineteenth century, and how it is treated by Canadian alienists, will be to spend a day in the Asylum for Insane at Toronto, of which experience the following paragraphs are a careful sketch.

A few years ago this parent institution was known as the Provincial Asylum, since it sufficed for the whole of Upper Canada. To-day seven asylums are required to accommodate the insane of the Province. The population of Ontario has not increased in proportion, which demonstrates clearly, either that insanity is on the increase in the Province in spite of improved methods of treatment, or that many are now under treatment in asylums who were formerly at large.

Probably no American commonwealth possesses a more efficient or humane system of public charities than the Province of Ontario, which has not only provided for the insane and idiotic, as already described, but also for the deaf-mute and for the blind, in the excellent institutions at Belleville and Brantford. Most gratifying, indeed, to all those who love Ontario will be these provisions for the unfortunate, so consonant with the broad public spirit of the Province and with the kindly humanity of its people.

The asylum building, which is of immense size, is dingy with age. When built half a century ago it was far beyond the city limits; but in the course of years the city has swept westward, and to-day the old asylum grounds, green with venerable trees, and curtailed to the limits of twenty-six acres, are surrounded by streets and houses and factories. The high walls which bound it give it an air of isolation and seclusion, while daily the tide of traffic flows about it. The glimpse of quietude within attracts the eye of many a passer-by as to some enchanted isle of rest, washed round about by turbulent seas.

At six o'clock every morning the large bell rings from the belfry in the quadrangle, and nearly a thousand people arise from their beds for the day. The night-watches, from the men's and the women's side of the building, who have been patroling the dusky wards all night long

with their lanterns swinging from their arms, by a touch of a button leaving a record every half-hour upon the great electric clock dial in the main office, a proof of their alertness, now go off duty at the stroke of this morning bell, and are relieved by the day attendants.

The noise of many footsteps is heard in the wards, and the din of voices and moving of furniture. The patients in the dormitories and in the single rooms are busy dressing. Those who are negligent or dilatory are assisted by the attendants, and with military precision are prepared for breakfast at seven. A constant stream of patients is to be seen going to and from the bath-rooms, where the morning ablutions are as rigorously insisted upon by the attendants as if they were a religious rite.

The hour is soon over, and again the deep clangour of the bell in the quadrangle is heard through the barred windows, and the patients and attendants file into the dining-rooms for breakfast. Each ward consists of a great corridor, well lighted, and with airy alcoves here and there. Opening upon the main corridor are commodious sitting-rooms, dormitories, single bed-chambers, grated open-air balconies, lavatories and dining-rooms. Each ward has all of these conveniences. and is a little world by itself.

The morning meal is simple in character, and like the other meals, is eaten within locked doors, the attendants acting as waiters upon the patients. Before the patients return to the corridors and sitting-rooms of the ward, every knife and fork is counted and locked away to provide against accident.

After breakfast the patients are at leisure for the day to spend it as they prefer. Those who earnestly desire it, and are able to work, go to the shops, to be described later, either there, or in the gardens, to find for a short time wholesome and light employment. Some ensconce themselves in a favourite corner, many of them returning daily to the same place and sitting day after day in the same posture. The more helpless are often taken care of by those who enjoy a fuller possession of their faculties—a pathetic usurpation of the attendants' duty by the patient at his own option. For among the insane, as well as in the world without, the instinct of protection in the stronger for the weaker is sometimes well developed.

The more lively patients may engage in such pursuits as interested them in their days of health. Some walk up and down the corridors together, or play at cards or chess. Others converse pleasantly in groups here and there of everyday matters, while some may gather together about the fire-place and sing, often with considerable skill, or still others (with a lesser degree of skill,) may very possibly sit down at the table alone and write such poetry as this which follows, which is all the product of the insane:

"There's never any good in moping;
What you want is strength in coping
With present evil by still hoping
Happiness on the morrow
Will come, the future much more pleasant
Than is the sad and unkind present,
So be at peace, content, quiescent,
With end to every sorrow."

"The pencilled sky, the morning's flush,
The glory of stream, tree and bush,
Appeal so touchingly and fair
That sense exults in praise and prayer.
Nearer and nearer at such hours
Seems the all-influencing powers;
Nearer and nearer to its fort
Then doth the harassed soul resort."

"And, oh, dear memories, how often,
When free from ills for spaces brief,
Did the brave heart within him soften,
And find in jokes a glad relief;
Released from agonies that sickened,
At liberty from all his ills,
How much the cheery spirit quickened
To sportive songs and merry tales."

Here and there some particular patient gives a clue to his delusions by his actions. He cries out wildly,

or talks and laughs with imaginary persons who surround him. Voices, inaudible to all else, fill his ears, and he answers them, perhaps jocularly, perhaps bitterly. Some creep beneath the benches or hide behind doors. Cases of melancholia retreat to a corner and moan sadly; others, more violent, gesticulate and declaim upon impossible insults and grievances to which, they insist, they are constantly subjected. Most of the delusions of the insane, however, are of a pleasant character. Many of them, suffering from megalo-mania, fancy themselves princes or potentates of high degree, and live in a realm of imagination where they are lords of mankind.

Many varieties of insanity are to be found in the wards. Careful experimentation has shown that solitary confinement (though in the most sumptuous apartments) is harmful to the insane, and lessens the probability of recovery. The insane are accordingly thrown into each other's society without any exception but that of sickness, when they are withdrawn to the comparative retirement of the infirmary. Mingling in each other's society tends in no wise to increase the insanity of the individual. One patient seldom if ever corroborates the delusions of another. Each lives in a little imaginary world of his own, often ridiculing the fancies of his associates, which he can see are absurd, though he fails to see the absurdity of his own.

Little or no violence, even of speech, will be witnessed during the entire day in the wards of the Toronto Asylum for Insane. To the idiosyncrasies of each patient the other patients, as well as the officers and attendants, soon become accustomed, and the most grotesque or ghastly delusions and hallucinations are passed over without comment, as the eccentricities of the sane are passed over by those who have grown used to them.

Immediately after breakfast the attendants are busy putting the ward in order. The dining-room is made neat and clean; every bed is made up in the dormitories, and every patient decently clad in time for the morning inspection of the medical officer, which takes place exactly at half-past nine.

The physician, accompanied by the chief supervisor, is met at the entrance of each ward by the supervisor of that ward. If any patient be ill, he is visited at once and prescribed for, or operated upon, at the discretion of the physician and as he may deem wise. Every corner of the ward is next examined carefully by the officer, who, in this way, passes from ward to ward through the entire asylum. For the men's and for the women's side of the house there is a separate medical officer, as one side is amply sufficient to engage the full attention of one physician.

The inspection takes upwards of an hour if the physician is not delayed with special cases. He mixes freely with the patients, conversing with them, either seriously or with a thinly-veiled air of badinage, accepting their confidences, and promising, as far as his conscience or patience will allow, to execute their numberless demands. A certain class of patients desire fervently to return home, and to entreaties for their liberty they add fabulous offers of reward, or, if the mood be a darker one, whisper terrible threats if the physician does not at once release them. Patients have been known to make admirable *fac-similes*, in wood or leather, of the ward keys, with which to escape, or, in asylum parlance, to "elope." At length the morning inspection is completed; and while the physician has returned to the office to make out his own report and examine those of the night-watches and day attendants, and to fill out the necessary prescriptions in the dispensary, the attendants in

the wards are again busy with the patients, giving each in turn a bath in the lavatories.

A couple of hours before dinner, if the weather be fine, the patients are taken to the recreation grounds, where they are watched over by careful attendants. While with cricket and quoits and other athletic exercises some in the open ground occupy their time, others derive a quieter, but more refined pleasure in walking under the shade of the trees.

At noon the asylum bell rings once more, and the midday meal is dispatched with due ceremony. The kitchen, as well as the laundry and shops, is a separate building, connected with the main building by a system of railways. The cooking is all accomplished by steam heat, the food being prepared in large cauldrons thus heated, and conveyed afterwards in closed cars to the different wards by the railway and dumb-waiter system.

There is a special arrangement of water supply in the buildings, the great dome being occupied by an enormous iron tank, in early times supplied by an engine direct from Lake Ontario, but of late years from the pipes of the city water works. Efficient fire extinguishers are also in readiness in case of emergency.

Besides the medical superintendent, whose duties are partly executive and partly medical, both the men's and the women's side of the Toronto asylum, like all other asylums, has a trained nurse, through whose skill and intelligent care the medical officers in the asylum, as medical men in private practice outside, look with entire confidence for the execution of those numberless little attentions which sympathy and tact may suggest, and upon which the ultimate recovery of the patient so much depends, while in the infirmary.

In connection with the asylum there is also a training-school for nurses where already excellent results have been obtained. The superintendent and his staff give a course of lectures as complete as those often given in educational institutions, wholly technical, and to those who succeed in passing the strict, but altogether fair examination which follows, a diploma is duly granted.

The bursar, or banker, overlooks the finance department and the buying. A steward, like the feudal seneschal, has charge of the contents of the cellars and of the stores; overlooking the work of the institution, while the matron looks after the domestic economy of the building, and assumes the thousand trying responsibilities appertaining thereto.

The shops—and nearly every guild is thus represented in miniature in the asylum—have each a manager, qualified in his trade; and to these might also be added the corps of gardeners and the farmer, though the latter now retains only the dignity of the name, as the farm was long since given up, piece by piece, before the city's westward encroachment. It is hardly necessary to add that nothing is grown in the garden or made in the shops on a scale more extensive than the needs of the asylum's economy require. Nothing is made for sale outside.

On Sunday morning the quieter patients, according to a very old custom, attend the English Church service in the asylum chapel. The chapel is of fair dimensions, and the service is generally quite as orderly as similar services are out in the world. On Sunday afternoon there is another religious service, in which representatives of various other denominations take their turn from week to week.

Upon week-days the afternoon is spent by the patients very much as the morning is, either in the wards or in the grounds. From the large asylum library many patients draw books which they read with about the same interest and caprice shown by the greater reading public without.

Occasionally some, in spite of all supervision, derive a fine literary amusement from tearing those volumes up. I remember one evening when the summer air was literally full of poetry—not with the voice of some wandering Ariel, but with ordinary English verse, a hypercritical lady at one of the ward windows above being in the act of amusing herself at the time by tearing whole handfuls of Longfellow's and Mrs. Hemans' poems from their respective volumes and casting them out generously upon the irresponsive air.

The afternoon inspection by the medical officer is made unexpectedly at any hour. The meals are regularly inspected in similar manner, and a medical officer of limited appetite derives considerable solid sustenance from the bread and butter and meat which, in his capacity of dietetic connoisseur, it is his sacred duty to taste in each ward during his inspection.

One great advantage of this system is obvious. If the butter ever should happen to be a trifle strong, the medical officer would stand a very fair chance of being aware of the fact after he had inspected all the dining-rooms of the asylum and tasted the butter in each. There is no record of this taking of refreshment, in the official capacity, ever having proved too rich for anybody's blood, but the matter is nevertheless deserving of silent afterthought.

When not in the wards, many other duties engage every moment of the resident physician's time. The elaborate system of book-keeping followed by asylums is one of the most onerous of his duties. The professional correspondence, which he answers, and which requires great prudence and calls for repeated reference to the institution records, is very heavy. Surgical operations, or the details of a post-mortem examination, may call for his time at any moment. Medicines must be prescribed and constantly repeated.

Beside a great deal of executive and clerical work, moreover, the physician, during visiting hours, is called to consult with the friends of the patients, both personally and by mail.

These persons may be logically divided into two great classes—those who are reasonable and those who are not. The latter class are firmly convinced that the physician could tell whether the patient may recover or not, and if so, the date of the recovery to a day. As he is unprepared to make this disclosure, they lose patience with him for his reserve, or scold him for his air of mystery as it seems to them.

But at last the long visiting hours come to an end, and, the last inspection made and the last visitor departed, the physician, exhausted mentally as well as physically, retires from the public office, and after the evening meal tries to get a couple of hours' rest. Even then he can hear every sound in the wards adjacent. He is still on duty, and at any moment of the night as well as the day may be called up by an attendant in case of emergency in the wards. As the unexpected is sure to happen, the physician is always conscious of a certain sense of nervous tension, which is hardly lifted from him even when he is relieved from duty and has the privilege of occasionally absenting himself from the asylum building.

Though the constant sense of responsibility for the welfare of so many hundreds of human lives loses somewhat of its strain as time goes on, it never entirely leaves him free, even when he is out of the building. For as Cæsar is said in the school books to have known his soldiers individually, so the asylum physician knows his patients. This epileptic may have a fit at any moment; this paranoiac may attempt to destroy the life of some

particular person; this paretic may fall in a congestive seizure; this melancholia patient is scheming night and day to commit suicide, and must be constantly circumvented; while another, in the last stages of marasmus, is dying, or another is oscillating between sanity and insanity, and every new manifestation is anxiously awaited.

In this manner the medical officer carries each in his mind. As time goes on his interests in the world without grow more languid. The life within the walls gradually absorbs all his attention, and the amusements and pursuits that formerly engaged him are looked back upon with faint regret.

The life within an asylum, while it has not the slightest tendency to unhinge the mental faculties, creates, nevertheless, certain traits of character which are difficult to describe but easy to recognize. Those physicians who for love of the work give up their lives to the special study and care of the insane, must be willing to give up a great deal, perhaps nearly all the pleasures that the outer world has to offer. The sacrifice will be made cheerfully, however, if the physician truly loves the work, for the work itself is its own reward.

Facing him every moment of the day are the soul's greatest mysteries, some slight vestige of which it may possibly be his lot to solve. If he be not afraid of his patients, he will grow to like them, perhaps to love them. They are his daily, almost his only companions. If he fears them, or what is nearly as bad, if he dislikes them, the best thing the physician can do is to at once abandon insanity as a specialty.

A certain amount of relaxation should be encouraged in the asylum life as a conservator of the mental tone of the officials, just as it is resorted to in the case of the patients as a remedy for actual mental disease. To the conscientious asylum physician healthful recreation is a vital need, as an offset to the severe nervous strain; and in this connection might be mentioned cycling and driving, music and outdoor walks, together with what reading time can be found for.

In the amusements furnished for the patients the physicians of course participate. At Christmas there is a Christmas tree, and in midsummer a picnic. Beside these innocent but cheering digressions in the daily routine are the concerts generously given by the church choirs of the city, and the "balls," which are an important feature in the winter months. Too warm thanks cannot be expressed to the gifted ladies and gentlemen who year after year volunteer their services at these concerts. The "balls," which commence at the unfashionable hour of seven, close about nine o'clock. This is a special indulgence, for the patients are usually in bed by eight.

At nine in the evening the day attendants, after their long hours, go off duty, the night-watches come on duty again, half the lights are put out, the lanterns of the night-watches are seen again in the corridors, the electric bells that have been ringing all day long become silent at last, the main door of the building is locked, and further ingress or egress barred. A little later the lodge-gate in the northern wall is also closed and barred; and though the lights of the city still flare brightly upon all sides, and the sounds of carriages and of footsteps resound without, all grows still within and dark where, above the foliage of the trees, rises blackly the vast pile of buildings, with the great dome shining above all in the clear moonlight.

Any attempt to explain in full the details of asylum life would be impossible in the compass of this paper. Where nearly a thousand people have to be cared for as one cares for children, it stands to reason that

nothing can possibly be accomplished without system. System is certainly of manifold importance in washing dishes and making beds, and in the asylum kitchens the *Gargantuan* repasts which are served up every day are both cooked and distributed by system. By rigorous system the great building is kept spotlessly clean, and by system the work of each day is allotted and performed. Still, system is not everything, and where it is embraced as a gospel it has its elements of danger. A patient cannot be studied and cured according to a formula. The moral as well as the physical needs of these most interesting human beings cannot be supplied according to a diagram. Sympathy is not systematic.

There is also danger of falling into the prison regimen. While it is perhaps easier to take care of patients as prisoners are cared for, it is a fatal mistake to turn the hospital for insane into a gaol.

On the other hand, the *esprit de corps* of a military camp might appear to some just about the proper thing. While an army of soldiers may thrive, however, as passive parts of a system of machinery, the best results are not gained in the case of the insane, by making the attendants non-commissioned officers and the patients private soldiers.

The main end is not to amuse and delight the idle spectator nor to astound visitors with novelties undreamed of. The gaol and the barracks idea are each preferable to the asylum where every step taken is for exhibition purposes. Fortunately there are few such institutions, and none in Ontario at all.

Nor must the patients for one moment be regarded as the deodands of science. They are all equally important and interesting, from the standpoint of humanity, however much more interest may be entertained for one by the physician, from the scientific standpoint, than for another. These institutions are not built exclusively for the convenience of enthusiastic and earnest specialists any more than for the delectation of the visiting public. All reasonable liberty should of course be allowed the alienist in making independent research, but mere fads of the moment, and it would seem to the reader of the current medical journals that no moment was without a fad of its own, should be discountenanced, however lauded by ardent professional men. Conservatism in medicine is very important in an age when the manufacturing pharmacist is filling the world with all kinds of drugs, and the more credulous physician is deluded into using them.

The recovery of recoverable patients, and the comfort of all, are the real criteria; and by these standards the Toronto asylum holds its present pre-eminent place among asylums for the insane.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

THERE are poems unwritten, and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold—
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

JAMES CLERK MAXWELL.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

THE death of a man when at the very zenith of his strength is always a cause of sorrow; but when the one who passes away has given evidence of supreme mental power exercised in pure devotion to the world's highest needs, the pain is very greatly enhanced. In the case of James Clerk Maxwell not only was all the above true, but besides, his personal character was the union of nobility and goodness.

At the age of forty-two, in 1873, he published his great work on "Electricity and Magnetism," and though there has been unexampled activity in the study and applications of electricity since that time, still that work is acknowledged as the top-notch standard. Oliver Lodge refers to it as "one of those immortal productions which exalt one's idea of the mind of man, and which has been mentioned by competent critics in the same breath as the 'Principia' itself." Indeed the rudiments of almost every advance since its publication can be found clearly outlined in the work, and it would therefore seem that its influence can hardly be overestimated.

Clerk Maxwell was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1831. His grandfather was Captain James Clerk, of Penicuik, who had two sons. The elder, Sir George Clerk, succeeded to the estate at Penicuik, and to the younger, John, fell the estate of Middlebie, in Kirkcudbright. This had come into the family through marriage in a previous generation with Agnes Maxwell, and along with the estate John Clerk assumed the surname Maxwell. James was an only son, and his mother, whose maiden-name was Cay, died when he was eight years old. His father had been called to the Scottish bar, but never practised as an advocate, preferring to retire to his house at Glenlair, near Dalbeattie, on his estate, where most of his time was occupied in taking care of his son.

The father was a somewhat eccentric man. He was warm-hearted and sincere, and had a peculiar interest in all kinds of manufactures. This practical turn he carried so far as to cut out the clothes for himself and his son, and as he cared rather for utility and comfort, they were not generally according to the prevailing fashions. They may have been well-fitting and sensible from many points of view, but being so different from his fellows the youth who wore them was subject to considerable school-boy sport which was painful to his sensitive nature.

Before he was three years old the boy began to show an active interest in all he saw. He would investigate the doors, locks, keys, etc., and was always asking, "Show me how it doos." To understand the bell-wires he would send a servant to the different rooms to ring while he stood in the kitchen, or he would drag his father about the house to show him the holes where the wires went through the walls. "What's the go of that?" was his constant question, and to a vague answer he would say, "But what's the *particular* go of it?" His father took especial delight in explaining the mechanisms to the boy, and this he continued until the scholar became the teacher and explained more fully to the devoted father the construction of the universe.

The father was very fond of a day's shooting, but the son was exceptionally solicitous for the life of every living thing. He had no horror of any creature. He would play with the frogs and tadpoles,

He would pick up a young frog, handle him gently, listen for his low squeak, then put him into his mouth and let him jump out again. One of his favourite sports was to paddle about a small pond or on the river in a large tub which he managed with considerable skill.

When the boy was eight or nine years old a tutor was engaged, but the experiment was not a great success. The scholar was reported slow, but it was soon discovered that the teacher was somewhat rough. James did not like to be driven, though he would not complain. It is suspected that the harsh treatment he received was partially responsible for a certain hesitation and indirectness of speech from which Maxwell never entirely recovered.

In 1841, he was sent to the Edinburgh Academy, where, in 1845, he gained the medal in geometry, and in 1847 the medal in mathematics. In this latter year he became a student at Edinburgh University, and for three years he pursued his studies very much as he pleased, not taking the regular course but working in the chemical and physical laboratories without superintendence or assistance.

Before Maxwell was fifteen years old his father had shown Professor Kelland a paper which the son had prepared "On the Description of Oval Curves." This was presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh and printed in the proceedings for 1846. While at the university young Maxwell presented two more papers, "On the Theory of Rolling Curves," and "On the Equilibrium of Elastic Solids," both requiring considerable mathematical skill. The last paper, however, was the outcome of some experimenting. In 1848 he paid a visit to the optician Nicol, the inventor of the "Nicol prism," who showed him some beautiful coloured effects produced by unannealed glass when placed in polarized light. This seems to have started Maxwell in his optical researches. On returning home he made a polariscope with glass reflectors, prepared some of the unannealed glass and then sketched in water-colours some of the beautiful effects. These sketches he sent to Nicol, who was greatly pleased and presented the boy with a pair of very excellent prisms of his own manufacture. These were always highly prized, and about three weeks before the owner's death were deposited in a show-case in the Cavendish laboratory.

In October, 1850, Maxwell went to Cambridge, entering as an undergraduate at Peterhouse. His first term was not very happy. His fellows at Peterhouse were all devoted to classics or pure mathematics, and he received little sympathy in his physical work. So in December he migrated to Trinity, where he found many congenial spirits and was looked up to as their leader by a band of his admirers. In 1852, while still an undergraduate, he stayed a few weeks with Rev. C. B. Taylor, the brother of a college friend. While there he was taken with a serious illness, and the great care and kindness with which he was nursed was always a bright spot in his memory, and was an important factor in the formation of his noble Christian character.

In 1854 he graduated as second wrangler, the first being Dr. Routh of Peterhouse, but the two of them were tied for the Smith prize. While at Trinity many things showed his odd independence. At one time he took his exercise for half an hour, from 2 a.m., by running along the corridors and up and down stairs, and very often he received volleys of boots, brushes, etc., in so doing. At this time he is described as slightly above the average in stature, with a weighty forehead. His hair and incipient beard were raven black, his eyes of a

dark brown and his dress exingly simple and natural.

1855, Maxwell was elected a w of Trinity and put on the of lecturers, and in the next he became Professor of Natural sophy in Marischal College, deen. Here he taught for seasons, until, in 1860, Marisand King's colleges were amalated to form the University of ndrews. Almost immediately wards he succeeded Professor eve in the chair of Natural sophy and Astronomy in King's ge, London. After the death s father he retired, in 1865, to state at Glenlair, and here he ined until 1871, when he was l to become the first Cavendish ssor of Experimental Physics mbridge. The Duke of Devon-, then chancellor, had offered uild and equip a laboratory, on Maxwell's acceptance of the ion offered him, it became his to superintend the construction ie building, and he remained until his death in 1879. During eight years Maxwell's influence very strongly felt at Cambridge. ed there was a genuine revival ysical science, and in nearly y phase of it Maxwell's hand inly seen.

a teacher it cannot be said well was a great success. It ed impossible for him to disish between the easy and the , and the very quickness of his ination was a hindrance. The e he suggested to a friend hing to an ordinary congren that he "give it to them ier" would have been very apble to his own case. It has remarked that "between his nts' ignorance and his vast ledge it was hard to find a non measure." But when, as at bridge, his class consisted of a d few who were able to apate his instruction, the admiraof these his true disciples was akin to worship. I might mention the names of other eminent scientists, certainly not good popular lecturers, and yet honoured by almost every learned society in the world.

I have noted above Maxwell's earliest contributions to science; his others are so many in number that it will be unwise to mention them in detail. In 1857, he obtained the Adams prize (instituted in honour of the discovery of the planet Neptune), the subject of his essay being, "The Motion of Saturn's Rings." He proved mathematically that the rings cannot be either solid or liquid, but must consist of numerous small bodies revolving about the planet, those nearest the body having the greatest velocity. Ever since the publication of this paper in 1859, this hypothesis has been accepted, but only during the present year has this conclusion been directly demonstrated. On April 9th and 10th, 1895, Professor J. E. Keeler, of the Allegheny Observatory (near Pittsburg, Pa.,) took two spectroscopic photographs, which, when examined with his remarkable skill, showed clearly that Maxwell's views were entirely correct.

Another of the great studies of Maxwell's life was that on the kinetic theory of gases. According to this theory a gas consists of a myriad of small bodies, the pressure produced by it being due to the continuous impact of these gaseous molecules on the containing vessel. The beginnings of the theory can be traced back more than a hundred years, but little progress was made in it until about the middle of the present century. Maxwell made numerous experiments and calculations, and must be regarded as one of the greatest champions of the theory.

In 1873, Maxwell delivered before the British Association at Bradford his famous "Discourse on Molecules," which has been oftener quoted than any other of his writings. He con-

tended that the spectroscope shows that the most distant worlds, between which no material thing could pass, are built up of molecules of the same kind as those we find on the earth. The absolute uniformity possessed by these minute bodies cannot be accounted for by a process of evolution. He concludes as follows: "They continue this day as they were created—perfect in number and measure and weight; and from the ineffaceable characters impressed on them we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement, and justice in action, which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of Him who in the beginning created, not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist."

The treatise on "Heat," which is one of a series of text-books "adapted for the use of artisans," is well known. Much of it is not difficult to follow, but in some places very close thinking is required.

But it was in the domain of electricity and magnetism that Maxwell did his greatest work. As early as 1855 he had prepared an important paper on "Faraday's Lines of Force," and in 1864 he read before the Royal Society his "Dynamical Theory of the Electro-Magnetic Field." In 1873 appeared his great treatise on the subject. Before starting out to prepare it he had most carefully read Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity," and he says he aimed simply to translate Faraday's ideas into mathematical language. The distinguishing feature of the methods of these two men is the attention they give to the space about an electrified body rather than to the body itself. The actions take place across this medium, and so they studied the medium, not the conductor alone. Maxwell's confidence in Faraday's experiments was not misplaced. In recent years almost every research has tended to confirm their views. Maxwell believed that electro-magnetic action is transmitted through a medium just as light is; indeed he believed the light vibrations have their origin in electric disturbances. As early as January, 1865, in a letter he says, "I have also a paper afloat, with an electro-magnetic theory of light, which, till I am convinced to the contrary, I hold to be great guns."

Within the last half-dozen years most remarkable confirmations of these theories have been obtained. Hertz, a young German professor who died on the first day of 1894 in his thirty-seventh year, devised methods for detecting these electro-magnetic waves, and directly measured their velocity, which he found very close to that of light. At the present day the prominent names in electrical theory are Faraday, Maxwell and Hertz. The first made the fundamental experiments, the second outlined the theory and the third verified it.

Maxwell was married in 1858 to Katherine Dewar, daughter of the principal of Marischal College. She entered sympathetically into his projects, and he gave her a life-long devotion. When away from home he wrote to her almost every day, with comments on portions of Scripture which he knew she would be reading at that time. Until 1877 Maxwell's health was very good, but in the spring of that year he was troubled with some dyspeptic symptoms. Nothing was said about it for a couple of years and by that time the ailment had clearly told on his constitution. In June, 1879, he went as usual to Glenlair, but made little improvement. In October, he returned to Cambridge, where it was hoped skilful treatment would restore him, but he gradually failed.

Until the very last his intellect was clear and active, and when he was too weak to dwell on scientific

ions, his mind was still alert
t his other favourite studies.
t three weeks before his death
marked to a friend: "Old chap,
e read up many queer religions;
is nothing like the old thing
all"; and "I have looked
most philosophical systems, and
ve seen that none will work
out a God." On another day,
long before his death, he had
puzzling himself for some
vainly endeavouring to dis-
why Lorenzo, whose character
from noble, is made to say to
ca ("Merchant of Venice," act
. 1.):

"Look how the floor of heaven
k inlaid with patines of bright gold;
's not the smallest orb which thou
ehold'st
his motion like an angel sings,
uiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
harmony is in immortal souls;
hilst this muddy vesture of decay
grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

another time, when too weak
continued conversation, after
with eyes closed for some
he looked up and repeated the
, "Every good and perfect gift
om above," etc., and then
d, "Do you know that that is a
meter?

a δόσις ἀγαθὴ καὶ πᾶν δώρημα τέλειον;'

nder who composed it."
the Saturday preceding his
h he received the sacrament of
Lord's Supper, and when the
ster was putting on his surplice
well repeated to him correctly
ive stanzas of George Herbert's
on the priest's vestments en-
"Aaron," and beginning:

liness on the head,
ight and perfections on the breast,
rmonious bells below, raising the dead
o lead them into life and rest:
hus are true Aarons drest."

the following Wednesday,
mber 5th, he met death con-
sly and calmly, and gently
d away.

ORONTO.

To science Maxwell's death was an irreparable loss, and the sorrow of his personal friends was inexpressible. To these he was a charming companion, brimming with fun and bubbling over with information. His knowledge of philosophy was very extensive, and he was an exceptionally well-read student of English. He was known as a contributor of verse to Blackwood's, and around the university his poetical jokes were famous. To his college mate F. W. Farrar, now Dean of Canterbury, whom he found

"Needlessly distracted
By some bright erratic ray
Through a sphere refracted,"

he sends a dozen humorous stanzas, advising him not to spend too much time on the mathematical tripos. To this Farrar replied, saying among other things;

"But you a lark with twinkling wings
O'er violet-banks are soaring;
Your voice the dewy rose-cloud rings
While statics me are boring."
[1853.]

The way in which physical ideas and mathematical phraseology are brought into metre is very amusing. One of the best of his attempts is his lecture to women on the "Thomson Mirror Galvanometer." (Scene, a single darkened chamber; one student.) The first stanza runs:

"The lamp-light falls on blackened walls,
And streams through narrow perforations,
The long beam trails o'er pasteboard scales,
With slow-decaying oscillations.
Flow, current, flow, set the quick light-spot flying;
Flow current, answer light-spot, flashing, quivering, dying."

By his will he left a fund for the establishment of a studentship in experimental physics in his university. Mrs. Maxwell died in 1887 and bequeathed £6,000 for this purpose, and in 1890 the university took possession for the purpose intended.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the first week in October, and the weather was particularly warm and calm. The sisters were at work with the door and window open, when a shadow fell across the threshold and a parasol tapped on the doorpost. A slender, dark girl stood there, with smiling eyes like some Faith knew quite well—a girl of about eighteen.

"Are you Faith and Letty Kemp?" said the stranger. "May I come in? I am Patty—Patty Julian. Do you know me?"

"Yes," said Faith, rising and holding out her hand, and led the guest up to Letty. Letty had kept her seat. It had always been very distressing to her to rise for the first time, and show her dwarfed stature to strangers. She was at less disadvantage seated in her chair.

Patty bent and kissed Letty, and Faith at once loved her for that; but the slender, dark Patty seemed a little in awe of the tall, erect beauty, four years her senior. Faith gave her a chair near Letty.

"I am only here for a day or two," said Patty shyly. "I have so often heard of this beach, but I have never been able to come and see for myself until now. This fall I am more free. I do not have to go to school any more. I graduated in June. But you must not think that means knowing very much. They did not teach us such wonders of Latin as Kenneth says you know, and I am afraid we were dreadfully slack in English literature. Uncle Doctor would not send me to a college or boarding-school, where they would be real particular with us; he had some crotchet about my health. I had a cold once, when I was about six, and ever since then he has had notions about my health. Don't you think that was a very high price to pay for a cold—to have to be coddled forever after?"

"Perhaps it was very wise to coddle you," smiled Faith.

"Pshaw! I make sure that it was just because Uncle Doctor cannot be happy without someone to coddle! He is made so! Do you know, I see your brother Hugh very often."

"Oh, do you?" cried Letty, considering that here was a girl to be envied.

"Yes; he comes to our house frequently, and your Uncle Tom comes too, now, sometimes; and he and Uncle Doctor are getting to be great friends. I like your Uncle Tom very much. He and I get on so nicely; and he is always telling me how nice your brother is. He is so proud of him!"

Faith saw a vivid pink blush drifting over Patty's cheek when she spoke of Hugh.

"Your brother talks to me of you. He was so glad that I was to come up here to see you. He wished it would be well to write. He says to tell you that in a year from now you will all be living together, and will never be parted in this way again. He makes such plans, but he never speaks of them to his Uncle Tom. He says when the time comes near, then he will tell him just what he means to do."

"You make us very happy, speaking to us of our brother," said Faith.

"My brother also speaks to me of you," said Patty with a keen glance at Faith, who was very busy with an intricate corner of her lace-work, "and Aunt Parvin does also. I feel as if I know you."

"Thank you. How is my little cavalier, Richard?"

"Jolly as ever, and never tired of talking of his 'mermaid.' I used to be his favourite, because I can play ball and whistle; but he says you know how to do many more things than I do."

"I hope you will not therefore be jealous and dislike me?"

"No. I will not be jealous of you *about anybody,*" replied Patty. "I thought if—if next year you came to live with your brother, I should like to know you a little now; and then we could meet like old friends; so I ventured to come up here to-day."

"I am very glad you came up," said Faith; "but I do not think we shall go to live in the city with Hugh. I think we shall stay here. There are reasons why we should, and here we get on very well. We are too busy to be lonesome, and we have each other."

"But we are very glad to know you, and to be friends with you, if you will let us," said Letty, who thought Faith too cold.

Patty chatted for some time, and made herself very agreeable. Finally she rose to go; then, in a hesitating way, she said to Faith: "My brother came here with me; he is at the hotel."

A deep red spot burned on Faith's cheek.

"May he not come up here and call?" urged Patty.

"No," said Faith gently but firmly. "No, Patty."

"Well, thank you for calling me Patty. I hope it shows that you do not dislike me."

"I like you very much," smiled Faith, "and you were very good to come and call. But you must know —as I do—that it is better that—all should be—as I said it must. I know what is right."

Patty gently pressed her hand and turned away, but she knelt down by Letty's chair and put her arm about her shoulders.

"Dear Letty, I want you to love me and be my friend, and write to me; will you, dear? You have made no promise not to write to *me*, and you have no scruples about anybody else, as Faith has. And I want you to let me write to you, and you will answer me every week, will you not? It will make us both happier. Say that you will."

"Yes, indeed I will, if you wish," said Letty.

"Was I wrong, Faith?" asked Letty, after Patty had gone. "Should not I have promised to write?"

"It was well enough, dear, if you chose; but don't you see that was what she came for? Hugh and Kenneth have sent her. They want to hear from us, and as Hugh is pledged not to write, and nothing would induce me to, they will get on just as well if you do it. But I am sure she liked you really, for yourself, not merely because they sent her."

"But, after all, is it not right that they should hear we are alive and well—our own brother, you know?"

. . . . . .

The love of strong drink might, like the love of money, be called, "the root of all evil." As there is no commandment in the decalogue which has not been broken at the instance of the love of money, so there is none which has not been broken at the instigation of strong drink. Mr. Kemp, in discoursing to Kenneth Julian concerning this appetite, had held that often the brightest minds and the most genial dispositions were the victims of this fatal thirst. Of the truth of this statement he himself was a conspicuous example.

Drinking is by no means the only sin rife in this fallen world, nor are drunkards the only sinners. A great deal of sin hides itself under good clothes, a correct demeanour, and much self-approbation, and goes about its business, and regularly attends church, enjoying the highest credit in the community. The Scripture, which does not fail to

survey the entire field of moral action, tells us that "some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after." Ralph Kemp and Uncle Tom Wharton were types of these two classes of sinners.

There is also another thing to be observed concerning sinners and sinning: when the child of God cherishes evil in his heart, scarcely realizing how evil it is, and is yet desirous of being taught by the Spirit of God and walking in the paths of righteousness, then the time comes when the evil which he nourishes is brought clearly before him, so that like Job he abhors himself and repents in dust and ashes. Thus it was with Uncle Tom Wharton, who, though high-tempered and high-headed, was nevertheless sincerely anxious to serve his divine Master.

The preaching of the Word is perhaps the means most frequently used by God for awakening convictions of sin and true repentance, especially in Christians who attend upon the means of grace. They go to the Father's house and there they are enlightened concerning the Father's will. Thus it was with Uncle Tom Wharton. He took his accustomed place in the house of God, and there he was first reproved of sin and then shown the way of righteousness. He went to church one Sunday in November, and was disappointed to find that his own pastor was absent and that the pulpit was filled by an old minister whom he considered neither very learned nor very eloquent. This aged mesenger, however, had a great depth of experience on which Mr. Wharton had not reckoned.

Uncle Tom Wharton boasted that he was not a man given to changeableness, and he thought it rather to his credit to hold anger and hostility year after year against the ill-deserving. "If their wrongdoing is the same," he said, "why should not my feeling against them be the same?" Chief among all his cherished resentments was that which had been stirred by his brother-in-law, Ralph Kemp. Possibly his pride in his own morality, his scorn of Ralph's weakness, his bitterness against Ralph the sinner, a bitterness which extended even to his two nieces, because they had been guilty of cleaving to their erring father, were as evil in the sight of God as the devious ways of Ralph himself. The difference lay in that when Uncle Tom was shown his sin he hated it and forsook it; but Ralph hugged his darling sin the closer.

When Mr. Wharton heard the chapter for the morning reading announced, he opened his Bible to follow it, and it seemed to him he had never heard any Scripture so forcefully read. It was the story of a certain servant, who owed his Lord ten thousand talents, which were freely forgiven him; but he went out and took a fellow servant by the throat, and would not forgive him, but went and cast him into prison for a debt of a hundred pence. "And his lord was wroth." Then the text was announced, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Whereupon this aged pastor began to show, as Mr. Wharton had never realized it, the vast enormity of cherished anger, the danger of bidding the soul go up on the judgment seat to condemn our brethren, and the impossibility of loving and serving God while the human brother is unforgiven and unhelped. These ways of hardness are not the ways of our Father in heaven, or of the Christ our Elder Brother. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

In a few moments Tom Wharton found that the preacher was drawing the pattern of his wrath-nour-

ishing soul, and had a message from God to him. "Thou art the man" seemed to be the refrain of every sentence. How heartily had he hated the sinner as well as loathed the sin! How little quarter had he been willing to give to his erring neighbour! God had borne long with Ralph Kemp, but he had not been willing to bear with him one hour. He had bidden his stumbling brother to rise up and walk firmly; but had he given him his hand to help him up? Had he been right in refusing to help Ralph's children, except on the condition that they should sever all connection with their father? Who had given him authority to dispense with the filial tie, and set Hugh entirely apart from his father? Had not the daughters of Ralph a hard enough lot in life, but he must make it harder by denying them any comfort from their brother? Who made Ralph Kemp and Tom Wharton so largely to differ? What private and personal envies and jealousies and bickerings lay at the root of all this lofty exhibition of moral pride? Uncle Tom Wharton began to feel as self-convicted as did David when Nathan the prophet went to him with a story about a lamb.

Home from church went Uncle Tom in a very silent mood, and after dinner took down his Bible and Concordance to investigate for himself this law of forgiveness and compassion. He had had new light that day on some parts of the Scripture, and now he was searching out the meaning of Holy Writ as with a candle, line by line.

A week had passed away, and it was Sabbath afternoon again, and Uncle Tom and his nephew were in the library reading. Uncle Tom had faced the varied facts in his case: he realized how much he had always loved Hugh, who had his mother's voice and face and ways; he had always wanted the boy for his, and had not wanted to share him with his father, and he had been glad of a pretext for dividing him from his family and parting him from other love and making him dependent for love, friendship, comfort on himself alone. In all the seven years of their joint lives, Uncle Tom had never once mentioned to Hugh his father or his sisters. He had wanted the boy to forget them! Had he so forgotten? Uncle Tom, with this new awakening of his nature, was dimly conscious that it would be a bad omen for Hugh's character if he had forgotten these ties of family and kindred; and if he now found Hugh callous toward his nearest blood, he would mourn over the work of his own hands! Uncle Tom shrank from opening the subject lest he should find Hugh lacking, and should feel himself chargeable with the lack!

However, he was a blunt man, and what he had resolved to say he said baldly:

"Hugh!" in an imperative voice, "how long since you have thought of your father and sisters?"

Hugh dropped his book astonished. "I think of them every day."

"Next September you will be twenty-one, Hugh. Have you thought what you wished you do—about them—then?"

"I have made up my mind, Uncle Tom, as to what is the only thing I can do."

"Well," with impatience, "what is that?"

"My poor sisters, one a delicate, deformed girl, the other only two years older than I am, have had for seven years to bear all the sorrow, responsibility and care of my unfortunate father. As soon as I am my own man, I shall assume that care and responsibility, and give my sisters the relief that they have every right to claim."

"What do you mean by 'being your own man'?"

"I am bound to you, Uncle Tom, by a promise made by my sister Letty and myself to cut myself off from my family until I am twenty-one."

"And you think that a very wicked and burdensome promise that I exacted from you?"

"I think that you exacted it for my good. I believe that you felt that only by my being so severed from my father could I grow up in moral straightness, and free from his sin. I don't blame you one bit, uncle. You have been all and more to me than you promised. I owe you no end of gratitude, but I lose sight of the gratitude in giving you a son's love, and that seldom thinks specifically of gratitude. I am sure my sister Letty thought that this plan was right, if it was hard. But I do think, Uncle Tom, that if it had ended in blotting out of my mind my family and my duty to them, if I had grown indifferent to the needs of my father and the love of my sisters, it would have been very heart-hardening to me, and put me out of the line of blessing."

"That's what I think," said Uncle Tom; "but it seems you have remembered?"

"I loved them very much, especially my sisters. We had been everything to each other, and had had few other friends. I had promised my mother always to love and help the girls. We all promised each other before we parted that we would think of each other every day, and that the years should make no difference in our love. I have always prayed for them, and I am sure they have for me, and we have had our hearts held close together by being held in God's hand."

"And what do you mean to do for them?"

"I mean to put father in the safety of some retreat or asylum, where he cannot harm himself or other people. It is idle to hope that he will reform. It is too late. He is one of that unhappy class that must be cut off from the community, for the public good, and I can only take care that he shall have all the comfort and kind treatment that I am able to secure for him. When he is provided for I shall make a home for my two sisters. We can live together, in some little flat here, very cheaply. And if I cannot earn enough to maintain us all, the girls can earn what is lacking for themselves just as they do now."

"And you are going to leave me out in the cold?"

"No, Uncle Tom; we will visit you, and see you and love you just as much as you will let us. But the girls I must take care of; they are young, desolate girls, and you are a strong, rich, well-connected man."

"See here, Hugh," quoth Uncle Tom, "for the past week the Lord has been running a subsoil plough through my heart, and tearing it up at a great rate. I didn't know that I had such treasures of darkness in it!" And he proceeded to give Hugh an account of the moral revolution that had been worked in him. "I was wrong," he said; "and when Tom Wharton sees that he is wrong, the first thing that he does is to try to get right. The plan you have made is manly and sensible, if your sisters will fall in with it. You don't know what they are like if you have not heard from them for seven years, and that is all my fault."

"I have not heard from them, but I have heard of them, and know all about them, and have for more than a year, through Kenneth Julian; and Patty Julian went up to the beach where they live, and saw them and told me about them; and last Christmas the Julians and I sent them a big box of presents—poor, dear, lonesome girls!"

"Seems to me I've been keeping myself out of some good times!" cried Uncle Tom. "And little Patty

to see them, eh? You chose a messenger, Hugh. Little Patty! s a girl worth knowing. When ık about on all I have been ıring to make this home plea- I sometimes think I'd like ng better than to see little r here in possession, to hold it I am gone! How does that e you, Hugh?"

t strikes me that I am not yet ty-one, and am already pro- l with a family of three to take of, and that I must stick closely at for some years to come. But l not send Patty to the beach. as Kenneth who did it. Ken- wants Faith to marry him, and von't, on account of father and r."

Vell, well, well!" said Uncle

'm glad, uncle, that you are not g to be angry with me, because st take my rightful place and y duty to my family."

Io. I won't stand in the way our getting God's blessing on ; doing. I'll help you on. Why a year? Why leave those for another miserable winter ıere on the beach? Tell me all you have found out about them. r was the best little soul, and ı was a real beauty, and bright new dollar. I wanted to have come here at first, but I would ;o so far as to put your father 'e he would be safe. Besides, ould not have gone, and he was master of his own actions, and o wrecked as he is now."

)on't blame yourself any more," Hugh, and gave in careful l all that he had gathered from Julians about his family; and Hugh was far from knowing vorst.

Iow see here," said Uncle Tom, ı go up there this very week, see what arrangements you can e. If your father will go to retreat quietly, well and good. ɔt, you can get an order from the court for his restraint. The only fair thing to do, for you or the girls or the community at large, is to keep him out of harm's way. I think that all habitual drunkards should be treated as dangerous lunatics, and locked up. When your father is in safe-keeping, bring the girls here. We will be all one family, just as I wanted to have it when your mother died. A pretty notion it would be for you and the girls to be living in your little flat, and the girls slaving away with their needles while I have more money than I can use! What do you take me for?"

"For a genuine good uncle, though sometimes a little crusty," said Hugh, laying his hand on his uncle's shoulder. "And your plan is a much nicer one than mine, Uncle Tom. You don't know how I hated to think of leaving you and this home and all the pleasant things I have been used to for seven years."

Now on this very Sabbath afternoon when Hugh and his Uncle Tom were planning in this way, Kenneth and his sister Patty were sitting together, and Patty said that it was already growing chilly; the days were short, and soon the hunter's moon would have waned away and the glory of the Indian Summer would have departed, and winter with its gray skies and whistling winds would be upon the land.

Then Kenneth began to lament the lot of Faith and Letty on the lonely beach in that little desolate house, with their father subject to violent outbreaks, and no friend near them but Kiah Kibble the boatbuilder. Kenneth pictured a thousand terrible things that might befall them, and he felt sure that, pursued by the demons of these fears, he should not be able to eat or to sleep all winter. For want of a better scapegoat whereon to lay his troubles, he charged all to Uncle Doctor. He did not stop to

consider that Uncle Doctor's opposition to Faith would have been futile if Faith had been willing to agree to Kenneth's plans for her and for himself. Moreover, Faith knew nothing of Uncle Doctor's opinions.

Patty, being a girl of common sense, expounded this to Kenneth. At all events, Kenneth said, it was impossible that matters should stand in this way. Faith ought to hear reason, for the benefit of Letty if not for her own. He should not let the question drop. If Faith were safe and comfortable, he would not be so miserable just because he was not the one to afford the safety and comfort. Then he inveighed strongly against Uncle Tom Wharton and Hugh for neglect and hard-heartedness. A pretty thing for them to be rolling in wealth, and the sisters in a cabin fighting for their bread! He knew what he would do: he would go up to the beach on Wednesday, and he would not come away until he had brought Faith to hear reason, and not risk her life and Letty's in this fashion. Then, having greatly excited Patty with a view of Hugh's iniquities, Kenneth after tea set off to the Seaman's Bethel, in which he had an evening class.

While Kenneth was going to the Bethel, Hugh was hastening to Uncle Doctor's to tell Patty the good news about Uncle Tom's change of opinion.

Patty was a vehement little body, and when she heard that Hugh had called for her to go to church, instead of going for her hat she stirred her thoughts to wrath, and marched as an army with banners to greet her guest in the library. The scarlet flush on her cheeks was as pennants displayed, the flash of her level glances was as serried bayonets; the clear, high tones of her voice rang defiance, and she met Hugh with a proclamation of war:

"Hugh Kemp! I've been thinking of your sisters all the afternoon! And I think you and Mr. Tom Wharton are acting most selfishly and barbarously to them! The idea of leaving them to freeze up there on that wretched beach, while you have all the good things of life here in the city, is intolerable!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST CRUISE OF "THE GOBLIN."

When Patty so vigorously upbraided Hugh on account of his sisters, Hugh felt that this championship was admirable. At the same time it suggested to him what a fine thing it would be not to tell Patty what Uncle Tom had decreed, but to bring the girls to the city, and then give Patty a charming surprise. As he hoped that all his plans would be accomplished within a week, he could the more easily wait. Meantime, not to fall in her estimation any lower than he seemed unfortunately to be already, he told her that she was quite right, and he had made up his mind to do differently soon.

Thus, as Hugh kept his purposes a secret for the sake of a surprise, he failed to learn that Kenneth had resolved to go to the beach on Wednesday. If they had known of each other's plans, the two young men might have travelled in company. As it was, there being two rival roads, it happened that they went by different ways when Wednesday came.

On this same Sabbath when Hugh and Kenneth were occupying themselves with the sisters' fortunes, the day being fair, Faith persuaded her father to go with her to church. When the service was nearly over, he rose and quietly went out. Faith waited trembling for his return at the close of the service. He did not come back, and when the congregation was dismissed she went down the street by the saloons.

They seemed to be complying with the law for Sunday closing: the shutters were up and all was still. She could see nothing of her father. After wandering forlornly about the streets for a time, she concluded to go homeward, hoping to meet Kiah Kibble, who went to a church some little way on the farther side of the town. She finally saw the boat-builder, who searched about back streets and by-ways for nearly an hour, but discovered no trace of Kemp. He returned to Faith, who was waiting seated on the steps of an empty house.

"It is no use waiting for him, Miss Faith," he said; "he is well hidden. You might as well go home to your sister. There's only One can look after the devious steps of your father. The poor man is constantly more bent on having his own way and getting out of your care. To my view there is only one thing to be done, miss: if you cannot put up with his being commonly drunk on the streets, or imprisoned for misdemeanour, we must show that he is dangerous, as I think he is, when he is at large, and have him shut up."

"But where? We have no money to pay for him at a retreat or at a lunatic asylum; it costs a deal, and Letty and I are just barely able to get along, working all that we can."

"The county house has a ward for such; he could be got in there," suggested Kibble. "I can see to it."

"Do you mean as a pauper in the poorhouse?" cried Faith, flushing crimson. "My father! educated as he is—and"—

"I know, child, it is piteous hard; but what then? It is better than being out on the streets, unable to look after himself. He is in danger of doing something terrible, or of meeting some fatal accident. And then, you and your sister are never at rest or able to take any comfort: it is too hard; it is wearing you out."

"We cannot do that! it is too dreadful," said Faith. "We must bear our burden one year, or at least ten months more, and then, with our brother to help us, we may be able to put our father where he will be safe and not too much disgraced."

The memory of Faith's sad eyes and discouraged face so haunted Kiah that in the afternoon he went over to see the sisters. Their father was still absent. Both the girls had been crying.

"It is harder," said Kiah to Letty, "harder sometimes to leave those we love in God's hands than to leave ourselves there. We feel truly that God is good and wise and will do the best, and if the choice were given us, we would not want to take matters out of His hands; and yet it is hard to rest satisfied. It takes a deal of Christian spirit to say, as David did: 'Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child.' Just giving up and waiting is a heap harder than the bravest doing; I'll allow that. Keep up heart; 'The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion.'"

"I suppose it is just a piece of foolishness," said Faith, "but I feel a sort of terror over me, as if something dreadful were going to happen. I feel shivery and frightened."

"The weather is changing and the winter is coming on," said Kiah. "We're going to have storms, and you are always one main fond of good weather and warm, bright skies. You dread the winter, and I don't know as anyone could blame you. But you know, Miss Faith, that the evil of things is always more in the dreading than in the things when they come. The winter will go by, day by day, as beads slip off from a string, and it will soon be gone, though it looks so long in the expectation. I reckon that's one reason why God don't let us foresee the future — because we'd suffer

twice over, once in the expecting and once in the enduring, and the suffering in expecting would be doubly the hardest."

"I don't feel as Faith does," said Letty, leaning back quietly. "I cried about father just now, with Faith; we cried for company's sake, I think; but somehow I feel as if everything were now going to be just right. I have had such pleasant dreams lately, all about my mother. We seem to be together and satisfied and happy. I think much more about my mother than about Hugh, though I suppose in ten months we shall see Hugh. And while I am at my work, I feel content and as if our troubles were already rolled away like a thick cloud, and I sing to myself. And it seems as if heaven were near, so very near, just a step, into the next room or so. I don't know what I'm happy about; I'm just happy."

"I don't think you have very much to be happy over," said Faith.

"Oh, yes, I have. I have you, for instance. And I enjoy my letters from Patty so much. I am going to write to her to-morrow. And it is such a comfort that our brother is good, and thinks of us. Suppose he had gone wrong? And I am happy when I read the Bible, it seems to mean so very much to me; and my heart is full of hymns that sing in it as a flock of little birds in a garden; and I am happy when I think that I need not worry or trouble myself about anything, but that all I have to do is to fall back on God and trust Him. 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'"

Faith drew nearer and nearer to Letty and clasped her arms about her as if she would hold her fast. She seemed somehow as if slipping away from her into a diviner air.

"You are too happy," she whispered; "there are some cords drawing you that do not draw me. You must not forsake me. You will not leave me, my own good little Letty?"

"That is as God wills," smiled Letty. "It seems to me as if I feel stronger than ever, and am to be here a long, long while, till I am very old, Faith. How oddly I will look, so little, and yet so old and gray!"

Faith kissed her passionately.

"Don't take things so, Miss Faith," said Kiah,—"as if only sorrow and evil were coming. Why can't you feel as Miss Letty does—as if good was even now on its way to you?"

He rose as he spoke, for the afternoon was closing, and as he opened the door he added:

"And here is some good at once; here comes the father up the beach, and he is walking very straight."

"You go meet him, Letty," said Faith, "and I'll hurry and get him some supper."

Mr. Kemp had been drinking, but not deeply. He brought home with him, hidden in his bosom, a flask of brandy, of which he said nothing. After supper he said he was going to bed.

"You are not sleepy yet," said Faith. "When you have gone to bed, leave your door open, and Letty and I will sing to you."

They sang a long time, and finally sleep and silence settled down over the little house on the beach.

Monday arrived with forebodings of a change of weather. Puffs of cold wind came across the marshes, where now gleaners were at work picking the last of the cranberries. The seabirds flew low, screaming, and among the distant rocks the red, hairy seals began to sport and dive, returned from northern migrations. Faith heard them calling and bleating like calves: to her their voices told of winter. The sky was very blue, but fringed and flecked with small white clouds. The sea, also, was intensely blue,

and here and there dancing in the distance were curls of foam.

"It will brew in this way four or five days," said Faith, "and then a big storm will break. We have provisions enough and work enough, but the wood is nearly gone. We must see that father gets some and cuts it and brings it in."

Father did not object to this work; he addressed himself to it with feverish energy. A terrible struggle was going on in the father's soul. He was making his last fight against his besetting sin. Once more the shame of his state, the fear of the future, compassion for his daughters had stirred him, and he longed, with what little strength of purpose was left him, to break the chains of appetite. There was the bottle of brandy hidden in his room. Should he drink or should he not drink? The day before, drinking stealthily with others in the cellar of a saloon, supposably closed for Sunday, the horror of his condition had stared him in the face, and he had resolved to go home. But, ever infirm of purpose, he felt as if he could not face what might be unappeasable pangs of thirst, and he took with him a quart of brandy. The walk in the fresh air, the hot supper, the attentions of his daughters, sleep calming his nerves, had given him a little strength, and he refrained from helping himself from the bottle. He wondered if, like Tennyson's cobbler, he could set his enemy before him in the strong sunlight, and defy it, and never drink again. Probably not; and if the bottle came forth, doubtless Faith would confiscate it. Meanwhile work, hard work, provoking a hearty appetite and heavy sleep, would tide him over a little period of abstinence.

Thus Monday and Tuesday passed and Wednesday came, gray and cold and windy. The sea was a dull leaden colour now, and rolled and broke in foam-crested waves. The skies stooped close over the sea, dull leaden as the waters. The fishing fleet remained at anchor in the farther cove. It was useless to go to the fishing-grounds to-day. The *Goblin,* fastened to a ring in a rock, tossed about and threatened to pound roughly on the reef if the offshore wind changed. Faith thought that later in the day she and father would draw the *Goblin* up on the sand.

After dinner, Faith found that she must go to a farmhouse about a mile off for meat, eggs, and butter. If her father were to be kept quiet, they must give him fairly good meals. It was idle to send him for the provisions; it might put it in his mind to go to town. But as for putting it in his mind, it was in his mind all the time. Faith asked him to do some mending and banking up about the kitchen to prepare it for bad weather, and then saying, "Good-bye, father; take good care of Letty!" she set off.

A few minutes after, Kemp, as if seized and dragged by a fiend against which he had no power, rushed into his room and drank part of the brandy. Then he cursed his compliance and worked madly for a time. After an hour he felt as if that bottle were dangled just before his eyes, tempting him to drink. It was idle to fight. He ran into his room and seized the flask; then a horror of his state overwhelmed him. He flung the bottle over upon the bed, crying, "I cannot! I will not!"

Letty heard him. She ran to him holding out her hands. "Father! father! what is it?"

He looked at her wildly, and running past her hurried toward the water. Poor Letty went after him as fast as she could. He ran straight to the point of rocks, got on his knees, and began to untie the *Goblin.*

When Letty reached him he was already about to step into the boat. "Father!" she cried, "what are you

going to do! You must not go in the *Goblin!* Even the big boats are not out to-day. The wind is getting stronger. Father! don't go!"

"Let me alone, Letty! I am going out to my lobster-pots. To-morrow it will be so stormy I cannot bring them in. There will be no more lobsters. I must get the pots."

"No, no, father! let them be. It is not worth risking so much for! They will drift in if they break loose. Don't go!"

But he felt that he must have fierce exertion and frantic excitement if he were to battle with his fiend. Go he would; he was already putting in place his oarlocks.

Letty saw his unsteady hands and wild eyes. The brandy he had recently taken was telling on him. If he went out in this state, he would never get back—he would lose command of his boat. If she went, Letty thought she could quiet him with her words, tell him what to do when his own reason proved treacherous; she could steer the boat, and, if need be, she could row well, for Letty's arms were strong.

"If you go, I will go with you, father!" she exclaimed; and as her father was pushing off she threw herself into the boat.

"Stop! go back! You cannot come!" roared her father.

"I must, if you do. But come home, father; tie the *Goblin* up; let neither of us go."

The wind was driving them out from shore, but the tide was coming in, and just here the sea was calmer among the rocks, and the *Goblin* felt the influence of the tide more than the wind.

Father found the boat setting in toward the shore. Then the spirit of perversity, which was in him when he had been drinking, took the reins. He gave a strong stroke with the oars and sent the boat flying seaward.

"I *will* go! There! Come, if you must!"

Letty clambered to the stern of the boat and took the tiller ropes in hand. She had wrapped a shawl over her head and shoulders and she pinned it fast.

Father was in his flannel shirt-sleeves; he had cast off his coat. He was hatless and his hair blew wildly backward, as facing Letty he drove the *Goblin* along the water.

This was what Faith saw when she reached the house and from the height of the dune beheld the *Goblin* leaping along the waves, Letty in the stern, the ends of her red shawl fluttering about her, father, in his blue shirt, bent to the oars. There was a rift in the sullen cloud-canopy overhead, and the broader light fell over the boat and its hapless crew. To what destruction were they going? Faith shrieked after them, "Come back! come back!" and dashed along the beach and out upon the rocks. It was idle to call. Father rowed right on furiously, and Letty, whose back was toward Faith, never looked around. Faith ran up and down the beach in terror. On, on, on! The *Goblin* was but a little speck. It paused. In the line of light, surrounded by those white curls of cruel foam, Faith saw the red and the blue and knew that their father was drawing up his lobster pots. But now the wind that had been shifting and veering all day swept around and united with the tide, driving waves and boat landward, and Faith found the storm rising more fiercely with rain upon its wings. Straining her strong young eyes along that gray fury of the elements, it seemed to her that her father had lost strength or will or knowledge. Something was wrong. The *Goblin* varied in its track and staggered under the force of the waves and was not keeping its due course toward shore, but driving where the treacherous currents bore upon hidden rocks. And now it was sure that this boat

and her freight of two hung trembling on the verge of disaster, and death was imminent.

Faith was alone on the beach; no fisher was in sight; no one heard her cries of despair or noticed her arms flung up wildly as she ran up and down the strip of sand, heedless that her hat and shawl were torn from her by the wind, and that her long golden hair, blown from its braids and coils, lay tossing over her shoulders. If she ran toward the boathouse, that would take her out of sight of the *Goblin,* and if near the shore it overset, and the tide brought father and Letty in, no one would be there to help them. Besides, perhaps Kiah was not at the boathouse, and it was half a mile away. Faith ran to the house, threw wood on the fire and put on a kettle of water; she made a fire on the hearth of the front room, always keeping her watch upon the sea. She laid out blankets on the floor and then darted back to the beach. So near! so near! she could see them well. Father had ceased to row and his head was bowed on his knees. Letty seemed still to hold the tiller ropes, but her face was upraised to the sky. They could not hear Faith's cries of terror; the wind carried them far inland, and the ears of the two in the boat were stunned by the tumult of the sea.

The *Goblin* hung on the crest of a wave which broke upon a great rock, and the frail boat struck broadside and the water rushed through the shattered planks. The *Goblin* had made its last cruise, and the two, father and Letty, went down under the whirling foam. Faith saw it and instinctively rushed into the water as if the mad sea by them and rescue them. She did not realize what she was doing until the water swirled about her waist and she felt the fierce pull of the preservation madly stirring within her and dragging her back, while she realized the futility of any effort of hers. No strong swimmer even could live in that dash of surge. So with the waves breaking in foam about her knees she stood crying to the waters to give her back her own, and held out her helpless arms.

And now the tide and the wind united to restore what wind and tide had taken. Swept in with the débris torn from the sea bottom, hurled shoreward with wreckage of sand and weed and shells and bits of the *Goblin,* came Letty and her father. Faith with streaming eyes kept pace along the shore with the drifting of her treasure on the sea, and at last, after half an hour that seemed a lifetime, she rushed again into the water and seized Letty's garments hem and drew her to her and carried her to the bed of weed along the beach—Letty, white and still, with face as serenely calm in the peace of death as if those mad waves had been a cradle rocking her to sleep, timed to the cadence of a mother's song. Faith laid her down; she knew it was too late to try to call life back. Letty was otherwhere, lost in the light of God. Faith knelt by her little elder sister with agony too deep for tears or wail.

And now the waters were bringing a darker burden, and Faith went down into them again and reached her father, and with the output of all her young strength drew him also upon the sand and composed his limbs and laid his hands across his breast and wrung the water from his hair and wiped his face and closed his eyes. "O father! father!" Then, daunted by her strange fate, the girl knelt down between her dead, and the one that she knew of her father grew very strange and settled into calm and took the fashion that she remembered when she was a little child. In overwhelment of woe and some vigor of water the sweeping sky beside the stormy sea she

knelt between her dead, holding a hand of each.

Then along the beach, from where the stage had left them, came two who had met, bound on a similar errand—Hugh and Kenneth. And when a few paces had brought them to the crest of the dune, and Kenneth pointed and said, "They live there," they saw upon the sand two figures outstretched and still—and one who knelt between.

There lay father. For him all striving and failing were ended, his cause gone before a higher court, where cases are not tried on human testimony and of whose verdicts we do not know. There was Letty, entered into peace—one of the maiden martyrs of the nineteenth century, faithful to the end to him who at the close as at the opening of her life had been her destroyer. But no! this was not destroying; it was the best possible end, and by the sea gate she had entered into heaven.

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of Thy word:
Let me see that great salvation of which mine ears have heard,
Let me pass to Thee accepted, through the grace of Christ my Lord."

THE END.

WHY?

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THY ways are full of mystery, O Lord,
And far do they surpass our deepest thought;—
Thou art a God of mercy and forbearance;
Upon the evil, as upon the good,
Thou bid'st Thy sunbeams fall—and both alike
Know the refreshing coolness of Thy showers:
And yet on some of Thine own loving children
Affliction's hand most heavily is laid.
Thou could'st remove it—for, as Thou dost will
Come joy or sorrow, ease or suffering,—
But the sore pressure weighs upon them still:
We wonder why—it seems to us so strange—
Yet, while we wonder, never do we doubt
Thy wisdom or Thy kindness. We are sure
That boundless Knowledge and unfathomed Love
Cannot mistake, and will not e'er impose
A needless burden. Thou hast told us, Lord,
That all things work together for their good
Who hold Thee dear;—and we believe Thy word.
By our unaided thought we had not dreamed
That loneliness and loss and pain and care
Could tend to joy; but Thou hast given us
Thy firm assurance, and we rest in it.
And now and then a beam from the bright future
Streams sweetly forth, and so irradiates
The darkened glass in which we dimly trace
Thy purposes—that we begin to see
How Thou dost lead to Thy most precious things
Through seeming evils.
Lord, Thy will alone,—
Oh, never theirs!—Thy children do desire;
And, though it seems Thee best that sorrow's clouds
Obscure for them the light of earthly gladness,
They murmur not, but, as Thou giv'st Thine aid,
With patience wait, knowing that, by-and-bye,
The darksome shades shall flee, at Thy command,
Before the sunlight of Eternal Joy.

TORONTO.

THE ELDER'S SIN.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.

The rocky Rhinns o' Galloway,
The Covenanters' sure retreat:
The wild, waste moors o' Galloway
Trod by the Martyrs' weary feet.

THERE is an exceedingly picturesque promontory at the extreme end of the western coast of Scotland, called Galloway. It is no unkenned land. The Roman galleys sailed its estuaries. The first stone church in Scotland was within its boundaries; and Saint Ninian made its shrines famous throughout the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, and all the races of Ireland, and even far beyond the native seas. Memories of the Bruce and his brave deeds are written on the hills that guard Loch Trool. The Covenanters fled to its moors and mountains for shelter, and some of them left there a testimony of martyrdom which is green even to this generation. It was the home of the great families of Gordon of Kenmuir, of the Kennedys, Murrays, Hays, Dalrymples, M'Dougalls, and of those M'Cullochs who so harassed the people of the Isle of Man, that they had a common prayer against them:

"Keep me, my good cows, my sheep, and my bullocks,
From Satan, from sin, and those thievish M'Cullochs."

Still, its religious element is in its modern history its dominant one; and from the Rhinns of Galloway have come men of the most profound religious convictions—forefront men in any question of Dissent—descendants of those heroes who, in the days of the Stuarts, fled to the rocky fastnesses not only to save their lives, but also to scatter the good seed in a land of hills and caves, a land desolate and inaccessible to those less purposeful than they themselves.

There is now a railway station at Port Braddon in the Rhinns of Galloway, but sixty years ago it was an unplanted wilderness all along the moors of its storm-beaten coast. Here and there a lonely cottage loomed through the prevailing mists, or stood out bare and bald in the very centre of some moor that was washed to the very bones by the rain-floods. Or down on the shingle there was, perhaps, a little colony of fishers. But even in these clustered homes there was none of the sound and stir of life; for they were pensioners upon the ocean, a fickle and cruel master, who held in his gift death as well as life. To the Galloway fishers all seasons had a serious colour; and their intense piety was but the natural attitude of thoughtful men, dwelling constantly on the confines of eternity.

Sixty years ago there was a little fishing colony of this kind three miles south of Port Braddon, and beyond it to the extremity of the Mull of Galloway, nothing but more and more isolated settlements, separated by lofty rocks and stony inlets, with perhaps here and there some ancient castle or well-sheltered modern nobleman's dwelling.

This colony had no recognized name, but among its inhabitants was known as "Carricks," the man Andrew Carrick being the proprietor of its whole six cottages. Carrick himself lived on a house on the summit of the bluff. He was a man who would naturally have chosen the highest place he could find for a dwelling; and destiny had given him the site he would have selected.

Two hundred years before his

birth there had been an Andrew Carrick, who, flying for life to these solitudes, had gradually acquired an affection for them; and he had built the house in which his descendant and namesake lived. It was of gray stone, and stood upon the cliff, boldly facing the restless channel in which the Solway Firth and the Irish Sea hold such stormy revels.

But it was founded upon a rock, and built of huge blocks of granite; and its deep, narrow windows and thick doors defied the winds that waged nearly constant battle against its walls. The Lone House had originally contained only the "but" and the "ben" common to Scotch cottages; but Andrew's father had built a second story, with dormer windows facing the moor and the sea. Besides, there was a byre for the cattle, and a small sunk cellar used as a dairy and store-room.

The Carricks were of noble strain, and had been endowed with a double portion of that "protesting" spirit inherent in their race. They had followed Wallace, fought with Bruce, "protested" with Knox, been "out" with the Covenanters, seceded with the Relief Kirk, and at the time my tale opens the man Andrew Carrick was in the midst of a soul-searching inquiry regarding the movement of Dr. Chalmers for the glory of a Free Kirk, with a most decided natural inclination to follow the great doctor.

Andrew was a shoemaker, and he sat upon his bench mending a fisherman's boot, and arguing the question conscientiously out with himself; and the jerky or solemn way in which he pulled his waxed thread through the leather was an emphatic, though quite unconscious, commentary upon his thoughts. He had a large, stern face, with that remarkable length of jaw from ear to chin which is a leading trait in the portraits of all the men of Covenanting note. His hair was long and black; his brow seamed with firm, broad wrinkles; his large, gray eyes had no sparkle in them, but they gleamed with a haughty independence of virtuous honesty, mingled with much spiritual pride.

By-and-bye he became conscious of some sound interrupting the even flow of his thoughts. He lifted his head and looked towards the fireside. On a creepie before it, and softly singing to herself, sat his youngest daughter, Jeannie. She had been combing wool, and her lap and her idle hands were full of the fleecy stuff. He listened to her a moment, and then he asked,—

"What is it you are singing at a', Jeannie?"

"Just a line or two from Robbie Burns. There is no wrong in that, father."

"Is there naebody to put a word in your lips but that graceless ne'er-do-weel, Jeannie? Think shame o' yoursel', my lassie."

"I was just humming a bit from 'Bonny Lesley;'" and she looked him bravely in the face and gaily sang,—

> "'To see her is to love her,
> And love but her forever.'

There is nothing ill in that, father."

"And there's naething good in it. And whar there is no good, thar is plenty o' ill. Forbye, I'm thrang wi' a controversy that taks a' the grace and skill God has gi'en me."

Jeannie smiled at him brightly, but did not speak, and Andrew softened under the smile. Jeannie Carrick was not beautiful, but she had that charm which strictly beautiful faces often want. Her eyes fascinated and her smile compelled. Everyone was glad to please Jeannie Carrick, and sorry even when they were obliged lawfully to grieve her. So in a very few minutes Andrew became restless in the silence he had commanded. The want of Jeannie's song was now worse than its sweet, low murmur; and he said kindly,—

"I dinna approve o' Robbie Burns, Jeannie, but there are plenty o' songs that are lawfu' and not a'thegither devoid o' a gracious memory. I'll put by my ain work and my ain thoughts a wee and you can sing 'The Covenanter's Lament,' and maybe I'll slip a word or two in mysel', dearie."

Then he left his bench and sat down beside her in the firelight, and after a moment's silence Jeannie began to a wild, pathetic melody the mournful lament:

"There's nae Cov'nant noo, Lassie!
There's nae Cov'nant noo;
The solemn League and Cov'nant,
Is a' broken through.
There's nae Renwick noo, Lassie!
There's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching
Upon the Martyrs' hill!

The last four lines were almost like a sob, and Andrew's stern face reflected the sentiment, as if he personally had been bitterly wronged in the matter.

"The Martyrs' hill's forsaken
In summer's dusk sae calm;
There's no gathering noo, Lassie!
To sing the evening psalm!
But the Martyrs sweetly sleep, Lassie,
Aneath the waving fern."

Then she stood up and looked at her father, and in a tone of triumph finished the verse.

"But the Martyr's grave will rise, Lassie,
Above the warriors' cairn!"

In these last two lines Andrew joined his daughter; indeed, it seemed to be an understood thing between them, and a part of a programme often rehearsed.

The solemn enthusiasm of the singers was not a thing to be repeated or transferred to some other subject, and Andrew sat with head in his palms, gazing into the fire. He was enjoying a retrospective reverie which sufficed him; for his soul was wandering in a part of Scotland very dear to him, and to which he made frequent pilgrimages —that pastoral solitude where Pentland falls with easy slope into the Lothian plain. For there mighty deeds had been done for the faith by those iron apostles whom God sends in iron times to make smooth his ways. There the solemn chant and the startling war-cry of the Covenanting men had rung, and there God's saints had died for faith and freedom, and gained the martyr's crown.

As he sat musing thus, Jeannie drew her little wheel to his side and began to spin. There was silence in the house-place, but a silence full of meaning; peopled with the distinct thoughts of minds which had not learned the modern trick of generalization; which were not crowded with events, but could set each one in space, and survey it from every side.

Very soon a heavy shower of rain smote the window smartly, and recalled Andrew to the actualities of daily existence.

"Whar is Ann?" he asked.

"She will be in the byre, no doubt."

"The kye ought to be milked lang ere this hour."

"The grass is green now, and they are long in coming home."

He rose in a hurry, as if moved by some urgent thought, and went out. In a few minutes Jeannie heard Ann in the dairy straining the milk, and shortly afterward her father returned to his chair and resumed his meditations. But they were evidently of a very different character. A contemplation on the suffering of the martyrs imparted to his dark, solemn face the rapt enthusiasm of a Jewish seer. His own trials gave it a much more earthly expression. Anger, fear, hatred, a sense of wrong, were all there, but with nothing that elevated them above the natural feelings of the man. To ennoble passion all self must be taken out of it. And Andrew Carrick's anger that night was full of selfish considerations,

though he gave them much more lofty names.

Jeannie watched him in silence. She had in her own mind a glimmering of the subject which annoyed him. And her suspicions were justified by her father's impatience. The mere movement of the dishes in the dairy appeared to fret him, and when Ann entered the room he never glanced at her. She smiled faintly at Jeannie, and began to prepare the evening meal, making as she moved about in the mingled twilight and firelight, a picture well worth looking at. She was fair, and finely proportioned, with a round, rosy face, and good features. "A pretty, pleasant girl" would have been anyone's first impression; but to a closer scrutiny, the broad forehead, firm chin, and clever, capable-looking hands revealed a far nobler character.

She set the round table before the fire, and began to put out the cups and plates and infuse the tea. Then Jeannie laid by her wheel and watched her sister as she went quickly and quietly to and fro—watched her with interest, and perhaps also with a shade of jealousy; for there was an unusual brightness in Ann's face, a gleam of happiness that Jeannie could only read in one way—Walter Grahame had been in the byre when Ann was milking.

The meal was a silent one. After the "blessing of the bread," few words were spoken. But when it was over Ann said:

"Father, I have a paper you will be right glad to see. Walter Grahame brought it from Wigton. It is the manifest of Dr. Chalmers anent the Free Kirk, and the main step will have to be taken this very month."

"Weel! Weel! Gie me the paper. The message may be good, though the messenger be ill to bide."

Then Ann put it into his hands. It was but a small pamphlet, but it had moved Scotland from Shetland to Galloway, and it stirred Andrew Carrick's heart like a trumpet. His swarthy face glowed, his eyes kindled, his fingers twitched the potent leaflets as if he were handling a sword. It took him but a very short time to come to a decision.

"Lasses!" he cried, "I maun awa' to Edinbro'. What for will I be sitting quiet in my ain house when the Kirk is in danger? My forbear and namesake was among the saxty thousand wha' signed the covenant in the auld Greyfriars' Kirkyard. If I wasna to the forefront now I wad be shamed to meet him in anither warld. I sall stand by Dr. Chalmers and the Free Kirk to the last breath I hae!"

"Thae days are over," said Ann quietly. "King nor Kaiser could light again the martyrs' fires in the Grassmarket."

"Weel, I'll stand by them to my last shilling then, and maybe that is as gude a test as the ither ane."

He was in a fever of religious excitement, as he read aloud paragraphs of extraordinary power, and then amplified them.

"There will be a searching o' consciences now, lasses!" he said, triumphantly; "and the men who hae had their sops out o' the dish o' patronage will hae the question to answer now. And there's many that will not thank Dr. Chalmers for putting it to them; but they are men, and I dinna doubt but they will speak out as they should do. I'm trusting most o' them; but I'll be easier in my mind if I am on the vera spot, bairns"; and he looked first at one, and then at the other, with a singular indecision.

Ann stood on the hearth beside him, her knitting in her hand, and her whole attitude full of interest. Jeannie sat on a low rush chair opposite, and its gay patchwork cushions made an effective background for her small, dark head. The great national question did not trouble Jeannie much. She was

thinking of the unusual light in Ann's eyes, and connecting it with the fact that Walter Grahame had been talking to her.

"I shall ride my pony into Wigton. I can get the railway from thar to Edinbro'; and I shall be awa' the morn's daylight. You will lock the doors at sundown, Ann; and you will let neither man-body nor woman-body o'er the threshold till I win hame again."

"I canna promise all that, father: for it is a sin to make a promise that you arena like to keep. I shall want women to help me with the spring cleaning and bleaching; and there's many an occasion that might bring both men and women folk across the door-stone. You hae left us often before, and we aye did the thing that pleasured you. What are you feared for the now?"

"I am feared for that Grahame o' Port Braddon. He sall not speir after my daughters. And he sall not come under my roof-tree, for he is of an evil seed. Mind what I say!"

"He canna help his name, father. Because there was one evil one among the Grahames, are none of them to be good?"

"I'll no leemit the possibility, Ann. A bottle may be marked 'Poison' and there may be no poison in it; but a wise body will just tak' it at its name, and not be trying expeeriments wi' it. That is enou' o' Grahame. He isna for either o' you, lasses. I wad stop the joining o' hands in sic a bridal — yes, I would—though I called death himsel' in, to strike them apart. You'll not daur to think o' Walter Grahame; neither o' you!"

In Jeannie's downcast eyes there was nothing to intimate any resistance to Andrew's positive command; but Ann's face and attitude spoke dissent and protestation. Andrew supposed that, as a matter of course, his injunction, "You'll not daur to think o' Walter Grahame," settled the question; but an hour afterward the girls resumed the subject in their own room.

Jeannie was the first to speak. "Do you think father is right about Walter Grahame?" she asked her sister.

"I am sure he is right for Andrew Carrick; but I am not sure if he is right for Ann Carrick."

"And what think you of Walter?"

"I think no harm of the lad."

"What did father say to him in the byre?"

"He said, 'Master Grahame, my daughters arena for your company. And the bit o' Scotland I own isna for your feet to tread. And I'll be plain with you,' he went on, 'and bid you keep to your ain place and your ain folk.'"

"And what answer made Walter to that?"

"He spoke very civil-like. He said, 'I am sorry you dinna like me, Master Carrick, and I dinna ken what I have done to anger you.'"

"And what could father say to that?"

"He said, 'You'll be going, sir. And if God please to do so, He'll give you a good night; but you will keep in mind that you arena wanted here again—not while me and mine are in the Lone House.'"

"Poor Walter! And he so blithe and bonnie and kind-hearted. It was a black affront to Walter. Whatna for is father so set against the Grahames?"

"I am sure he has a 'because' of his own, and we are bound to take heed to it."

"Father thinks o' siller more than love. I can see that he is aye pleased when Ringan Fullerton speaks to me, or comes to my side. Ringan hasna a single merit but a bank-book. I'll not marry for money! Would you, Nannie?"

"There's no use, Jeannie, in setting up the golden image of our own opinions. If they arena like father's opinions, we shall just require to give them up."

"Eh, Nannie! You have a lot o' good sense—on your tongue. But if you wanted to marry Walter?"

"I don't want to marry Walter. And after father's words anent such marriage, I would think myself daft to give Walter another thought. As for Ringan Fullerton, he is a person of some weight in the world, and you might do worse than think o' him."

"I might do a deal better."

"That is a question neither you nor I, nor yet the General Assembly, can find an answer to. Marriage is simply unaccountable."

"But for a' that father says, I think Walter is a very nice young man."

"We had best keep clear of him. He will not now be an improving friend for either of us, Jeannie. We have got our orders, and the road of disobedience is an ill road. The de'il is aye on it, and on all roads leading to it; and we be to take care o' the de'il, Jeannie."

"I dinna take any care for him. He's weel able to take care o' himself, and his ain side."

"You know what I mean, Jeannie. What for are you playing with my words; right is right, in the de'il's teeth, and father is right, and no doubt about it! But I must be up early in the morn, and am requiring to sleep now; so good-night to you, Jeannie, and good dreams."

"Of Walter Grahame?" queried Jeannie with a mocking laugh, as Ann put out the light, and both girls, with little sighs of sleep-content, laid their fair heads down upon their pillows.

CHAPTER II.

Truth is a dangerous thing to say
When high-throned falsehoods rule the day:
But He hath lent it voice: and lo!
From heart to heart the fire shall go.
—*Blackie.*

Andrew did not think it at all necessary to speak to his daughters in the morning about Walter Grahame. Obedience was the natural result of a parent's injunction to children, and the law was, in his opinion, as firmly settled as any law could be. There might be law-breakers, but he had no more fear of Ann and Jeannie Carrick breaking the fifth commandment than he had of their breaking the sixth.

Neither did the two girls contemplate such a sin. The temptation to commit it had not yet been made to seem reasonable to the heart of either girl. And if they had been questioned on the subject, they would both have unhesitatingly declared that their father's command was just and imperative, and far beyond their breaking. Not until a garment is washed, do we know whether it will shrink in the wetting or not; and a character must be tested by temptation, ere we can safely say whether it may be trusted or not.

Very early in the morning, Andrew rose and called his daughters. He hurried them in the preparation of the breakfast, but he took unusual care and deliberation about the morning "exercise." He did the latter as a mortification and reproof to the natural man, which was impatient of any detention. Therefore he read a double portion of the Word, and sang a long Psalm, and prayed for his household and himself, for the heathen, and the Kirk in her sore distress, and for the world in general, with a particularity that it is reasonable to suppose was extremely tedious to everyone present but Andrew Carrick.

Really he had no special anxiety about his daughters. His journey as far as Edinburgh was not an extraordinary affair. He was accustomed to leave them at intervals on matters pertaining to his business—sometimes to drive a few cattle into Dumfries market for sale, sometimes to go even as far as Glasgow, to buy the leather he required for his trade as a shoemaker.

And Ann and Jeannie Carrick were not troubled by such absences, indeed, they rather anticipated them with a very natural girlish expectation. They were pleasant household intervals, which were always taken advantage of, as offering opportunities for having a dressmaker in the house; or for washing and bleaching the napery; or for the turmoil of a thorough house-cleaning; or for any other domestic event when women find men-folk decidedly in the way.

This spring Ann had been anxiously waiting for her father to "take a wee journey," that she might have her hands more at liberty for the annual house-cleaning and bleaching. And as Andrew was aware of her domestic intentions, he was enabled to add to his other sources of satisfaction the knowledge that he was doing a thing very agreeable to his daughters, and also very necessary for the welfare of the house and its plenishing.

There was, therefore, no pretence of anything but pleasure in his restrained "farewell." He held Ann's hand a minute as he told her again, "to draw all the bolts well at night," and when he was in the saddle he said kindly, "God keep you baith, lasses, till I win hame ance mair!" But it never entered his mind to give them a kiss or a tender word, though as he commended them to God's care, he did touch Jeannie's head softly, and his last look was into her bonnie bright face. Then he trotted dourly away over the moor. He never turned his head once, and his daughters never expected him to do anything so purposeless. They watched him for a short time, and then went into the house-place and sat down.

"We must go to work with a will, Jeannie," said Ann, looking thoughtfully around. "No one can tell what may send father home, or keep him away, and we be to have a' things put in order, while there's no man-body round to worry, because 'folks can't make things clean without mair dirt and disorder than they take away'—that is aye father's word about a cleaning. Suppose you go down to the cottages for a woman to help me in the house, and I'll be making a' things ready for her."

"Ay; I'll like to do that, Nannie," answered Jeannie.

"Weel, throw your plaid o'er your head, and be off, then. And be sure to hurry a wee, Jeannie, for there is mair work before me than I can set my face to, unless a' things go well with me."

The sun was shining brightly, though the tossing sea looked green and cold, but in the fresh salt air Jeannie soon forgot Ann's injunction to "hurry." It was an easy thing to forget, when the merry wind was blowing her to and fro, and the sunshine was warm and bright; and in the sheltered corners there were bits of green fern, and palish flowers to be found. It seemed to Jeannie that just to be free and out of doors in such lovely weather was a delight.

Therefore, when she returned to the Lone House, she was very happy to see that Ann had brought out from the great oak kists all the fine linen of her grandmother's and mother's spinning and weaving. For the yearly bleaching of this treasure was generally confided to Jeannie. It was the one household duty that she thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, she considered it a kind of holiday to carry the fine webs to the hill-pasture, where there was a spring of clear crystal water, and where the grass was already long and green.

Ann helped her with the burden to and fro, but all day long Jeannie remained alone on the breezy hillside with her snowy webs of homespun linen; watering them in the sunshine, and turning them in the fresh winds, and spending the intervals of time in eating and reading,

or in chatting with any neighbour who happened to pass that way.

It was on the second day that, either purposely or by accident, Walter Grahame passed. Now, Walter had long hesitated between the two pretty Carrick girls; for he always thought the one present the prettier one. And on this afternoon as he watched Jeannie among her linens and damasks, he decided that Jeannie Carrick was the fairest, the gayest, and most lovable woman he had ever seen. Then he sat down by her side on the grass, and told her so. He had never heard of Gessner, and he did not know what an idyllic picture was; but he felt the spell which he could not describe —the season with its sunshine and breezes, and the lovely maiden with her watering-can among the snowy, blowing linen, made a picture whose charm he had neither the power nor the inclination to resist

And as Walter Grahame was young, handsome, and light-hearted, and Jeannie precisely in the mood to have her imagination and her feelings touched, love grew apace in that lonely, grassy wilderness, and the lovers came speedily to an understanding. They loved — or they thought they loved — the latter sentiment being the more dangerous of the two conditions — and then they began to invest their position with all the romantic accidents they could evolve or invent, from their parentage and family prejudices. And thus their conscious disobedience, and the secrecy it demanded, became to these foolish young people the very atmosphere of their love and lives.

Of this state of affairs Ann had not the slightest suspicion. Women with the yearly house-cleaning on their minds and hands are not apt to think of love-making, unless it is put palpably before them. And hitherto there had been no secrets between the sisters. Even their little nascent love-dreams had been ever frankly discussed together. Therefore, as Jeannie never told her sister that Walter Grahame came daily to the bleaching, Ann never suspected such a thing. Had she done so, Ann would certainly have put a stop to the bleaching, for her nature was clear as crystal, she despised all secrets and subterfuges, and was essentially a brave girl.

On the contrary, Jeannie was a coward, and Nature had armed her with all the stealthy arts she gives to weak natures. As soon as Walter joined her on the hillside, Jeannie resolved to "keep her ain counsel. It will be a bit of pleasuring to me," she thought, "just to have Walter make the long days short. And if nothing comes of it but the hour's daffing, there is nobody hurt; and so nobody need to be the wiser but our two selves."

In this decision she put her father's command clean behind her consciousness. "Father is that bigoted anent the Grahames, and so he's no judge o' them," she thought. "Folk all speak weel o' poor Walter, and whatna for should I be ill to him, just because his forbears didna think as the Carricks thought? Father will never hear tell o' me and Walter; and what the heart doesna ken it doesna grieve for. And I'll no tell Nannie, either; what for should I? Nannie liked Walter Grahame once. I'm not believing father's 'shall not' cured her liking. No, I'll not tell Nannie!"

The truth was that Jeannie was in her heart a little jealous of her sister. She had once heard Walter Grahame say, "Ann Carrick is a beauty!" and she judged Ann's heart by her own, and feared she might yet have the power to take her lover from her. She was also quite sure that Ann would peremptorily oppose any clandestine intercourse with Grahame—would, indeed, oppose any intercourse at all so contrary to her father's desires; and Jeannie could not bear

to give Walter up. He was her first real lover, and his beauty and ready tongue and loving ways had quite won her heart. It was easier to disobey her father and deceive her sister than to relinquish her love.

Besides Walter himself urged her to secrecy. To be shyly wooing the old Covenanter's daughter upon his own hillside, and against his express commands, was a very delightful bit of retaliation; and though Grahame told himself that he really loved Jeannie Carrick, and was resolved to make her his wife, yet he did feel the slight danger of discovery to be a piquant spice to his wooing, and the gathering of the fruit that was forbidden him to be irresistible, the more so because of its interdiction. Alas! neither of the two had yet learned that the forbidden fruit is ever a bitter fruit.

So the secret intercourse continued daily until the bleaching was over, and then Jeannie found plenty of errands down to the little fishing settlement on the seashore, and Walter met her there; and the very contradictions that sometimes brought disappointment only added interest to their foolish entanglement, and made them both more determined to stand by each other, no matter who might come between them.

For Jeannie had not hesitated to tell her lover that her father had threatened to call death to strike their hands asunder if it should be necessary to part them; and it is idle to pretend that Walter's stubborn determination to marry Jeannie Carrick was not intensified by the knowledge that he would be "paying the old man back for his impertinence in ordering him to keep away from his daughters and off his land."

"Weel, weel, Jeannie!" he said one afternoon, as they were making mountains for their love to o'erleap, "Weel, weel! if I canna have one o' Andrew Carrick's daughters in his own house, I must take her where-ever I can get her. My father, too, was speaking in a very ill-natured way yestreen about you and me. He said he would ne'er see my face again, or gie me another bawbee, if I wed a Carrick lass; and you ken weel I'll wed none but Jeannie Carrick."

"And what then will we do, Walter? We canna bide in Port Braddon wi' all our ain folk against us."

"That is so. But I am not daft to bide in Port Braddon. There is land enough, and gold enough, beyond Scotch seas; and I'm minded with all my heart to see what the other side of the world is like. Wonderfu' things are said o' Australia; and there's India itsel', and Canada. Would you be feared to go with me, Jeannie?"

And of course Jeannie said that any land, east or west, or north or south, was the land for her if only Walter Grahame took her there.

This secret wooing went on for three weeks, and then Andrew Carrick returned from Edinburgh. He came back with all the pride of a victor. If he had been accompanied by "The Highland Host — an army with Kirk banners"—he could not have been more exultant. His first words to his daughters were, "Lasses, we have triumphed gloriously." His very step and bearing were changed. He walked proudly to his own chair on the hearthstone, and looked with satisfaction all around—on the spotless furnishings of the room, the shining windows, the snow-white curtains, the pots full of fuchsia bells, and the neat table with its homely, plenteous meal.

"I have been entertained by my cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick," he said; "well entertained in his big, braw manse, lasses. But oh! the comfort o' this sweet, clean house-place, and the bite and the sup at my ain fireside!"

"But Edinburgh is a grand city, father, is it not?" asked Jeannie.

"'Tis a wonderful, wonderful city, my little lassie, and I hae seen a' the wonderfuls in it. I hae seen the Greyfriars kirk, and the Grass-market. I hae seen John Knox's house and pulpit, and I hae heard the great Dr. Chalmers preach. Indeed, I hae drunk o' the cup o' salvation till my heart is full and running over."

"And yet you are glad to win hame again?" queried Ann, as her eyes followed her father's eyes wandering around the pleasant room.

"East or west, hame is best, Ann. And when you hae been crowded up wi' thousands, and tens of thousands of ither people for three weeks, then you feel the glory of having nae neighbours but the wide moorland, and the wide ocean"; and so, saying a fervent word or two of gratitude, he pushed aside his cup and plate, and walked to the open door and looked over the moor and the ocean, as if he would fill his heart with their lonely strength and comfort.

Anon he began to walk restlessly about the room and to say as he did so, "I'm thankfu' I went to Edinbro'; it has been a grand time; and I must tell you baith what good bread I found to eat; bread that I cast on the waters mair than ten years syne. For when my young cousin, Cosmo Carrick, wanted to enter the Divinity Classes of St. Andrew's College, and hadna the necessary siller, I was mair than glad to let him hae the sum needed. For as the Lord hadna gi'en me a son to stand before Him, I thought it a great honour and pleasure to help one o' my ain name into the pulpit."

"I never mind of seeing him here," said Ann.

"He never was here. I never saw the face of him before. But when I told him who I was, he met me wi' a vera pleasant sense o' his obligations. He made much o' me, lasses; had he been my ain son, he couldna have treated me wi' mair liking and consideration. So you see that is the outcome o' a kindness done to good man, and for a good purpose. I'm no saying that kindness done to a wicked man would hae had the same blessing."

"Was he wi' Dr. Chalmers for a Free Kirk?"

"Whar else at all would a Carrick be? Whar else have all the Carricks been but in the forefront of any Kirk Protestation? And wherever he went, I went with him; so I may say I have been in the vera van o' the great battle."

"And whatever are they fighting about now, father?" asked Jeannie a little pettishly. She was anxious to hear of the great city, and of this new cousin, Cosmo Carrick; but she understood very well that until the Kirk business was talked out she would get little satisfaction on inferior subjects. So she asked the leading question which she expected would settle the matter.

"What are they fighting about, Jeannie? Why, they are fighting for the rights of the Kirk—for the right of every kirk to choose its ain minister and not to have one forced upon it, though the Court o' Session and the House o' Lords, the sel' o' them baith, should do the forcing."

"What for is the House o' Lords troubling itsel' wi' the Scotch Kirk? Is it about that bit parish o' Auchterarder all this pother is made? And when the House of Lords settles the government of the whole kingdom, whatna for cannot it settle the business of a little country kirk?"

Jeannie asked this question with an assumption of fair and honest inquiry, that for a moment astonished her father and sister. Neither of them knew that it was one of Walter Grahame's arguments the girl was using; and Andrew was puzzled that "wee Jeannie" should have considered the subject even in

an adverse way. So he answered her without the anger she had almost pleased herself with the thought of provoking.

"You are a foolish lass, Jeannie, and you hae only looked on one side o' the question; which is the way wi' women-folk. Naebody minds the Ceevil Power interfering wi' the temporal matters o' the Kirk; but kings, nor queens, nor parliaments a'thegither, have any power at all to compel a kirk in spiritual matters. That is the great difference. And when the Ceevil Power wants to put such ministers as it thinks right o'er the kirks, then it is going too far. Every kirk in Scotland has the right to choose its ain minister: and Scotland will see to it that nane meddle with that right."

"The Scotch folk are aye quarrelling about the Kirk"; said Ann. "I have heard you talking anent this vera subject, father, a' my life long, I think."

"I have no doubt you have, Ann. Patronage in Kirk matters is just the one thing Scotland will na endure. And what for should we gie the honour due to Christ to any Ceevil Power? We will never do it—not while Scotland stands where she did, and does! Once, lasses, there was a bit laddie shot in the breast while he was fighting under Napoleon, and said to the surgeon who was looking for the bullet, 'Cut an inch deeper, doctor, and you will find the Emperor.' Well, then, this vera controversy has cut that inch deeper into the heart of Scotland, and found there its spiritual King, Christ Jesus!"

"Weel, it is a great matter in temporal things too," said Jeannie. "If all be true I was hearing say, the Kirk will be reduced to very beggary. Her ministers, her missionaries, her professors and the like, will be homeless and without a penny-bit."

"And what if they are? And what if they are, Jeannie Carrick?" asked Andrew with some passion. "They hae their integrity. And I thank God I hae lived to see so many good, brave men give up everything, and trusting to His care, stand up for His honour. I think better o' ministers, and better o' men, than I ever did before."

"I am right glad you were present, father."

"You may weel be that, Ann Carrick. You may weel be right glad. If auld Andrew Carrick, my forbear, should meet me in another warld, and tell o' the day when he signed the great National Covenant, I hae now quite as grand a story to tell o' my ain. The braw city o' Edinbro' has seen many stirring sights, lasses, but never one mair stirring than this Holy Convocation. He was a poor meeserable man wha did not forget his ain business during it. I think some good folk forgot to eat or sleep. And the fine streets were that full o' gowned ministers, and solemn elders, that the military, wi' all their braws and tartans, and feathers and the like, were just nobodies!"

"And you saw everything, then, father?"

"Ay, did I. I bought mysel' a suit o' the best black braidcloth, and I linket on to my cousin's arm, and he said there wasna a minister there that looked mair like the sacred office. And we went thegither to Holyrood Palace, and I saw the Marquis o' Bute take his seat there for Her Majesty's sel'. And while he was talking anent the law and such like, I could hear the sound o' murmur through the Highland Host—the cry they had marched through Edinbro' wi'—'The standards o' the Kirk! The standards o' the Kirk! The standards o' the Kirk are in danger!' And I kent weel the marquis was talking to little purpose, and as my thoughts burned in me, a strange thing happened—a big painting o' King William the Third which was

hanging opposite to Lord Bute fell to the floor wi' a crash that gave everybody a stun. Then someone in the crowd cried out, 'Thar goes the Revolutionary Settlement!' and the words were like the words of a prophet, there was a great silence, and then a stir, and Lord Bute rose up and went away with a grand march o' chariots and horsemen."

"And what then, father?"

"I went with my cousin Cosmo to the Assembly Hall, and it was that crowded, you couldna hae stood anither man in it, and when Lord Bute entered everyane rose to their feet, for you ken he was sitting there for the Queen's sel'!"

"You said that you would not honour king or queen if they stood in God's way, father," said Jeannie.

"I am for giving Cæsar his ain, as lang as Cæsar keeps his hand off the Kirk and the Covenant therewith"—continued Andrew without further notice of Jeannie's interruption. "So I stood up with the rest, being in favour o' doing a' things decently and in order."

"Was Dr. Chalmers to the forefront, as you expected, father?"

"Ay, was he! When the moderator had spoke for the Kirk—God bless her!—when he had told up what wrongs she has suffered, and what danger she was in, he advised all that were for a Free Kirk to withdraw. But he lost neither his head nor his good manners, for he bowed to Lord Bute—wha I must say looked as if he didna care a pin about the Scotch Kirk—and then he left his seat, and went to the aisle leading to the door; and Dr. Chalmers rose next, then Campbell o' Menzie, and Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Macfarlane, and then I kenna wha next—man after man, row after row, till there was scarce a man left. But God kens them a'. Oh, lasses! my heart dirls yet at the thought of it! And I am free to confess that, when I saw my cousin, Cosmo Carrick, rise and go out wi' the rest, I couldna keep my een clear, nor see as weel as I wanted to. Oh, it was a great day! A glorious day for Scotland! I thank God He has let me live to see it!"

He talked a little while longer to his daughters, and then grew restless and put on his bonnet and plaid. "I must awa' down to the cottages," he said. "The men and the women there will be anxious to hear tell o' the news I bring."

He was quite right in this supposition. A rumour of his return had found its way to the fishers on the shingle, and he met Peter Lochrigg coming up the cliff to make inquiries. So the little settlement gathered in Peter's cottage; and Andrew told the wonderful story over again, and told it with a great many details and incidents he had not thought necessary when talking with Ann and Jeannie only.

Only one thing had annoyed him. While they had talked together of the building of a Free Kirk in Port Braddon, Peter Lochrigg mentioned Grahame of Port Braddon as likely to give a helping hand.

Now Andrew hated David Grahame of Port Braddon, and he could not bear the thought of his interference; for he had hitherto believed the man to be strongly in favour of the Established Church, and also naturally too depraved to take a part in a movement so national and holy as the Free Kirk departure. So he asked Peter sharply why he thought such a lover of Church Patronage as Grahame would help any Free Kirk building; and Peter answered that his son Walter was a kind-like lad, and had spoken frequently as if he were in sympathy with the Secession.

Then Andrew was very angry at the thought of Walter Grahame being among his tenants and on his land, and he said with an impetuous annoyance—"And I wad like to know what Walter Grahame was doing down here at all?"

To this question Peter replied dourly and with an air of offence that "there was no law to hinder Walter Grahame wandering about the shingle if he was minded that way."

Of course Peter was right, and Walter had a perfect right on the seashore, but Andrew felt vexed at him for claiming it. He was suspicious also, and had a premonition of wrong, though he could by no means fix its likelihoods. The little dispute dashed his sense of spiritual triumph, and he went back to the Lone House with a weight of apparently unnecessary care on his heart.

He found Ann knitting by the firelight as she waited for him. He was glad to see her, for there were some questions he wished to ask before he slept. Ann wanted to know all about the meeting, and she was astonished her father had so little to say concerning it. Indeed, she soon perceived that he was troubled; and when she asked "if aught was wrong?" he answered with the inquiry,—

"Was Walter Grahame here while I was in Edinbro'? Was he near here at all?"

"I havena seen the lad since you sent him awa' yonder night that he was in the byre with me. Your will has aye been my law, father. You ken that well."

"Yes, I ken that, Ann. Has Jeannie seen him, do you think?"

"Jeannie would have told me if Grahame had said this or that to her, or even come her road; and she hasna named him to me."

"Then what for is the lad hanging round about the Carrick cottages? Peter Lochrigg spoke of him in a very familiar-like, pleasant way indeed."

"I wouldn't wonder if he is speiring after Sarah Lochrigg. She is a very bonnie lass."

"Ay, that is like enou'. Weel, weel; Peter Lochrigg can guide his ain boat and crew. I sall neither mak' nor meddle in that quarter. Peter has got to be vera proud and upsetting lately."

"Peter was aye fond o' authority. It sets him hard not to be first in all things."

"You are right, Ann. I must speak to Peter, for pride is an awfu' sin. Good-night, my bairn."

Then Ann went to her bedroom. Jeannie was apparently fast asleep; but Ann's suspicions were aroused by her father's report of Walter's visits to the cottages, and she awakened her sister and said,—

"Jeannie, speak to me a minute. I hae something to ask you."

"Whatever is it, Ann? You shouldn't wake folk at midnight for nothing."

"It isn't 'nothing.' Father says Walter Grahame goes a great deal down to 'Carricks,' and that Peter Lochrigg is set up with the lad. What will he be going there for, Jeannie? It is out of any road he would be like to take."

Jeannie yawned wearily and answered, "How can I tell what he he goes for?"

"Will it be to see Sarah Lochrigg? Do you think that?"

"You will have to ask Sarah hersel' the like o' that question. Are you jealous o' Sarah?"

"Me! Jealous?"

"Ay, I thought you liked Walter. Dinna bother me about him anyway. I'm sleepy, and I'm not heeding."

Jeannie's manner quite satisfied Ann. It was perfectly natural in its indifference and weariness. She reflected also that Sarah Lochrigg was a very handsome girl, and that it was very likely that Walter Grahame should be attracted to her. She was a trifle annoyed at the quick transference of Walter's attentions from herself to Sarah Lochrigg, but she had no suspicions of Jeannie; and she went to sleep without a doubt of her sister.

THE HONEY OF GOD'S WORD.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A SINGULAR incident in old Hebrew history illustrates the sweetness and light that flow from God's blessed Word. Jonathan was leading the army of Israel in pursuit of the Philistines, and King Saul had forbidden the troops to taste of food during the march. When the troops reached a forest where the bees had laid up abundant stores, several honeycombs were found lying upon the earth. Jonathan—not having heard of the royal edict—put forth the rod in his hand and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put it to his mouth, "and his *eyes were enlightened.*" Refreshment came to his hungry frame and enlightenment to his eyes, which were dim with faintness and fatigue.

What a beautiful parable this incident furnishes to set forth one of the manifold blessings of God's Word! In the superbly sublime nineteenth Psalm David pronounces that Word to be sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb. In the same passage he declares that "it is pure, *enlightening the eyes.*" Again the Psalmist says: "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." It is not the careless reading, or the listless hearing of the Book, but its entrance into the soul which produces this inward illumination. There is a sadly increasing ignorance of the Scriptures; when read publicly in the sanctuary thousands give but little heed with the ear and none at all with the heart. They do not take the vitalizing, heaven-sent truth into their souls as Jonathan took the honey into his system.

But when the Word is partaken of hungrily, and the Holy Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skilful oculist. His mother led him out-of-doors, and, taking off the bandage, gave him his first view of sunshine and sky and flowers. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "why did you never tell me it was so beautiful?" The tears started as she replied: "I tried to tell you, my dear; but you could not understand me." So the spiritual eyesight must be opened in order that the spiritual beauty and wisdom and glory of the divine Word may be discerned. Many a poor sinner has never found out what a glorious gospel our Gospel is until he has swallowed the honey for himself. Dr. Horace Bushnell voiced the experiences of many of us when he said:

> "My experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries and reveals the depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and glorious truths."

The most growing Christian never outgrows his Bible; in that exhaustless jewel-mine every stroke of the mattock reveals new nuggets of gold and fresh diamonds.

Even as a mental discipline there is no book like God's Book. Nothing else so sinews up the intellect, so clarifies the perception, so enlarges the views, so purifies the taste, so quickens the imagination, strengthens the understanding, and educates the whole man. The humblest day labourer who saturates his mind with this celestial school-book becomes a superior man to his comrades—not merely a purer man, but a clearer-headed man. It was the feeding on this honey dropping from heaven which gave to the Puritans their wonderful sagacity as well as their unconquerable loyalty to the right. The secret of the superiority

e old-fashioned Scottish peas-
was found in that "big ha'
" which Burns describes as the
companion at every ingleside.
y as an educator the Scriptures
to be read in every school-
, and there ought to be a chair
ple instruction in every college.
e honey strewed the forests for
han and his soldiers to feed
so the loving Lord has sent
His Word for all hungering
nity, high or humble; as the
ght was made for all eyes, this
was made for all hearts.
s more than light; for it is an
itener. Not only does it reveal
randest, sublimest and most
cal truths, but it improves and
ges the vision. It makes the
to see, and the strong sight all
tronger. Who of us that has
sorely perplexed about ques-
of right and wrong, and been
ed as to our duty, has not
it new views and true views
on as we dipped our rod into
oneycomb? Once when I was
perplexed about the question
anging my field of labour—
i would have changed the
e current of my life—a single
of Scripture instantly decided
and I never repented the de-
. Poor Cowper, harassed and
nted, found in the twenty-fifth
of the third chapter of Romans
oney which brought light to
erclouded soul. John Wesley
the most signal discovery of
fe when he thrust his rod into
erse, "The law of the spirit of
Christ Jesus has made me free
the law of sin and death."
Paul had not learned his own
lness until "the commandment
" and opened his eyes. It is
heart-revealing power of the
that makes it so invaluable in
pulpit and inquiry room.
, there is many a one among
eaders who can testify how
precious honey from heaven
ght light and joy to his eyes
when dimmed with sorrow. The
exceeding rich and infallible prom-
ises were not only sweet, they were
illuminating. They lighted up the
valley of the shadow of death; they
showed how crosses can be turned
into crowns, and how losses can
brighten into glorious gains. When
I am in a sick room I almost always
dip my rod into the honeycomb of
the fourteenth chapter of John. It
brings the Master there with His
words of infinite comfort. One of
my noblest Sunday-school teachers
so fed on this divine honey that on
her dying bed she said: "My path
through the valley is long, but *'tis
bright all the way.*"

Nothing opens the sinner's eyes to
see himself and to see the Saviour of
sinners like the simple Word. The
Bible is the book to reveal iniquity
in the secret parts. If a young man
will dip his rod into this warning,
"Look not on the wine when it is
red," he may discover that there is
a nest of adders in the glass! If the
sceptic and the scoffer can be in-
duced to taste some of that honey
which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he
may find hell a tremendous reality,
to be shunned, and heaven a glorious
reality, to be gained.

Brethren in the ministry, I am
confident that our chief business is
not only to eat hugely of this divine
enlightening honey, but to tell people
where to dip their rods. A distin-
guished theological professor said to
me: "If I should return to the pas-
toral charge of a church, I should
do two things: I would make more
direct *personal* efforts for the con-
version of souls, and I would spend
no time on the rhetoric of my ser-
mons. I should *saturate my mind
with Bible truth,* and then deliver
that truth in the simplest idiomatic
English that I could command."

The honey from heaven lies abun-
dant on the ground. May God help
us to show it to the hungry, the
needy and the perishing!—*The In-
dependent.*

THE GREAT DOMINION.*

AN intelligent acquaintance with the extent and resources of one's country is the first requisite to a rational patriotism. Dr. Parkin has laid the entire Dominion under a great obligation by these exhaustive and well-digested studies — all the more so as they first appeared in one of the most widely-read and influential English periodicals, the London *Times*. We regard it as a very happy acquisition to the intellectual life of Ontario that Dr. Parkin has become the principal of the Upper Canada College in the city of Toronto.

These chapters on Canada are not a dry-as-dust collection of statistics, but are philosophical studies of the elements of its strength and judicious forecasts of its probable destiny. This book discusses Canada not merely as an isolated community, but in relation to the great Empire of which her territory comprises nearly forty per cent. "The Dominion rests," says Dr. Parkin, "with commanding outlook upon both the Atlantic and the Pacific where these oceans respectively furnish the shortest and easiest access from the American continent to Europe and Asia." No country, he adds, except Russia, extending through Asia Minor to the Arctic circle, furnishes such a range of conditions as does Canada, stretching from the latitude of central Italy to the furthest north.

Few, of even well-informed Canadians, are aware of the recent development of our export trade. In 1872 Canada exported no meat, dead or alive, to Great Britain. In 1891, the number of live cattle had risen to over 100,000. A few years ago Canada sent scarcely any cheese to the United Kingdom. In 1893, it sent 133,000,000 lbs., valued at $13,500,000. Of the 136 cheese awards at the Chicago Fair, Canada captured 125. In 1893, Canada sent more than 600,000 barrels of apples to the United Kingdom.

Among the most valuable resources of Canada are its immense coal deposits. Already the Nova Scotia mines turn out 2,000,000 tons a year, and those of British Columbia a million more. Thus Great Britain is the only power which has adequate bases of coal supply on both sides of the Atlantic and on the Pacific. In 1892, San Francisco alone took 600,000 tons of Vancouver coal, which is the chief supply for the steamship service on the Pacific. The coal measures of the North-West cover over 15,000 square miles.

Magnificent as is the extent, and vast and varied the resources of the North-West, Dr. Parkin points out the vast preponderance in population, wealth and political influence of the eastern part of the Dominion. Ontario has nearly one-half of its entire population. The area of this Province is as great as the whole of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Since 1835, its population has increased from 300,000 to nearly 2,500,000. Every one of its 25,000,000 acres of cleared land has involved the hewing down of a dense forest. Its southern counties rival in soil and climate the sunniest parts of France, and the author questions if any mainly agricultural area of equal size in the world gives evidence of more uniform prosperity.

Dr. Parkin greatly appreciates the resources of field and forest, mine and fisheries, of the Maritime Provinces, but still more the mental vigour of its people. No part of the country has, in proportion to its population, contributed so many distinguished men to the public service.

The enormous inland navigation of Canada is one of the strongest factors in its prosperity. One may sail in Canadian waters 2,060 miles, from Belle Isle to Port Arthur, or more than the distance from Belle Isle to Liverpool. First-class ironclads can be sent to Montreal, and in case of need gun-boats to the upper lakes. On her canals Canada has already spent $60,000,000. In 1893, nearly 1,000,000 tons of freight passed through the Welland canal, as much through those of the St. Lawrence, and 650,000 tons through those of the Ottawa. The new lock at Sault St. Marie is the largest in the world and cost between three and four million dollars. It is 900 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 20 feet 3 inches deep. Canadian enterprise has attempted a gigantic undertaking in a ship-railway of seventeen miles, between the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy, the first of the sort in the world. Already $4,000,000 has been spent, and about $1,500,000 will complete the work.

* "The Great Dominion—Studies of Canada." By GEORGE R. PARKIN, M.A., LL.D. London & New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

› French question in Quebec is the
›f Canadian politics, but it is not so
ılt as the Negro question in the
ı or the Irish question in the North.
ɛlative influence of Quebec in the Do-
n must steadily decline. It receives
ldition by immigration and loses
y by emigration. Montreal, our
r thinks, is destined to be one of
reat cities of the world. Standing at
ɜad of ocean-navigation, nearly one-
f the whole trade of the Dominion
ı through it.

Parkin devotes an interesting chap-
our great transcontinental railway.
',200 miles directly owned by the
R., and the 1,800 miles indirectly
›lled, give it a first place among
ilway systems of the world. British
ıbia had less than 50,000 people
this iron highway of commerce was
ucted through four ranges of gigan-
ountains. "The statesmen at Ot-
' he says, "who in 1867 began to
›ver the Rockies to continents be-
the Pacific, were not wanting in
ıation; many claimed that their im-
ion outran their reason; but in the
course of events their dreams have
y been more than justified. They
supplying the missing joints and
ing the rivets of empire. While
were doing this they were giving
al consolidation to the older Prov-
of Canada. Common aspirations
great common task, with the stir-
f enthusiasm which followed on the
n widening of the Canadian horizon,
ıore than anything else to draw
provinces out of their own narrow
ı and give them the sense of a
citizenship."

ı famous Douglas pine of our Pacific
goes to England, Cape Colony,
, and Australia. Already $50,000,-
f gold have been taken from the
r and Cariboo mines. Dr. Parkin

"In spite of the rapid growth of
›uver it has never known anything of
›ughness of new towns across the
ican border. On Sunday the place
ı aspect of quiet respectability like
f an English cathedral town." Van-
r is the meeting-place of the empires
ne west and east. Three million
s of tea have been landed on its
es in a single week.

ı vast region of Northern Canada,
onsidered fit only for a fur preserve,
ns, a committee of the Canadian
ɜ reports, 274,000 square miles of
ıarable land; wheat will ripen over
0 square miles, barley over 407,000,
otato over 656,000 square miles.
The area suitable for pasturage is even greater, besides 40,000 square miles of petroleum area. "About 954,000 square miles, exclusive of the uninhabitable detached Arctic portions," says Dr. G. M. Dawson, "is for all practical purposes as yet entirely unknown." The Canadian export of furs in 1888 was over 4,000,000 skins. Great quantities of these are sold in Germany, and compete at the Novgorod Fair in Russia with the furs of Siberia. On the Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers are over 2,000 miles of steam navigation where, till recently, only the bark canoe of the voyageur conveyed the peltries of the north to the markets of civilization.

Dr. Parkin is a firm believer in the unity of the Empire. "It may be questioned," he says, "whether there is in Canada to-day any political passion so strong as opposition to absorption in the United States." He is enthusiastic in the praise of Canada as a home for the working-man. Its climate, though often severe, is exhilarating. "It drives men back on home life and on work; it teaches foresight; it cures or kills the shiftless and improvident. A climate which tends to produce a hardy race, a Puritan turn of mind which gives moral strenuousness, good schools, the leisure of winter for thought and study—all these tend to produce men likely to win their way by their wits."

Dr. Parkin has nothing but praise for our school and college system. McGill College in four years received donations of $1,500,000. It has now seventy-four professors and lecturers, and one thousand students. In engineering and physics it is the most perfectly equipped institution in the world. Nor does Toronto University suffer greatly by comparison, although its State aid seems to dry up the channels of private beneficence. In ten years no less than $5,000,000 have been given to the Protestant colleges of the Dominion.

The voice of Canada is heard with more and more attention on large questions of Imperial policy. Of this the Halifax and Behring Sea arbitrations are proof. "Canada," says our author, "is a country which certainly stirs the imagination of her children — which begets in them an intense love of the soil. If the front which Nature sometimes presents to them is austere, it is also noble and impressive. In the breadth of its spaces, the headlong rush of its floods, the majesty of its mountain heights and canyon depths, and the striking contrasts of its seasons in their march through the fervid

warmth of summer, the glory of autumnal colouring, and the dazzling splendour of a snow-covered land to the sudden burst of new and radiant life in spring—in all these Canada has characteristics unique among the lands under the British flag."

Three excellent maps of the Dominion and its railway systems enhance the value of this volume. The review of Dr. Parkin's companion volume on "Imperial Federation" must be reserved for our next number.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Recent intelligence from New Zealand says that there has been no religious movement in that country since Bishop Taylor was there, thirty years ago, equal to that produced by the labours of the Rev. T. Cook, the English Methodist evangelist. Showers of blessing have descended on all the places which he visited.

The New South Wales Legislature recently offered an endowment of $100,000 to each denomination for a college, on certain conditions, to be affiliated to the Sydney University; and also a further sum of $2,500 towards the salary of the principal. The Methodist Conference in the colony has resolved to take steps towards securing the offer. The Methodist Church in other colonies is also putting forth strenuous efforts on behalf of superior education.

Mr. Smith, son of the late Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., has received the honour of knighthood, and will henceforth be known as Sir Clarence Smith, M.P.

The name "Wesley Guild" has been selected for the Young People's Societies.

The income of the Missionary Society exceeds that of the former year by $17,975; in addition to which $22,730 was contributed towards the reduction of $150,000 debt.

Orders have been sent to London for 5,000 bibles, 5,000 hymn-books, and 5,000 catechisms, to be sold in the Fiji Islands. The Fiji Islanders gave nearly $25,000 to foreign missions last year.

Prince Ademuyiwa, who attended the last Wesleyan Conference, on his return to Lagos, Western Africa, wrote an article in the *Lagos Echo* protesting against the importation of rum, gin, and other "poisonous liquors" into his country. He gives a terrible account of the ruin that is wrought among the natives. He says there are always cases of cutting and wounding through the effects of drink. The people are daily cut down in the bloom of youth by the curse of drink.

More than half of the Wesleyan missionaries are natives of the countries in which they are working.

Out of 107,000 inhabitants of Fiji fully 100,000 are avowed Wesleyans; the vast majority are able to read and write.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

There are 14,553 preachers and 2,524,053 members. The Roman Empire never extended to so many continents, nor voiced its edicts in so many languages. Appropriations are made for those using eleven different languages in this country. It has nine conferences and missions in Europe, besides conferences in most other parts of the world. The annual visit of one guiding mind in touch with every other bishop promotes unity and harmony.

On an average twenty churches are dedicated every week. One bishop is at the head of the Chautauqua movement; another of the Epworth League; another of the Freedmen's Aid Society, etc.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Hendrix is visiting the missions in Japan and China. He is accompanied by a large batch of missionaries, male and female. At Banff the following incident occurred. The mission party visited the National Park, and the Bishop was asked by the guide to suggest a name for the mountains so admired by the party, which still remained unnamed. He suggested "The Bride's Balcony," in honour of the missionary bride, and "Mount Ida," for Miss Ida M. Worth, the first graduate of the Scarritt Bible

raining School. This being made to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Prime er of Canada, and Hon. T. M. Minister of the Interior, who were on ial trip to those parts, they requested rview with the bishop; and among hings said the above names of the ains suggested by the bishop should ially recorded, and gave the bishop o this effect.

oman in Florida, recently deceased, ithed to the Board of Missions a e orange grove, twelve acres of ammock land and town lots. Two gave $800 toward building a church ka, Japan. A local preacher sent or missions, and a little child ten A missionary returned $250 to asury, proposing to meet her own se.

The Methodist Church.

ontreal court has just decided that hodist" is an epithet which, when l by one French-Canadian editor to r, inflicts damages to the amount 0.

are glad to record the fact that the es in London, which were destroyed , are being rebuilt. The corner-ceremonies, at both of them, were s of great interest.

Rev. Dr. Potts has been spending weeks in the Maritime Provinces on of the Education Society, in whose sts he labours so indefatigably, and en remarkably successful. All the which he has visited report an se of funds,—in one instance the se was 65 per cent.; but Truro the greatest stride, inasmuch as their s were 300 per cent. ahead of last

ing the last three years $15,000 been added to the claims of the annuation Fund, hence ministers idows' annuities will now be re- six per cent.

ee Newfoundlanders, two of them he Methodist College, passed suc- lly at the London University Matric- n examinations, and one of them l the list.

. F. J. Livingstone, M.D., of To- Conference, has gone to Africa to upon mission work in connection he South Africa General Mission. tudents of Albert College, Belle- provided the necessary funds for passage and support for the first ars.

latest accounts from China are commission has been appointed to hold an investigation of the sad occurences that have recently transpired there. Happily all our missionaries escaped death. Some of them who have come to Canada will add to the interest of the missionary anniversaries this season. It appears that four of the ringleaders of the massacre have been executed. All the missionary survivors will resume their work at the earliest possible moment.

Recently seven missionaries of the Presbyterian mission at Honan, left Toronto for the scene of their toils. Rev. Dr. Mackay, the hero of Formosa, with his family and Chinese student, also returned to their mission.

The Missionary Board.

The meeting this year was more than usually important. Dr. Sutherland, the General Secretary, read a most voluminous statement respecting matters in Japan from the beginning. The entire Church might be thankful that so many men of business were willing to give so much time to this important Church work without fee or reward.

The returned missionaries, Revs. Dr. Eby and F. A. Cassidy, then made their statements; Mrs. Large, of the Woman's Missionary Society, also gave her testimony. Rev. Dr. Cochrane, one of the pioneer missionaries in Japan, was present by request and gave much valuable information. When matters had been thoroughly investigated it was gratifying to find that no person concerned had been guilty of any moral delinquency. The questions in dispute largely related to administration on the part of the executive at home, and some misunderstandings among the missionaries themselves respecting their work. A full statement of the proceedings of the Board will shortly be published. The Board approved of what the executive had done in the past to restore harmony among the brethren in Japan.

In respect to the six missionaries who have asked to be recalled, the Board expressed the hope that they would reconsider their action, but should they remain in the same mind until next Conference then their wish shall be granted. Dr. Eby's furlough is protracted, and Mr. Cassidy is to be employed under the Missionary Board until the ensuing Conference. We believe that these brethren expressed themselves satisfied with the deliberations of the Board, and promised to do their utmost to promote the peace and harmony of the Society.

The Board expressed great sympathy for the missionaries and their families in West China. Dr. Stephenson, who has returned to Canada, does not blame the people for the state of things through which the mission has had to pass so much as the petty officials, whose conduct was highly reprehensible. As soon as possible the mission will be resumed.

Taking into account the receipts from bequests, etc., the total income is in advance of last year by more than $3,000, though the annual subscriptions are considerably less than last year.

Bible Christian Church.

There is every probability that the Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist Churches, and perhaps some others in Australia, will be united in the near future. If the minor Methodist bodies in England could be brought together they would form a strong Church.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. George Grundy, of the Methodist New Connexion, died soon after Conference. He entered the ministry in 1839 and was stationed in most of the important circuits. He was an intelligent preacher and a diligent pastor. During his ministry he was a diligent student and published three books. He retired from the active work in 1883.

Rev. J. Wakefield, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in the ninety-seventh year of his age. He was a member of Pittsburgh Conference sixty-one years. Two of his sons are in the ministry and both have celebrated their golden weddings. The doctor and his wife walked the journey of life together seventy-two years and then she passed on before.

Rev. Stephen R. Beggs has joined the great majority at the age of ninety-four. He was the first itinerant who preached and organized the first Methodist church in Chicago, which consisted of eight members.

Dr. Lunn's Excursions to Palestine.

A visit to the lands of the Orient has been to many persons, especially to many Methodist preachers, the dream of a lifetime. But hitherto very many have been deterred from the enjoyment and profit of such a trip by the very considerable expense. This has now been greatly reduced.

The Rev. Dr. Lunn, who has so successfully organized the Grindelwald Reunion Conferences, has arranged a series of excursions to Egypt, Palestine, Turkey and Greece. These excursions furnish first-class accommodation at lower rates than we think have ever been given before for such a comprehensive tour.

Dr. Lunn is able to do this by chartering the *St. Sunneva* on the Mediterranean for the entire season and running a series of excursions from October to May. The *St. Sunneva* is a fine, new steamer, with accommodation for 132 cabin passengers. It has recently been chartered by Lord Rothschild for a tour of the Mediterranean.

The tourists will go from London to Marseilles and there take ship. The steamer calls at Naples and Malta, giving an opportunity to visit both of these places, also to make the excursion to Pompeii. The steamer remains six days at Alexandria to give time for an excursion to Cairo and the pyramids and then goes to Jaffa. Thence the tourists proceed to Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem and Hebron. The *St. Sunneva* proceeds to Smyrna, Constantinople and Athens, giving time to visit the historic sites of these famous cities, and returns to Marseilles.

The cost for this trip as arranged by Dr. Lunn is thirty-five guineas for six weeks' excursion from London back to London—about $180. From Toronto to London and back, by either Canadian steamship line, first-class travel can be given for $140. About $60 in addition to these amounts should cover all necessary expenses. Of the several winter excursions our personal experience leads us to recommend that leaving London on February 21st. There are a few places still vacant in an excursion leaving London December 20th. This is five days shorter and costs only thirty guineas. An excursion also leaves London on March 30th; this is also thirty guineas, but we recommend the one giving longer time. Dr. Farrar, Dr. Cunningham Geikie, Dr. Lunn, Sir John Leng and many others are already booked for these excellent excursions.

We had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Lunn at the Grindelwald Conference, and were greatly impressed with the masterly manner in which he arranged for these great representative gatherings of the leaders of social reform and religious movements. Dr. Lunn has sent to our office for distribution a number of his Palestine tour pamphlets which we will be happy to send to anyone wishing a copy.—W. H. Withrow.

Book Notices.

The Christ of To-Day. By GEORGE A. GORDON, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Gilt top. Price, $1.50.

We had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages some months ago Dr. Gordon's "Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy and Life"—one of the best books we have ever read. We find in this volume the same elevation of thought, the same depth of insight, the same clear-cut form of expression. His book might well have been called "The Larger Christ." It shows how "the thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns." Astronomy is no longer geocentric, as before the days of Copernicus, but heleocentric; and theology to-day is Christocentric as it never was before.

The enlarged conceptions of the universe of matter and the universe of mind of the present day demand a larger Christ than that which the new Christians, emerging from the limitations of Judaism, were able to conceive. In the Divine Man, whose teachings were not for an age but for all time, the loftiest aspirations of the soul find ample fulfilment.

"Mankind," says our author, "have been brought out into a large place, and the daily vision is of broad rivers and streams. But unless Christ shall be installed over this new world, it will simply be a larger and more splendid corpse than the old. Over the total worlds of space, and time, and present humanity, and the spirit, He must be recognized as supreme; and these kingdoms, with all their glory, if that glory is not to fade into a dream and the highest hope of mankind is not to be blasted, must become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ."

In a chapter on "Christ in the Faith of To-Day," our author discusses the gains manward and Godward in current thought of Christ, the interpretation of the final meaning of nature and certain defects in current thought on this august subject. He points out the significance of a supreme Christology in relation to the higher criticism, in reference to theological theory, in its bearing upon the social problem and as a force against materialism; and he eloquently argues that the fortune of humanity is bound up with the deity of Christ.

The final chapter is on the "Place of Christ in the Pulpit of To-Day." He shows the relation of the preacher's message to the multitudes under moral defeat. He expounds the lofty theme that Christ is the source of our Christian civilization, the Supreme Person in time, and therefore the Mediator of the Supreme Person beyond time. Whether one will agree with all the arguments and conclusions of this book or not, it will be found wonderfully fresh, stimulating and inspiring.

Digest of the Doctrinal Standards of the Methodist Church. By the REV. PRINCIPAL SHAW, D.D., LL.D., Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75c. net.

This admirable book will be found of great service, not only for theological students, for whom it is principally prepared, but for all thoughtful readers, especially for the young people in our Epworth Leagues. It gives an exceedingly able digest of the doctrines of Methodism, and quotes from Wesley's Notes and Sermons the illustrative and corroborative passages. In an early number of this magazine we will print, by permission of the author, the chapter on "Last Things," which is a concise and judicious treatment of a most important subject. The closing chapter on the "Principal Creeds of Christendom" shows the substantial harmony, with minor differences, of these historic symbols of the Christian faith. We congratulate the learned Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College upon the important service which he has rendered to our Church.

The Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch. By REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have had more than sufficient recently of books attacking the Mosaic age and authorship of the Pentateuch. In this field the higher critics have found a happy hunting-ground for their often mutually destructive theories. Hence, the timeliness of this apposite rejoinder from a conservative and orthodox point of view. Mr. Spiers is well equipped for the task he has undertaken. It is gratifying to find that the testimony of the monuments, the cuneiform clay tablets of Babylon, the ancient monuments of Egypt,

the recently recovered vestiges of the Hittites and of other ancient peoples, the traditions of the creation and deluge, and the revelations of science, instead of destroying the authority of this oldest book in the world strikingly corroborate and confirm it. In a series of well-written chapters Mr. Spiers adduces this evidence and frankly meets many of the difficulties cited by neo-criticism, and presents a lucid and cogent argument in favour of the hitherto prevalent acceptance of the Mosaic age and authorship of the Pentateuch.

Cornish Stories. By MARK GUY PEARSE. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 70c.

Mark Guy Pearse has made the duchy of Cornwall peculiarly his own. He is to the manner born, and loves Cornwall and its people with a love that has "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength." His immortal story of "Dan'el Quorm and his Religious Notions" has never been surpassed for picturesque description and keen spiritual insight. In this volume Mr. Pearse has collected a number of short stories illustrating Methodist life and character in the land of Tre, Pol and Pen. These are as good in their way as anything in Dickens or Barrie, and have the infinite advantage of being instinct with the highest religious teachings. A fine vein of old-fashioned humour runs through these stories that enhances their enjoyment. The quaint characters Mr. Tresidder catches to the very life in his clever illustrations. The fact that this is the eighteenth thousand of this book is demonstration of its popularity and merit.

The Christless Nations. By BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, D.D. A Series of Addresses on Christless Nations and Kindred Subjects Delivered at Syracuse University on the Graves Foundation, 1895. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

James Thoburn and William Taylor have the honoured distinction of being the two missionary bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Each of them has been wonderfully successful in mission work, and each is an enthusiastic apostle of the evangel of missions. In this volume Dr. Thoburn gives the result of his wide experience and observation, and treats among other subjects "Missionary Possibilities," "Missionary Polity," "Women in the Mission Field," "New Testament Missions," and kindred topics. The book is specially adapted for mission bands and circles and is calculated to inspire enthusiasm in this noble cause.

Whittier Year Book. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Call no man happy till he is dead, says the Greek adage. In a modified form this may be applied to the poets, those sages and seers of mankind. Only after they have passed away is the full scope of their influence realized, do they take their places in the great Valhalla of the gods. Then do those dead and buried sovereigns "still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns." Whittier, beloved by thousands during his life, is now throned among the immortals. His literary canonization may be marked by the preparation of this beautiful Year Book from his writings. For every day of the calender a notable poem is printed. To this treatment Whittier is the more adapted from his reflex of nature in her various seasons and many moods. The selection has been made with taste and will be welcomed by every lover of the good Quaker bard.

The Lord's Supper, Aids to its Intelligent and Devout Observance. By W. T. DAVIDSON, M.A., D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

In this little book Dr. Davidson combines a sketch of the history and meaning of the Lord's Supper, with devotional guidance towards its reverent observance. He describes its institution, our Lord's teaching concerning spiritual food, traces the institution in the early Church, points out the end and purpose of the service, and inculcates the truth of its privileges and obligation. It is a very neat, red-edged, red-lined volume.

LIGHTEN mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I;
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry:
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night!"

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save us from them all.

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PHARAOH'S TREASURE, PETRA.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1895.

PETRA, THE ROCK CITY OF EDOM.*

PETRA, THE ROCK CITY—JEREMIAH XLIX. 16-18.

AMONG the most striking confirmations of the Scriptures are those derived from the testimony of ancient cities and civilizations long forgotten by mankind. The explorer has often been the best commentator, and the spade his best critical instrument. The discoveries of Layard and Rawlinson, amid the ruins of ancient Babylon and Nineveh; of Belzoni and Petrie, among the tombs of Egypt; of Conder, and Wilson, and Warren, amid the *tels* and mounds of Palestine, have brought strongest corroboration of some of the most questioned statements of the Bible. The clay tablets of Assyria, with their traditions of the creation and the deluge, the Rosetta stone and the Moab inscription, the Babylonian slabs on the walls of the British Museum, and the incised inscriptions on the pylons of the great temple of Karnak, are illustrations of the minute fulfilment of prophecy, all the more striking because it is impossible that they could have been feigned or forged. But none of these ancient tablets are more remarkable than the rediscovery and exploration, after it had been forgotten for a thousand years, of the rock city

* Compiled by the Editor from various authorities.

of Petra, the ancient stronghold of Edom.

The architectural remains and natural beauties of Petra serve to make the solitude and desolation that prevail deeply and almost overpoweringly impressive, and show with what minute accuracy the words of the prophet have been fulfilled—Isaiah xxxiv. 11: "But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness." Being deserted of man, the place now affords a residence only for beasts and birds. Yet for centuries, this, which may be well denominated one of the wonders of the world, remained hidden and unknown; for it was not earlier than 1811, when Burkhardt discovered its forgotten site, and drew the attention of the civilized world to its mournful spectacle of prostrate grandeur and utter desolation.

Petra lay at the foot of Mount Hor, in the Wady Mousa, two days' journey south of the Dead Sea, and the same distance north of the Red Sea. The principal entrance to the city is through a long, narrow defile in the mountains, in which, for nearly two hours, the path winds among wild and picturesque masses of gray and red granite, greenstone and yellow sandstone. The ruined city lies in a narrow valley, surrounded by lofty and precipitous mountains, and ap-

GATEWAY OF SIK—ENTRANCE TO PETRA.

AMPHITHEATRE AT PETRA.

to have covered more than a
n length, nearly from north to
by a variable breadth of about
a mile. The rocky walls rise
t perpendicularly to the height
or seven hundred feet.
e chief public edifices occupied
anks of the river, on the south
f which an edifice is still stand-
called "Pharaoh's Treasure,"
i seems to have been a palace.
excavations in the solid rock,
ver, are by far the most deserv-
notice. Whether formed for
es, tombs, or the dwellings of
men, they surprise the visitor
eir incredible number and ex-
They are seen in precipitous
along the approaches to the
If instead of following the
ities of the mountain and its
rous gorges, they were ranged in regular order, like the houses of a well-built city, they would form a street not less than five or six miles in length. They are often seen rising one above another in the face of the cliff; convenient steps, now much worn, lead in all directions through the fissures, and along the sides of the mountains, to the various tombs that occupy these lofty positions. Some of them are not less than from two to three or four hundred feet above the level of the valley.

Besides the unadorned habitations of the humble dead, there is a vast number of excavations enriched with various architectural designs. To these unique and sumptuous monuments of the most ancient races of men, Petra is indebted for its great and peculiar attractions. The front of the mountain is wrought into

façades of splendid temples, rivalling in their aspect and symmetry the most celebrated monuments of Grecian art. Columns of various orders, graceful pediments, broad, rich entablatures, and sometimes statuary, all hewn out of the solid rock, and still making part of the native mass, transform the base of the mountain into a vast, splendid pile of architecture; while the overhanging cliffs, towering above in shapes rugged and wild, produce the most striking and curious of contrasts.

But nothing contributes so much to the almost magical effect of some of these monuments, as the rich and various colours of the rock in which they are formed. The mountains that encompass the vale of Petra are of sandstone, of which red is the predominating hue. But many of them are adorned with a profusion of the most lovely and brilliant colours. Red, purple, yellow, azure, or sky-blue, black, and white, are seen in the same mass, distinctly in successive layers, or blended so as to form every shade and hue—as brilliant and as soft as they ever appear in flowers, in the plumage of birds, or in the sky when illuminated by the most glorious sunset.

The Khuzneh, or "Pharaoh's Treasure," struck Robinson with amazement and delight: "All at once the beautiful façade of the Khuzneh in the western precipice burst upon our view in all the delicacy of its first chiselling, and in all the freshness of beauty of its soft colouring. Nothing I had seen of architectural effect in Rome or Thebes, or even Athens, comes up to it in the first impression. Its wonderful state of preservation, the glow and tint of the stone, and the wild scenery around, all are unique, and combine to take complete possession of the mind. There it stands, as it has stood for ages, in beauty and loneliness; the generations which admired and rejoiced over it of old have passed away; the wild Arab, as he wanders by, regards it with stupid indifference or scorn; and none are left, but strangers from distant lands, to do it reverence. Its rich roseate tints, as I bade it farewell, were gilded by the mellow beams of the morning sun; and I turned away from it at length with an impression which will be effaced only by death."

The name Khuzneh is given because the Arabs think the place contains the treasure which they ascribe to Pharaoh, and which they suppose to be held in the urn crowning the summit of its ornamental front, a hundred feet above the ground. Their only interest in all these monuments is to search for hidden treasures; and, as they find nothing elsewhere, they fancy they are in the urn, which to them is inaccessible. It bears the marks of many musket-balls, which they have fired at it, in the hope of breaking it to pieces, and thus obtaining the imagined wealth.

Robinson thus describes the general impression which he received: "Around us were the desolations of ages—the dwellings and edifices of the ancient city crumbled and strewed in the dust—the mausolea of the dead, in all their pristine beauty and freshness, but long since rifled, and the ashes of their tenants scattered to the winds. Well might there be the stillness of death; for it was the grave itself—a city of the dead by which we were surrounded."

History gives but scanty details of this rock-hewn city which once received the caravans of Arabia, India and Persia, and sent their rich stores on to Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Greece. A city whose king, during the last melancholy tragedies of Jewish independence, marched out at the head of fifty thousand men, entered Jerusalem, and besieged the temple until commanded by Rome to desist—its site was lost to civilization for nearly a thousand years.

Under the name of Bozrah it is mentioned in the Old Testament—Isa. xxxiv. 6; lxiii. 1. Jer. xlix. 13, 22. Amos i. 12. It was very ancient; for it is referred to in Gen. xxxvi. 33, as the native city of one of the princes of Edom, who lived "before there reigned any king over the children of Israel." It is spoken of in terms which seem to indicate that it was the capital of Edom or Idumæa. We, are, then, inclined to identify Bozrah with Petra.

Josephus mentions Petra as the capital of Arabia Petræa. In the reign of Trajan, it came under the sway of the Romans. His successor, Adrian, appears to have granted privileges to Petra, which led the inhabitants to give his name to the city upon coins. In the sixth century, Petra was the Metropolitan See of what was termed the third Palestine. From that time Petra suddenly vanished from the pages of history till rediscovered in our own times.

These remarkable ruins of Petra are continually guarded by a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, who live in the village of Eljy, about two miles north-east. They keep careful watch, because they believe that it is the object of every white traveller who visits Petra to discover and carry away the riches of antiquity there hidden. Many a would-be visitor has been driven back from the very gates, robbed and insulted, without so much as a bird's-eye view of Petra to compensate him for ten days of hard desert travel.

The sides of the mountains are cut to smooth perpendicular faces, which are occupied by unbroken ranges of temples and of homes for the living and the dead. The interiors behind the ornate fronts are but caves squared by the old stone-cutter, and are lighted only by their doors. While the bases and beetling sides of the mountains are fashioned into architectural forms that are as enduring as the eternal hills from which they are hewn, the picturesque summits above display nature in her wildest and most savage garb.

The following is the graphic account by Mr. E. L. Wilson of his recent visit: We followed a stream

ROCK-TOMB AT PETRA.

a few yards, and descending, as the pass narrowed, the entrance of the frightful chasm, seen afar off at sunrise, was reached at last. What an impregnable gateway! Spanning it is a fine buttressed arch, resting upon rock-cut foundations. Beneath this a little stream gurgles. We followed it through the only entrance—the "front door" of Petra. It is difficult to conceive anything more sublime.

When we had come fairly inside the gorge, we found it at times so narrow that two of us could not walk abreast. Its perpendicular sides

vary in height from four hundred to seven hundred feet, and frequently, without absolutely meeting, they overhang to such a degree that the sky is shut out from the sight for a hundred yards at a stretch.

We scraped away the *débris* to the depth of nearly two feet, and reached the antique pavement. It was found deeply furrowed by the tires of the chariot-wheels which once coursed along this cavernous highway—as deeply cut as some of the lava pavements of resurrected Pompeii.

At every turn we saw evidences of indefatigable effort, and of how lavishly labour was expended by the people who lived in Petra in its days of power. All seemed the work of some giant magician's wand. The defile, indeed, is called Wady Mousa by the Arabs, because they believe that the Patriarch Moses, by one stroke of his staff, caused the mountains to separate and to form this tremendous fissure in order to enable him to pass on to Mount Hor, accompanying Aaron, to help him die and lay him at rest. For nearly two miles we followed this semi-subterranean passage. The pathway now descended; the water grew deeper, the opposing thicket more impassable, the scene more grand. A sudden turn in the gorge was passed; and, as I looked skyward, through the rocky vista, I caught the first glimpse of that remarkable creation, the Khuzneh! Only partly seen at first, beyond the tall, narrow opening, carved in stone of a pale rose colour, were columns, capitals, and cornices, as new-looking as if of yesterday. With what subtle judgment was the site chosen! But when and by whom, no one knows—mysterious history conceals.

Scarcely had I chosen for myself a comfortable seat among the rocks, when I heard a great crashing noise in the gorge beyond, as though an earthquake had sent great masses of stone down to prevent our exit. The sound came nearer and nearer, booming and bounding through the gorge. The Bedouins were upon us!

I scrambled down to the mouth of the gorge, arriving just in time to see rush furiously towards me six mounted Arabs of wily mien, with long-reaching lances on their shoulders. I stood to await their arrival. They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them, and now they halted. I cried out "Sahib," and offered my hand. To my surprise it was taken good-naturedly by all of the party, and a declaration of friendliness passed between us. We were in their city, and now they were bound to protect us (and rob us!) they declared. We were led triumphantly into Petra by the very men who would have prevented our entrance amid exactions and bluster, had they caught us.

Then another scheme had to be perfected. As a rule, when travellers get into Petra at all, they are hurried out again as rapidly as possible, seldom remaining a full day. I wanted to stay long enough to get at least a tolerable photographic record of the ruins. I objected to take my departure. The chief then attempted to levy on my purse. I discussed the subject with him, agreed to some of his propositions, paid on account, and asked until next day to consider the rest. Thus I prolonged my visit. But for four days only. I began to realize then that if we remained there any longer we should be literally cleaned out, and perhaps killed by the Bedouins.

News spreads like wild-fire in modern Edom; and before we first saw the sunset beyond Mount Hor, some sixty of Esau's descendants had followed us and had opened offices in these excavations. Never was so savage a haunt for banditti conceived by Salvator Rosa. The trouble then began. Each individual Arab claimed the privilege of showing the city to the stranger. From their bluster I made up my

mind that we were soon to be cut into pieces in order that the work might be done more expeditiously. A viler band of robbers never existed. I had fallen voluntarily into their hands, and it behooved me now to make the best bargain I could to get away. But no bargain agreed upon was adhered to for an hour at a time. Some item was always "forgotten." The only compensation I had was that these discussions secured me more time in the town.

RUINS OF BOZRAH BEYOND THE JORDAN.

Between arguments I snatched the coveted views with my three cameras.

The time soon came to contrive our departure from Sheikh Salim's dominions. We were surprised,

upon arriving at the appointed place, to see some sixty or seventy Bedouins, mostly mounted, and armed with lances, guns, and an assortment of knives and blunderbusses, awaiting our arrival. When they saw us coming a significant hoot was given, and we felt that trouble was brewing. Our dragoman called out to us: "Don't be afraid, gentlemen, but mount your camels and proceed with your journey. It was the custom," he said, "for these people to attend the departing stranger half a day's journey out of their city."

RUINS OF BOZRAH.

Immediately we mounted our camels, they were seized by the brigands, and made to kneel. We were surrounded by the lancers, Sheikh Salim among them. The hooting became louder, and had an element of dissatisfaction and contempt about it which was not calculated to allay our anxiety.

"Keep cool, gentlemen," said the brave Hedayah, who thereupon fell into the most violent of Arabic demonstrations. The gauntlet had been thrown, the fight began. An Arab who had carried my camera, drawing his sword, made a thrust at our good dragoman. It fell short of its mark, but cut an ugly slit in his legging without wounding him. Hedayah leaped from his camel, and with uplifted sword attacked the Arab. The melee became general, the noise infernal, and we prepared ourselves for the worst.

While sundry battles of words were going on, each man with sword drawn, I settled with the chief for various "things which had been forgotten," including $15 for a "change of raiment," beside $30 previously paid for permission to photograph the rascals. Claim after claim was adjusted as we slowly proceeded, until, after an hour of horror, I held my empty purse bottom up in the air and declared that they now had all. Thereupon the greater number dropped behind, only a few remaining to bluster at Hedayah. They, too, departed at last, after satisfying themselves that there was no more money to be gotten from us.

Dr. Rigaway who visited Petra in 1875, thus records his impressions: What a comment on human greatness! The stronghold of Esau; Edom, the much-coveted prize of King David, the entrepot of Solomon's gold of Ophir, the gateway through which rolled Oriental commerce for ages, the munition of rocks in which heroism grew, and whence it sallied out to dictate law to semi-barbarous hordes, the city of palaces and temples, whose inhabitants dwelt in luxury while they lived, and at death made their burial with the great, had so perished out of man's knowledge that its very existence had been forgotten until discovered and made known by Burkhardt in 1811. And now of all its monuments those which alone remain, with possibly a few exceptions, to tell the fate of the past, are records

of death. Tombs everywhere, and in the midst a theatre. "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?"

But all this—this ruined greatness, this sunken, brutalized humanity—what is it save the fulfilment of God's Word?

As I rode away, and from the last height of the south looked back upon the scene which lay beneath and around me, that language of Scripture was on my lips: "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished." Jer. xlix. 16.

John Greenleaf Whittier's fine poem brings vividly before us the memories of Petra and the neighbouring Mount Hor, the tomb of Aaron:

Dead Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
  Her stones of emptiness remain;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
  The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
  The bow of vengeance turns not back;
Of all her myriads none are left
  Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
  Her arches spring, her statues climb;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
  No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
  Of power and glory undertrod,—
Of nations scattered like the chaff
  Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
  From Petra's gates, with deeper awe
To mark afar the burial urn
  Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard
  Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,—
Looks from its turrets desertward,
  And keeps the watch that God has set,

The same as when in thunders loud
  It heard the voice of God to man,—
As when it saw in fire and cloud
  The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
  It saw the long procession file,

And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
  The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
  Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
  And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
  How grew its shadowing pile at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
  Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
  From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
  And Christ the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
  Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock, as they,—
  We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,
  To lead us o'er the desert sand!
God give our hearts their long desire,
  His shadow in a weary land!

There is another Bosrah or Bostra in the Hauran or region beyond Jordan, the ruins of which still tower grandly above the plain. It was once a stronghold of the Moabites, and under the Emperor Trajan was made the chief city of the Arabian province. It owed its importance, like many a modern railway junction, to being the meeting-place of several roads. It was on the great highway from Damascus to the Persian Gulf. It thus became a great emporium of trade. Successive emperors strengthened it as a military position, and when Christianity became the religion of the Empire it was made the seat of a bishopric. Mohammed himself, as a youth, travelled to its markets, and it was here that he met the monk Sergius, who had so much influence on his career. It was captured by the Mohammedan General Kalid, after a brilliant siege, and became one of the most important Moslem fortresses. The Crusaders vainly endeavoured to take it in the twelfth century, but in subsequent ages it fell into decay and melancholy ruins, although with imposing remains of its former splendour.

BRITAIN'S KEYS OF EMPIRE.

I.—GIBRALTAR.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mi·lday beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—*Milton's "Areopagitica."*

AT TARIFA.

GOD has in a marvellous manner placed the keys of empire in the keeping of Great Britain. She guards the gates of the most important strategic positions throughout the world—Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, Trincomalee, Singapore, Hong Kong, Thursday Island, Sydney, Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand, King George's Sound, Mauritius, the Cape, St. Helena, Falkland Islands, St. Lucia, Jamaica, the Bermudas, Halifax, Quebec, Vancouver. She possesses great coal supplies on the shores of all the seas. She controls one-sixth of the area of the habitable globe, and rules the destiny of one-fourth of its inhabitants. Her consuls are in every port, her flag is carried on all the seas. About three-fourths of the shipping of the world is under her protection and is also freighted with the wealth of her great empire.

Despite the abatement which must be made for unprincipled tradesmen, who send rum and ruin to the heart of Africa, she is a power that makes for righteousness in every land. Her missionaries go everywhere proclaiming liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. She is the refuge for the oppressed from every clime. No slave can breathe her air. "No sooner does he touch her soil than he is emancipated by the irresistible genius of British liberty."

She is destined, we believe, to be the great world-power which shall stand for law, for order, and for liberty in every zone.* The union of the mother country and her forty daughter colonies, and the alliance of all English-speaking lands will be, we trust, a guarantee of perpetual

* A distinguished American, the Rev. Dr. Ellinwood, of New York, at the Missionary Conference in London, 1888, said: "Wherever the English have once raised their flag, they have come to stay. They have brought good laws and good roads, and vigorous enterprises. They have brought the Bible, and the church, and school, and medical

LANDING AT GIBRALTAR.

and universal peace—a hastening of the day

"When the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

We propose giving a series of illustrated papers on this Greater Britain which we hope will give a wider outlook at the noble empire of which we form a part, which will foster patriotic pride, and inspire every reader to a more faithful discharge of civic and religious duties.

"Civis Romanus sum" was the proud boast of the Roman citizen. It is a prouder boast to be a citizen of the British Empire—an empire which "holds the gorgeous East in fee" where the foot of an Alexander has faltered, which covers continental areas unknown to the Cæsars.

science, and the press, and the electric wire. I do not condone the sins which you, in common with ourselves, have committed, and are committing, against feebler races—nevertheless I bless God for the ubiquity of the Briton. He is the true colonist. It is his instinct, on the whole, to bless, and not to curse. He is among the pluckiest in the grand and glorious work of missions as well as in war."

For this world-wide survey we shall draw from all possible resources, and illustrate with the best available help by pen and pencil. We shall go round the world with the Union Jack and trace its victories by land and sea—and, most of all, the moral conquests of which the brave old flag is the symbol in every land.

Our first paper will be devoted to the rock fortress of Gibraltar which holds the key of the Mediterranean, the ancient Gates of Gades or Pillars of Hercules. For the graphic description of this "Key of Empire," we are indebted chiefly to the accomplished writer, H. D. Traill; the American editor, Rev. Dr. Henry Field, and to various other standard authorities.

The "Pillars of Hercules!" The portals of the ancient world!

As our gallant vessel steams onward through the rapidly narrowing Straits, the eye falls upon a picturesque irregular cluster of buildings on the Spanish shore, wherefrom juts forth a rocky tongue of land surmounted by a tower. It is the Pharos of Tarifa, and in another half-hour we are close enough to distinguish the exact outlines of the ancient and famous city named after Tarif Ibn Malek, the first Berber Sheikh who landed in Spain, and itself, it is said—though some etymologists look askance at the derivation—the name-mother of a word which is little less terrible to the modern trader than was this pirates' nest to his predecessor of old times. The arms of Tarifa are a castle on waves, with a key at the window, and the device is not unaptly symbolical of her mediæval history, when her possessors played janitors of the Strait, and merrily levied blackmail—the irregular *tariff* of those days—upon any vessel which desired to pass.

There "dawns Gibraltar grand and gay." It dawns upon us in all its Titanic majesty of outline; grand, of course, with the grandeur of nature, and yet with a certain strange air of human menace as of some piece of Atlantean ordnance planted and pointed by the hand of man. This "armamental" appearance of the rock—a look visible, or at any rate imaginable in it, long before we have approached it closely enough to discern its actual fortifications, still less its artillery—is much enhanced by the dead flatness of the land from which its western wall arises sheer, and with which by consequence it seems to have no closer physical connection than has a gun-carriage with the parade ground on which it stands.

As we draw nearer this effect increases in intensity. The surrounding country seems to sink and recede around it, and the rock appears to tower ever higher and higher, and to survey the strait and the two continents divided by it with a more and more formidable frown.

As we approach the port, however, this impression gives place to another, and the rock, losing somewhat of its "natural-fortress" air, begins to assume that resemblance to a couchant lion which has been so often noticed in it. His head is distinctly turned towards Spain, and what is more, he has a foot stretched out towards the mainland, as though in token of his mighty grasp upon the soil.

At last, however, we are in the harbour, and are about to land. To land! How little does that phrase convey to the inexperienced in sea travel, or to those whose voyages have begun and ended in stepping from a landing-stage on to a gangway, and from a gangway on to a deck, and *vice versa?* And how much does it mean for him to whom it comes fraught with recollections of steep descents, of heaving seas, of tossing cock-boats, perhaps of dripping garments, certainly of swindling boatmen?

Perhaps, however, no Englishman ought to grudge a high payment

for the pleasure of landing at Gibraltar—a pleasure only to be tasted in its full savour by those who have been spending some weeks in Spain. The sensation of finding yourself suddenly put ashore on a strip of England—of downright, characteristic, unmistakable England—is curious to the last degree.

The town is very populous for its size, and numbers some 18,000 inhabitants, in addition to its garrison of from 5,000 to 6,000 men. There is an indefinable air of military order, of rigid discipline, of authority whose word is law, pervading everything. As the day wears on towards the evening this aspect of things becomes more and more unmistakable; and in the neighbourhood of the gates, towards the hour of gun-fire, you may see residents hastening in, and non-residents quickening the steps of their departure, lest the boom of the fatal cannon-clock should confine or exclude them for the night. Undoubtedly you experience something of the sensations of men who are living in a state of siege, or of those knights of Branksome who ate and drank in armour, and lay down to rest with corselet laced, and with the buckler for a pillow.

Some of the notable regiments of the garrison have left the bones of their dead in every quarter of the globe. Was there ever a Roman legion that could show a longer record of war and of glory?

Dr. Field speaks with enthusiasm of the "brave-hearted Englishwomen who 'follow the drum' to the ends of the earth. I have sometimes thought that their husbands and brothers owed part of their indomitable resolution to the inspiration of wives and sisters."

In the Alameda a visitor may spend many a pleasant hour, and if the peace and beauty of a hill-side garden, with the charms of sub-tropical vegetation in abundance near at hand, and noble views of coast and sea in the distance, allure him, he assuredly will. Gibraltar is immensely proud of its promenade, and it has good reason to be so.

STREET IN GIBRALTAR.

We behold a great world-fortress, reared almost impregnably by the hand of Nature, and raised into absolute impregnability by the art of man; a spot made memorable from the very dawn of the modern period by the rivalries of nations, and famous for all time by one of the most heroic exploits recorded in the annals of the human race. The name of Gibraltar stands before and beyond everything for the rock of the Great Siege.

The Moorish castle is the first object to catch the eye of the newcomer as he steps ashore at the mole, and looks up at the houses that clamber up the western slope of the rock. The castle is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, the Arabic legend over the south gate recording it to have been built in 725 by Abu-Abul-Hajez.

If Gibraltar were merely a rock in the ocean its solitary grandeur would induce many a sight-seer to inspect its rugged sides. But as it is at the same time the strongest fortress in the world, the interest of the greater number of visitors is to see its defences. The natural strength of the position has been multiplied by all the resources of modern warfare, in the admiration of which one is led for a moment to forget the "greatness thrust upon it by nature," but only for a moment. To stand on the top of the rock, which is 1,400 feet high, and look down the cliff where the waves are dashing at its feet, fills a person with an awe that is indescribable, and one is loath to resume his tour of inspection.

The rock is nearly three miles long and from one-half to three-quarters of a mile broad. The Line Wall is a tremendous mass of masonry two miles long, relieved here and there by projecting bastions, with guns turned right and left so as to sweep the face of the wall.

Within the Line Wall, immediately fronting the bay, are the casemates and barracks for the artillery that are to serve the guns. The casemates are designed to be absolutely bomb-proof. The walls are so thick as to resist the impact of shot weighing hundreds of pounds. The enormous arches overhead are made to withstand the weight and the explosion of the heaviest shells. This Line Wall is armed with guns of the largest calibre. Some are mounted on the parapet above, but the greater part are in the casemates below so as to be near the level of the sea and thus strike ships in the most vital parts.

Of course everyone is anxious to see the two big guns, each of which weigh one hundred tons. But they are guarded with great care from the too close inspection of strangers. They are so enormous that it is impossible to describe them so as to convey an idea of their immense proportions. The shot has to be lifted to the mouth of these guns by machinery, and a man could easily crawl into the bore. One of these big guns is mounted within speaking distance of the house of the major-general. In answer to an inquiry as to what they did at the time of firing, one of the ladies laughingly replied: "Oh, we don't mind it; we take down the mirrors, lay away the china and glass, throw open the windows and let the explosion come." This gun throws a ball weighing two thousand pounds over eight miles.

But these are not all the defences. There are batteries in the rear of the town as well as in the front. These can be fired over the tops of the houses, so that if an enemy were to effect a landing he would have to fight his way at every step. As you climb the rock it fairly bristles with guns. You cannot turn to the right or the left without seeing them; they are over your head and under you, and pointing directly at you.

The galleries, which are tunnelled

in tiers along the north front of the rock, are in two rows and from two to three miles in extent. At one extremity they widen out into the spacious crypt known as the Hall of St. George, in which Nelson was feasted. No arches support these galleries; they are simply hewn from the solid rock, and pierced every dozen yards or so by port-holes, through each of which the black muzzle of a gun looks forth upon the Spanish mainland. The simultaneous discharge of these cannons is terrific, as the concussion against the walls of rock is much greater than if they were fired in the open air. It is not often that this noise is heard, however. But there is one day in the year when the British lion roars good and loud, and that is the Queen's birthday.

The rock gun from its exalted position on the highest point of the rock, 1,400 feet in the air, gives the signal, which is immediately caught up by the galleries below, one after the other. The batteries along the sea answer to those from the mountain-side, and the mighty reverberations sweep around the bay, across the Mediterranean, and far along the African shores. The noise is simply indescribable.

After having duly inspected the galleries, the visitor will ascend to the signal tower, known in Spanish days as El Hacho, or the torch, the spot at which beacon fires were wont on occasion to be kindled. It is not quite the highest point of the rock, but the view from it is one of the most imposing in the world. To the north lie the mountains of Ronda, and to the far east the Sierra of the Snows that looks down on Granada gleams pale and spectral on the horizon. Far beneath you lie town and bay, the batteries with their tiny ordnance, and the harbour with its plaything ships; while farther onward, in the same line of vision, the African "Pillar of Hercules," Ceuta, looks down upon the sunlit waters of the strait.

The object of the fortress of Gibraltar is to command the passage into the Mediterranean. The arms of Gibraltar are a castle and a key, to signify that it holds the key of the straits, and that no ship flying any other flag than that of England can enter or depart except by her permission.

OLD MOORISH CASTLE, GIBRALTAR.

The story of the four years' siege of the grim old rock by the combined Spanish and French forces is one that makes the pulses throb.

The besieged were at times put to the direst straits—half-starved, subsisting in part on grass and nettles and stormed at with shot and shell. Gallant "old Elliott" and his brave heroes still held out—the commander sharing the privations of the humblest soldier.

In the third year of that desperate leaguer—it was in 1781—the Spaniards, having tried in vain, since June, 1779, to starve out the garrison, resorted to the idea of bombarding the town into surrender, and threw up across the neutral ground the great earthworks, of which only ruins remain. They had reason, indeed, to resort to extraordinary efforts. Twice within these twenty-four months had they reduced the town to the most dreadful straits of hunger, and twice had it been relieved by English fleets.

GATE OF CEUTA.

In January, 1780, when Rodney appeared in the straits with his priceless freight of food, the hindquarter of an Algerian sheep was selling for seven pounds ten, and an English milch cow for fifty guineas. In the spring of 1781, when Admiral Darby relieved them for the second time, the price of the "bad ship's biscuits full of vermin"—says Captain John Drinkwater of the Seventy-second, an actor in the scenes which he has recorded—"was a shilling a pound; old, dried peas, a shilling and fourpence; salt, half dirt, the sweepings of ships' bottoms and store-houses, eightpence; and English farthing candles, sixpence apiece. A lean turkey was sold for £3, and fuel was so scarce that the soldiers cooked their rations with cinnamon found in store.

These terrible privations having failed to break the indomitable spirit of the besieged, a terrific bombardment had, before the construction of the line, been resorted to. Enormous batteries, mounting 170 guns and eighty mortars, had been planted along the shore, and had played upon the town, without interruption, for six weeks.

When the supreme effort was made for the capture of the Rock, the Spanish grandees came by hundreds to witness the event. But the capture did not come off; the gallant little garrison, attacked by a vast land and sea force and by ten times the number of guns still "held the fort."

The following interesting episode of the siege is narrated by Miss

M. A. Stansbury, a clever American poetess:

This is the tale they tell
Of the brave sentinel,
When fleets of France and Spain
Thundered and flashed in vain
On the troop at Gibraltar,
Which, starving, would not falter!

Forth from his moonlit tent,
As the commander went—
Elliott, dauntless man!—
With his own eyes to scan
Rampart and parapet,
Grim with guns seaward set,
He passed a lonely guard,
Standing in silent ward,
Who, with unlowered lance,
Let the great chief advance.
Short turning in his path,
He cried, in sudden wrath:

"Churl, does such carriage suit
Thy rank and mine? Salute!"

"Not of my will I fail,"
Answered the soldier pale
Under his helmet's shine;
"With this right arm of mine
I stopped a Spanish ball!
Pardon, my General!"

"Wounded, man, did you say?
Why, then, this rash delay?
Quick to the hospital!"
"Pardon, my General!"
Once more the accents clear
Smote on the questioner's ear:
"For honour of his land
Still must the sentry stand,
Tho' life and limb the cost,
I may not leave my post!"

Glowed cheeks of Elliott
With noble passion hot;
Forward he strode a pace,
Gazed in the bearded face.
"Now, by my sword," he said,
"Foe we have none to dread!
Wet with such faithful blood,
From the bare rock must bud
Laurels of victory!
Comrade, salute I thee!
Give me thy musket true,—
I take thy watch! Adieu!"

"My General, but"—
"Nay!
Yours only to obey!"

Marching home, empty-sleeved,
Think you the sentry grieved?
Honour-cross on his breast,—
What cared he for the rest?
Come what might e'er befall,
His own grand general
(This fate could never alter)
Shared his watch at Gibraltar!

Gibraltar is by far the strongest fortress in the world, and is doubtless impregnable. "To me," says Dr. Field, "who am but a layman, as I walk about Gibraltar, it seems that, if all the armies of Europe came against it, they could make no impression against its rock-ribbed sides; that only some convulsion of nature could shake its everlasting foundations. . . Of this I am sure, that whatever can be done by courage and skill will be done by the sons of the Vikings to retain their mastery of the sea."

And now, passing once for all through the storied portal of the Mediterranean, it remains to bestow at least a passing glance upon the other column which guards the entrance. Over against us, as we stand on Europa Point and look seaward, looms, some ten or a dozen miles away, the Punta de Africa, the African Pillar of Hercules, the headland behind which lies Ceuta, the principal Spanish stronghold on the Moorish coast. Of a truth, one's first thought is that the great doorway of the inland sea has monstrously unequal jambs.

Ceuta, like almost every other town or citadel on this battle-ground of Europe and Africa, had played its part in the secular struggle between Christendom and Islam. It was never surrendered, and passing, as has been said, in the seventeenth century from the possession of Portugal into that of Spain, it now forms one of the four or five vantage-points held by Spain on the coast of Africa and in its vicinity. But however earned, its mythical title, with all the halo of poetry and romance that the immortal myths of Hellas have shed around every spot which they have reached, remains to it forever. And here we take our farewell look of the Pillars of Hercules, and borne onwards amid-stream by the rushing current of the straits, we pass from the modern into the ancient world.

FOOT-PRINTS OF LUTHER.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

*ERFURT, THE CAPITAL OF OLD THURINGIA.**

LOOKOUT TOWER IN THURINGIA.

THE history of Erfurt runs back to the days of Charlemagne. Being on one of the grand highways of Germany — that which connected Italy with the Baltic—it early became a scene of traffic and barter, and rose to the distinction of a town incorporated in the famous Hanseatic League. Pirates by sea and robbers by land in unsettled times rendered some combination of interests among mercantile cities, along important lines of communication, essential to their safety and success; and Erfurt, protected and patronized by this primitive bond of commercial union, drove a thriving trade in the silks and the spices, the wools and the wares, which in waggons and on pack-horses passed through its ancient gates. Signs of its importance remain in its extensive and imposing fortifications; its numerous public buildings, seen from a distance, give the traveller an idea of former, if not present, prosperity; and its manufactures of various sorts continue to keep up some little amount of its mediæval reputation.

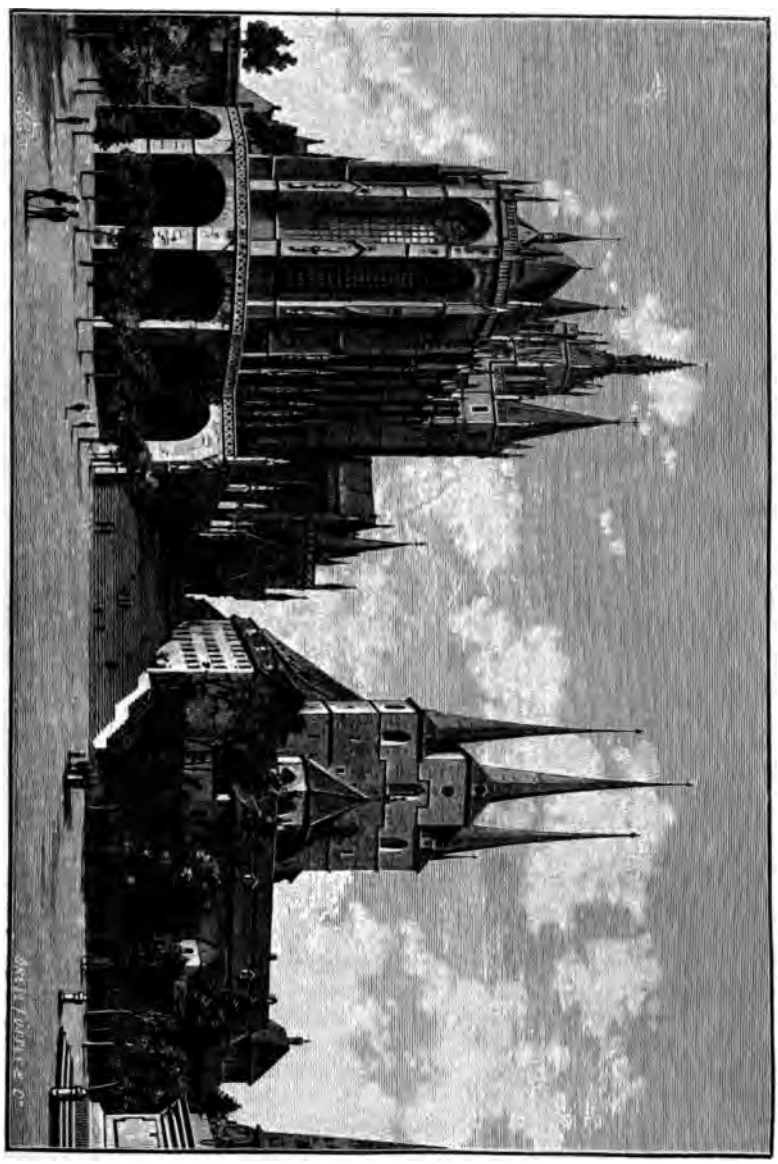
It is many years ago since I first saw this interesting place; and I well remember the impression made by a ramble in its old-fashioned, quaint-looking streets. Erfurt is built on a wide-spread plain, fruitful in hemp, flax, and oil seeds. The river Gera runs through the midst of the city, and the stranger who crosses its little bridges will pause to glean amusement from curious vistas formed by overhanging houses, rickety landing-places, and dirty tan-yards on either side the running stream. The Dom, or cathedral, once belonging to a bishop, a highly ornamental building, combining beauty of detail with slenderness of construction, is the principal architectural lion. Its portals, altars, and painted glass are well worth the archæologist's study; but I have a livelier recollection of the stately church of St. Severus, with its three spires, near by.

It is easy, putting aside whatever of modern architecture one meets with in Erfurt, to push back our thoughts to the sixteenth century, when the now dull town was bustling with wealthy merchants, and crowded with richly laden carts, and packed with temporarily lodged stores, and enlivened by troops of

* Abridged from "Homes and Haunts of Luther." Religious Tract Society, London.

foreigners in varied national costumes. It possessed also another element of social life, now passed away; for Erfurt then contained a university with more than a thousand students, of which Luther said, "It was so celebrated a seat of learning that others were as grammar schools compared with it."

Hither came the miner's son, in the month of July, 1501, to avail himself of the educational advantages which Erfurt offered; and here, from the age of eighteen to the age of twenty-two, the earnest youth might be seen, sometimes with a sword at his side, according to the fashion of the day,—devouring Vir-



CATHEDRAL AND CHURCH OF ST. SEVERUS.

gil and Cicero, digging into Aristotelian logic, engaging in debate with fellow-students, walking about the streets amongst the merchants and waresmen, or strolling out of the city gates into the pleasant neighbourhood of well-wooded hills, meadows, and streams. One spring day, as he took an excursion to the river Holme, through the golden mead, he ran the ungainly fashionable sword into his foot, which brought on consequences of a serious kind. In the prospect of death he commended himself to the Virgin, and used to say afterwards, "Had I then died, I should have died in the faith of the Virgin."

One incident in his Erfurt life stands out beyond the rest, and has been depicted by an eminent artist with singular force and beauty. You see Luther studying the Bible. Up to the age of twenty he had never seen an entire Bible. It must have been in the university library that he first laid hold of one. He was surprised to find in it so much more than he had ever read in the Gospels and Epistles prescribed for church use.

Two years afterwards he became a monk in the Augustinian monastery of the same town. "When I entered into the cloister," he narrates, "I called for a Bible, and the brethren gave me one. It was bound in red morocco. I made myself so familiar with it, that I knew on what page and in what place every passage stood."

Unwarrantable inferences have been drawn from the world-known incident now noticed. Some have concluded that scarcely any bibles were at the time in print, whereas no less than ninety-one editions of the Vulgate are registered between the years 1440 and 1500; even a German translation then existed, and was reprinted several times before the close of the fifteenth century.

Copies of the Bible at that period, when reckoned together, appear numerous; yet after all they would form but a scanty supply for all Germany; and it is not at all inconsistent with what we know of the industry of German printers, to find that a lad, brought up on the edge of the Harz district, and at the foot of the Thuringian hills, should never have met with an entire copy of the Scriptures until he lighted upon one lying on the shelf of a university library.

Much of Luther's early religious history is bound up with the Thu-

THE UNIVERSITY, ERFURT.

ringian capital. In a retired road which runs out of Erfurt to a place called Stotterheim, he was overtaken by a thunderstorm; the lightning struck at his feet and filled him with fear as he proceeded on his journey. Just before, he had lost a friend named Alexis, who, it seems, had been assassinated. Perhaps the electric shock blended its effects with his previous musings. At all events, stunned with terror at what he saw and felt, he uttered a prayer, and made a vow, common in those days,

crying out, "Help, beloved, St. Anne, and I will straightway become a monk!"

He fulfilled his promise. "I forsook," he says, "my parents and kindred, and betook myself, contrary to their will, to the cloister, and put on the cowl." One evening in July, 1505, he invited his university

HAUNTS OF LUTHER, IN AUGUSTINE MONASTERY, ERFURT.

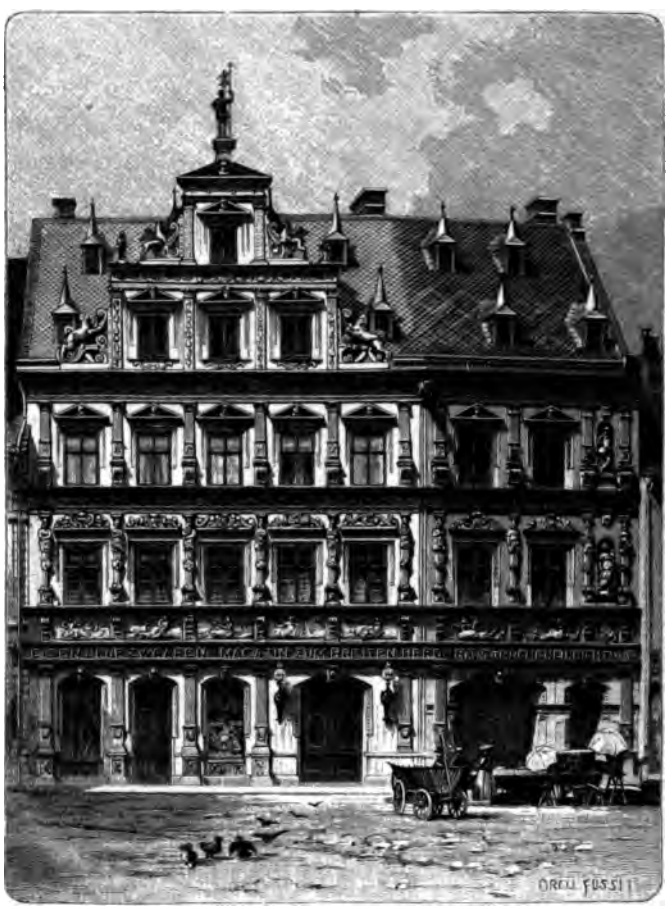
1. LUTHER'S ROOM, IN MONASTERY.
2. ENTRANCE TO MONASTERY.
3. CLOISTERS OF MONASTERY.
4. MONASTERY CHAPEL.

friends to a party in the house where he lived, and startled them at the close of the festivity by the solemn declaration, "To-day you see me: after this you will see me no more." He chose the convent of the Augustinian Eremites, and there spent the three following years of his life.

The convent was dissolved after the Reformation, and became converted into an orphan-house, called Martinsstift, in honour of the most illustrious inmate the building ever held. A fire broke out within the walls some time since, and consumed a considerable portion of the edifice, including a room most attractive to Luther pilgrims. At the time of my first visit the building was in its integrity—a quaint, rambling place, with queer old staircases and long wooden galleries, which blend with reminiscences of certain old London hostelries, such as the Tabard Inn in Southwark.

A dingy little room, after a lapse of years, reappears with a table and

a chair which Luther was said to have used, the Reformer's portrait hanging on the wall, and the Bible he was reported to have studied occupying a place amongst the Protestant relics. Around the cell, now destroyed, and the monastery, of which some parts remain, the history of the Reformer closely clusters, during that period when he was truly converted, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSES, ERFURT.

Here it was that he began his novitiate, listening to the prior's words, "We receive you on probation for one year; and may God, who hath begun a work in you, carry it on unto perfection." After which the brotherhood said Amen, and chanted the "Magne Pater Augustine." Then came the changing a secular dress for the garments of the order, the young man knelt down as antiphonies were sung and the benediction was invoked: "May God, who hath converted this young man from the world, and prepared for him a mansion in heaven, grant that his daily walk may be as becometh his calling, and that he may have cause to be thankful for this day's doings." A fraternal kiss all round in the convent hall finished the ceremony.

Here Luther took this vow in the second year. The bell was rung, the monks assembled, and the prior, standing before the altar steps, addressed him thus: "You have become acquainted with the severe life of our order, and must now decide whether you will return to the world." This was the reply: "I Brother Martin, do make confession, and promise obedience to Almighty

ERFURT—DISTANT VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

God, unto Mary, always a Virgin, and unto thee, my brother, the prior of this cloister, to live in poverty and chastity after the rule of St. Augustine, until death." A burning taper was put into his hand, prayer was offered by the brethren; and the initiated, when brought into the choir of the church, received once more the fraternal kisses. All was done sincerely and honestly by the young Saxon at the end of his noviciate. "When I was a monk," he wrote, "I was outwardly much holier than now. I kept the vow I had taken with the greatest zeal and diligence, by day and by night, and yet I found no rest, for all the consolations which I drew from my own righteousness and works were ineffectual. Doubts all the while cleaved to my conscience, and I thought within myself, Who knoweth whether this is pleasing and acceptable to God or not? Even when I was the most devout, I went as a doubter to the altar, and as a doubter I came away again. If I made my confession, I was still in doubt; if upon that I left off prayer, I was again in doubt; for we were wrapt in the conceit that we could not pray and should not be heard unless we were wholly pure and without sin, like the saints in heaven."

Here it was that Luther performed such menial offices as opening and shutting the convent gates, winding up the clock, sweeping the church, and cleaning the rooms; and out of these precincts he went into the streets of Erfurt, with a sack on his back, begging from house to house.

Here it was that a brother burst into his cell one morning, because Luther had not opened his door at the usual time, and found him in a deep swoon. The music of the monk's flute restored the sufferer to consciousness and peace, as David's harp chased the evil spirit from Saul, the King of Israel.

Here it was that Luther entered upon the office of the priesthood. He relates with horror the utterance of the charge, "Receive power to offer sacrifice for the living and the dead;" he felt it a wonder, he vehemently said, that the earth did not open and swallow up both ordainer and ordained; and even at the time he faltered in the service, and was on the point of rushing from the altar in dismay. The idea of "standing before God without a mediator" struck him with terror, and some one by his side had to prevent his

leaving the place. Yet he soon fell in with the accustomed mode of looking at the ceremony. "I was an unblushing Pharisee; when I had read mass and said my prayers I put my trust and rested therein. I did not behold the sinner that lay underneath that cloak, not trusting in the righteousness of God, but in my own; not giving God thanks for the sacrament, but thinking he must be thankful and well pleased that I offered up His Son to Him; indeed, reproaching and blaspheming Him." So the matter appeared to Luther after he had abandoned popery.

Erfurt is connected with Luther's history after his career as a Reformer had begun. In the year 1520 he left Wittenberg, then his home, to attend the Diet of Worms, and on his way touched at the town where he had been made monk and priest. Approaching the gates he was met by crowds of people shouting with joy, headed by the rector of the University, members of the senate, and distinguished burghers. Merle d'Aubigné imagines the Erfurt deputation turning their horses' heads after the meeting, and the cavalcade, with a concourse of pedestrians, accompanying the Reformer's carriage up to the city wall—the poor monk who had begged for the convent up and down the streets, being now welcomed in the great square with demonstrations of honour befitting the reception of a prince. He was received at the old convent, and there, according to a pathetic tradition, he saw a small wooden cross on the grave of a brother whom he had known, and who had died peacefully in the Lord. "See, my father," he said to Justus Jonas, "he reposes there while I—" and then fixed his gaze on heaven. He returned shortly after to the same spot, and remained there until he was reminded that the monastery bell had tolled the regulation hour for rest.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

LORD, for the lonely heart
I pray apart.
Now, for the son of sorrow
Whom this to-morrow
Rejoiceth not, O Lord,
Hear my weak word.

For lives too bitter to be borne,
For the tempted and the torn,
For the prisoner in the cell,
For the shame lip doth not tell,
For the haggard suicide,
Peace, peace, this Christmastide!

Into the desert, trod
By the long sick, O God;
Into the patient gloom
Of that small room
Where lies the child of pain—
Of all neglected most—be fain
To enter, healing, and remain.

Now, at the fall of day,
I bow and pray
For those who cannot sleep,
A watch I keep.
Oh, let the starving brain
Be fed and fed again;
At Thy behest
The tortured nerve find rest.

I see the vacant chair,
Father of souls, prepare
My poor thought's feeble power
To plead this hour:
For the empty, aching home
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the hand-clasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall
Stirs and struggles as to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the colour to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn
When the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late, large tear will start,
Frozen by the broken heart,
Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear and how to bow.
Oh, the Christmas that is fled!
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort Thou!

A LATTER-DAY PROPHET.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE prophetic office is not confined to any country or to any age. Probably God has nowhere, nor at any time, left Himself without a witness. There were prophets before Moses, and there have been since Malachi. They belonged to the older dispensations, but they have not been excluded from the new. Not only did the apostles and the evangelists, who were their co-labourers, possess the prophetic gift, but it was shared by many others during the apostolic age. And if the race became extinct, it was not till long after the apostles had been gathered to their fathers. These inspired men and women—for the prophetic office was not confined to either sex—are supposed to have been raised up by Divine Providence to meet the exigencies of the Church in the absence of a sufficient number of regularly-trained and competent teachers; and that when this lack was supplied they were withdrawn.

This is the way that the facts of history in this respect have been accounted for. It may be doubted whether the prophetic office had very much to do with teaching in the New Testament acceptation of that term; or that there is anything incompatible in the co-existence of prophets and teachers in the Church of God. It requires something more than teaching to effectually rebuke public and private sins, especially the sins of the Church, to correct great and chronic abuses, to sound an effectual alarm to those who are at ease in Zion, and to move believers to self-denying and heroic efforts to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. This is the prophet's work.

But, it may be asked, Who are the prophets? And what is the nature of their gifts? They are inspired men; but this fact sheds but little light upon the exact nature of their endowments. It is the privilege and duty of every Christian to be inspired. If any of us are not filled with the Spirit we are living beneath our privilege, we are falling short of the divine standard. But the gifts of the Spirit do not always take the same form. The breath of God may rest upon a man, and he be filled with the Spirit, and yet not be a prophet. The prophet is a seer. He is a man of spiritual intuitions and divine convictions. What other men reach through argument, and by way of logical inference, he sees with open vision. Moral and spiritual truths—truths pertaining to the interior life of the soul, and the relations of men to God, to one another, and to a future life—once seen by him are instantly appropriated and become matter of conviction. He commends himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; and though those who hear him may not always accept his message, they will feel in their consciences that it is true, and that God has spoken to them.

As the clarified vision of the prophet enables him to discern spiritual things more clearly than they are seen by other men, so he will be able to see farther into the future than those who do not possess the same degree of spiritual illumination. He understands more clearly the drift and tendency of what is taking place around him, and the goal to which they tend. This is a gift which is shared to some extent by all thoughtful and spiritual-minded men. But the prophet of God, who lives in habitual communion with the Unseen and the Eternal, may be assumed to have a

more unclouded vision of the things that are to come; and, by reason of his greater strength of conviction, to speak of them with greater confidence and power.

But whether all the prophets were supernaturally inspired to foretell future events may well be questioned. And even of those of them who were permitted to draw aside the veil which hides the future, and to give men glimpses of what was to come, this was but an inconsiderable part of their work. They were not mere soothsayers or fortune-tellers. They were preachers of righteousness. They were generally sent to call the people to repentance. They were the bearers of divine messages to men—messages which had special reference to the duties of the hour, and which called for instant and earnest attention, and for prompt and energetic action. They were often sent to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort those who mourned, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prisons to them that were bound; but, as often, they were sent to cry aloud and spare not, to lift up their voice like a trumpet, to show God's own people their sins, and to make them see their transgressions. In a word, they were the revivalists and the reformers of their times, who in the accomplishment of their work were called both to wound and to heal.

Is there any reason to believe that the Church has outgrown the need of such an order of men? or that the time has gone by when she had a right to look for them? Surely, there never was a time when there was more pressing need of men possessing just such qualities, and armed with just such a commission as has been described. May we not be sinning against God, against the Church, and against the souls of men in not praying for them, in not expecting them, aye, and in not seeking such a spiritual state as would enable us to recognize them and co-operate with them, should God in His infinite condescension and compassion raise them up and send them forth.

It is because the subject of this article had so much in common with the ancient prophets, possessed so much of their spirit, resembled them so much both in the work which he did and in the results which he achieved, that I have selected the title which I have for this paper, and that these introductory paragraphs were written.

Charles Grandison Finney was born at Warren, Litchfield county, Connecticut, in 1792; born again at Adams, in Western New York, in 1821; and finished his course and entered into rest at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1875. He received a common school education. At seventeen he began to teach and soon after to study law. His conversion was remarkable for its suddenness and thoroughness. He felt an immediate call to preach, and immediately forsook the study of the law for the preaching of the Gospel. He was received under the care of a presbytery in 1822, and was licensed to preach in 1824. He was a many-sided man, and won for himself distinction in many different fields of Christian effort; but the work to which he was specially called, in which he most excelled, and in which he rendered the most signal service to the cause of religion, was that of a revivalist. In that work he was led by a divine instinct to engage as soon as he was converted; to it he devoted many of the best years of his life; and in it he was made, by the grace of God, the honoured instrument in greatly quickening the churches wherein he laboured, and in bringing many thousands of souls to the Saviour.

The history of the great religious movement, in which he was the central figure and the principal agent, which began in Northern New York

and spread to different parts of his own country, and even to more distant parts of the world, reads like an expansion of the Acts of the Apostles; and rebukes the superstition which leads so many to suppose that the peculiar manifestations of the grace of God vouchsafed to the Christians of the apostolic age, or any other particular period in the history of the Church, were not intended for all time, so far as necessary in order to meet the exigencies of the work of God. It is scarcely possible for anyone to read it without having his heart profoundly stirred, and being prompted to heroic effort in the work of soul-saving.

It will be interesting and instructive to take a rapid glance at some of the great revivals which took place in connection with the ministry of this modern successor of the ancient prophets; and then, as space may permit, to consider some of the elements of his strength, and the secrets of his success.

The first, and not the least of his revivals was that which began with his own conversion. He had no sooner attended to the matter of his own salvation than he began to zealously labour for the salvation of others. The first objects of his solicitude were the young people of the place in which he lived, among whom he had been a leader. He both prayed and worked for their conversion, and he soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing all of them, with a single exception, brought, one after another in quick succession, to the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins.

He engaged some time after this in the study of divinity; but while prosecuting his studies he never neglected the work to which he felt himself to be specially called. He acted upon the principle that, while to get knowledge is a good thing, to save souls is better. He did not neglect his studies; on the contrary, he pursued them with all diligence; but he did not allow them to dampen his zeal or to produce any abatement in his soul-saving efforts. He began to labour in northern New York as a missionary at large. His ministry was accompanied by powerful revivals which not only swept the villages where he laboured but spread into all the regions round about.

A curious chapter in the history of this remarkable man is the story of his marriage, and of the events which followed it. The young lady to whom he was married was a person of great refinement and of ardent piety, for whom he had a very strong affection. The people among whom he had been labouring at Evans' Mills were very anxious to retain his services. He had finally yielded to their importunities, and given them some sort of conditional promise that he would remain with them for a year. He was naturally elated with the prospect of beginning housekeeping, and having, for the first time since he left the shadow of his father's roof, a home of his own. He had gone to Whitestown, where his marriage took place, on horseback; and as his wife had been making preparations for housekeeping, not only she, but the household goods which she had collected had to be transported to Evans' Mills, a long way over a bad road. A day or two after his marriage he set off for his intended home in order to procure a conveyance for this transportation, expecting to be back in a few days.

But an unexpected delay took place. A messenger from Perch River appeared on the scene with an earnest request from the Christian people of that place that the young evangelist should go over and preach to them, as a gracious revival had followed his previous visit. He consented to do so, but the interest of the service was so great that he was constrained to remain for several days. By this time the revival

had spread to such an extent that it became impossible for him to leave it. Having written his wife that such were the circumstances that he must defer his coming for her "until God seemed to open the way," he spent the whole winter in this providential work.

After an absence of six months from his newly-married wife, during which time, owing to the imperfect postal arrangements at the time, they had seldom exchange of letters, the way seemed to open, and he set out on his long deferred journey. But when he had travelled about fifteen miles, the road was so slippery that he found it necessary to get his horse's shoes sharpened and reset. For this purpose he stopped at a blacksmith's shop. The people of the village gathered round him and besought him to preach. He consented to do so. The Spirit of God came down in great power. The work increased more and more, until it became evident that he could not go for his wife then, or probably for some time to come. He therefore commissioned one of the brethren to go for that lady while he remained to carry on the work. He says, "I went on preaching and had a great revival."

"About this time," says his biographer, "Finney passed through an experience which became characteristic of his later life whenever he was about to enter upon untried fields of labour.

Mr. Finney's own statement is as follows: "While I was at Brownville God revealed to me that He was going to pour out His Spirit at Governeur, and that I must go and preach. Of the place I knew nothing, except that there was so much opposition to the revival the year before. I can never tell why the Spirit of God made that revelation. But I knew then, and I have no doubt now that it was a direct revelation to me."

Subsequently, while he was in the midst of revival services at another village, the same voice came to him, saying, "Go to Governeur; the time has come." He went, and though he met with determined opposition in many forms, the promise made to him was fulfilled. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out, enemies were silenced, opposition was destroyed, and the cause of the Redeemer triumphed gloriously.

The sacred fire, after having spread through several smaller places, soon reached Rome, which was the scene of another remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. "The Spirit's work," Mr. Finney says, "was so spontaneous, so powerful, so overwhelming, as to render it necessary to exercise the greatest caution and wisdom in conducting the meetings to prevent an undesirable outburst of feeling that would have soon exhausted the sensibility of the people, and brought about a reaction." The work spread to Utica, to Auburn, to Troy and elsewhere; those were powerful revivals involving the quickening of the churches and the awakening and conversion of many hundreds of souls in all these places.

By this time, it will be seen, Mr. Finney had got out of the woods. He was no longer preaching in frontier villages and country neighbourhoods. He was now labouring in large cities, and coming in contact with people of culture. However, in Wilmington, Philadelphia, Reading, Columbia, New York, Rochester, Buffalo, Providence, and Boston, the same divine power attended his ministry, and the same effects followed. Another fact deserves to be noted, that he was no less successful abroad—in England and Scotland for example—than at home; and that even in old age he had no less spiritual power; indeed, some of the most remarkable revivals in which he was ever instrumental occurred when he was far advanced in life. This is true of that which took

place at Rochester, N.Y., in 1855–56, at which many of the *elite* of the city, including nearly if not quite all the lawyers there at the time, professed conversion. The closing years of his life were spent at Oberlin as professor of theology, pastor and college president, still as strength permitted conducting revivals throughout the country.

Now, what were the elements of Mr. Finney's strength and the secret of his success? In answering this question his personal qualities must not be overlooked. He had a fine physique, a large brain, a commanding person, an attractive and mobile countenance and an uncommon voice, both of which—his face and voice—readily lent themselves to the expression of every passion and feeling of the soul. His intellect was of a high order. His mind was logical, but he had enough imagination and intensity of feeling to set his logic on fire, and thus to realize the highest qualities of eloquence. He was a master of the art of extempore speech, depending far more upon general than upon specific preparation for the pulpit; so that, though his discourses were generally well thought out, the language and expression depended upon the inspiration of the moment.

His eloquence was that of the bar rather than that of either the popular assembly or the pulpit. He had a great love for the legal profession, and his studies and practice as a lawyer had given a forensic tinge to his mode of speech, which it never lost. The answer which he made to the deacon who called upon him the morning after his conversion to remind him that he had a case to plead for him which came on for hearing that day, and to express the hope that he was ready, was prophetic of the quality of his ministry down to the end of his life. "No, Deacon, I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause; and I cannot plead yours."

He was not only a wide reader but a diligent and careful student. His study of a book, like that of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was usually an earnest discussion with the author, in which every position which he had taken was critically examined and controverted. His study of divinity was a protracted debate with the text-book and the minister who acted as his tutor. He was a man of strong common-sense, in whom the intuitions and primitive judgments which lie at the foundation of all reasoning and argumentation were clearly apprehended; and these, with the conscience, he regarded as internal revelation, the divinely constituted test of truth, with which everything that is really true must quadrate. To these his appeal was constantly made, both in his studies and in his preaching. In other words, he knew what was in man, and his appeals to it were constant, irresistible, and triumphant.

Then Mr. Finney was, in the strictest sense of the term, a gentleman. Though he came of poor parents, and his childhood and youth were spent in humble life, he had in his veins the blood of some of the oldest and best of the New England families, and among the personal qualities which came to him by inheritance were the instincts of a gentleman. Fundamental among these were his nice regard for the rights, and respect for the opinions of others, which were always apparent in his intercourse with men. He was a fine conversationalist, with large and ever-increasing store of information and anecdote to interest, enliven, and instruct whatever social circle he might have access to. He was a skilful musician, and sang well. He was familiar with the best poetry, among the rest with the works of Shakespeare, and few could read or recite them with greater appreciation and effect. These qualities, together with the dignity and gravity which are in-

separable from the character of the true gentleman, secured for Mr. Finney ready access to the best society in every place he visited. While it made him an educating force among humble classes with whom he came in contact, it secured for him an influence among the cultured and refined which he could not have otherwise had.

But while these natural endowments and personal qualities, both native and acquired, are of too much importance as elements of power and conditions of the largest possible success in the work of the Christian minister to be overlooked, they by no means account for the marvellous work accomplished by Mr. Finney. He might have possessed all these and yet never have been instrumental in one of the long series of revivals which resulted from his labours. They were valuable accessories, and the absence of them would have seriously crippled him in his work and limited his usefulness. But the secret of his marvellous power and great success is to be sought for in the supernatural and spiritual realm.

The foundation of all that he became, and of all that he accomplished, was laid out in the woods when, verging upon despair, he absolutely, unconditionally, and irrevocably surrendered himself to God, accepted of Christ as his King and his Saviour, and entered into peace. In the process of his conversion he learned several lessons which were of prime importance to him as a minister of Christ; and that were learned so effectually that they were never forgotten.

First among these was the "exceeding sinfulness of sin"—the infinitude of its evil and demerit. The revelation of this truth in this solemn crisis of his being left him absolutely without excuse, and shut him up to Christ as the only door of hope, as the only way of escape from perdition. He learned, too, the nature and importance of repentance, the utter renunciation of sin, and submission to God; and of faith, as not being a merely intellectual assent to the truth, but an act of the soul by which Christ is received as in the character in which he is revealed in the New Testament, as a Prince and a Saviour. He learned the sufficiency of divine grace, the ability of Christ to save to the uttermost all who come to God through Him.

But Mr. Finney was not only the subject of a remarkable conversion, in which each successive step in that divine change was clearly marked, but he was called of God to what I am inclined to call the prophetic office, and supernaturally anointed for that work. On the evening of the day on which he was converted, and only a few hours after that great change took place, he had an experience which, however some things about it are to be explained, evidently exerted a profound and abiding influence upon his character and his work. First, there was a vision of Christ, which was so vivid that, though he apparently afterward came to regard it as entirely subjective, the result of a purely mental state, it never occurred to him at the time that it was anything other than a real apparition of the Saviour. Subsequently to this, and distinct from it, was a baptism of the Holy Spirit which completely filled and inundated his soul.

This experience settled forever in Mr. Finney's mind two questions of permanent importance, that of the divinity of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that of his own call to preach the Gospel. His faith knew no eclipse; from the first it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and thus it continued to be down to the end of his long and useful life. The result was that, like his Master he spoke as one having authority not as one who *believed* merely, but

who *knew* whereof he affirmed. His faith was contagious as well as triumphant, and unbelief fled from his presence.

Mr. Finney's main dependence for success in his work was upon the faithful preaching of the Word, and the promised presence and power of the Holy Spirit to make it effectual. Something has been said of the manner of his preaching; of the matter of it he gives this account in writing of the great revival which occurred in the early part of his ministry at Governeur.

"The doctrines preached were those that I have preached everywhere, the total moral voluntary depravity of unregenerate man; the necessity of a radical change of heart, through the truth, by the agency of the Holy Ghost; the divinity and humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ; His vicarious atonement, equal to the wants of all mankind; the gift, divinity and agency of the Holy Ghost; repentance, faith, justification by faith, sanctification by faith; persistence in holiness as a condition of salvation; indeed, all the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel were stated and set forth with as much clearness as possible."

His preaching was in the best sense of the term doctrinal, not that his sermons had the least resemblance to mere theological lectures; but that each one of them consisted of the exposition, the argumentation, and pointed and almost personal application of some great Gospel truth. The first part of every sermon was devoted to fixing the truth under consideration in the understanding of his hearers, and making them perceive its reasonableness and that it carried with it the authority of the Most High. He never took another step until he felt that, by the help of God, this had been accomplished. It was not until this end had been gained that he felt that the foundation had been laid for those heart-searching and powerful appeals by which he sought, in every sermon, to move those who heard him to instant decision, and to prompt and definite action in the matter of seeking the salvation of their souls.

This was the end which he kept constantly in view in all his preaching. In the choice of his texts, in the selection of his subjects, as well as in their treatment, the immediate salvation of those who heard him was never lost sight of. He laid siege to the souls of men just as a skilful general who is intent upon conquest lays siege to a city. He believed that the unconverted in his congregations were in danger of hell; he believed that the Gospel which he preached was the only and the effectual means by which they might be saved; and he believed that through the omnipotence of truth, and the power of the Holy Ghost, if the remedy were only presented as it ought to be, they would there and then accept it and be saved. He expected immediate results. He could be satisfied with nothing less. And to the attainment of it all his energies and efforts were concentrated.

In order to this the first aim of his preaching was to work in his hearers a profound and thorough conviction, not only of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but of their own condition as utterly guilty and lost; and in this way to shut them up to Christ as the only way of escape. He did not preach about sinners, but he preached to them, and that, too, in the most pointed manner. He never left the impression upon the minds of those who heard him that, when he was speaking of the sins of the people, he did not mean their sins; on the contrary he took pains to make it clear that he meant them. He went about among them, he acquainted himself with them and their habits of life; and he dwelt upon their sins, the sins that he knew they had committed, not upon the sins of those who were not there. Sometimes he was almost as personal in the application of the truth as

Nathan was in his preaching to David, and as our Lord Jesus Christ was in preaching to the Scribes and Pharisees.

When he went to Antwerp, a young preacher who had just been licensed, and an entire stranger to the people, he met with a vast amount of profanity. The very atmosphere seemed to be the atmosphere of the pit.

He had obtained permission from the trustees to preach in the schoolhouse on Sabbath. On Saturday he gave himself very much to prayer. On the Sabbath morning he continued pleading with God until the time for the service arrived. He found the house packed. He began at once. He read to the people John iii. 16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The points upon which he dwelt were the greatness of God's love, and the treatment which God received from sinners in return for His love. He dwelt especially upon the latter. How he managed this theme, and the effects, must be described in his own words: "I saw several were there from whom I had, the day before, heard the most awful profanity. I pointed them out in the meeting, and told what they said—how they called on God to damn each other. I told them they seemed to howl blasphemy about the streets like hell hounds; and it seemed to me that I had arrived on the very verge of hell. Everybody knew that what I said was true, and they quailed under it. They did not appear offended. But the people wept about as much as I did myself. I think there were scarcely any dry eyes in the house."

"The people wept about as much as I did myself!" Aye, that was the secret of his success in the delivery of these terrible messages; they were messages from God, given him in answer to prayer, and they were delivered in the tenderness of pitying love. How could these people be offended with him though he told them such terrible truths, when he uttered them in tears—tears, no doubt, in his voice as well as in his eyes. No wonder that, as he tells us, "the labours of this day were effectual to the conviction of the great mass of the population."

In substance his method in dealing with sinners was ever the same. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." It is only when the patient is sensible of his disease that he is willing to accept the cure. Conviction of sin underlies the whole process of the soul's turning to God. There is no true repentance without it; neither is there any saving faith. This is the grand defect in the so-called revivals of our day, they are not accompanied with deep convictions of sin, with profound sense of guilt. Hence the absence of clearly marked conversions, of definite religious experience, of spiritual power. Hence, too, the latent scepticism, which like a dry-rot is eating into the very life of the Church.

But no presentation of the truth, however faithful or however skilfully presented, will produce the sort of conviction which underlies the highest form of religious character, such as is the special need of the Church, unless it be accompanied with the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. This can only be obtained in answer to the prayer of faith. Mr. Finney was pre eminently a man of prayer. The spirit of prayer was the atmosphere in which he lived and moved and had his being. It was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all his undertakings. It was said of Luther that his words were half battles More than this might be said of Mr. Finney's prayers, they were not only half battles, they were often whole battles; many of his most signal victories being won

while he was on his knees. He was a living illustration of the promise, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." He lived before the mercy-seat, and the Shekinah rested upon him.

He was not only much in prayer himself, but he enlisted the prayers of others in behalf of the work in which he was engaged. If there were only two or three persons in a place on whom the spirit of prayer rested, who had a simple, pure, ardent desire for the salvation of souls, and who prayed separately and unitedly to God for a revival, he knew that his success was assured. Even one such person was a great source of strength. When revivals broke out in connection with his ministry in unexpected places, he generally learned that the secret of it was the fact that some godly person or persons had been instant in prayer on his behalf.

He was a wide reader and a diligent student, especially of books and subjects directly connected with the work of soul-saving, and therefore may be said to have been always preparing for the pulpit. But his specific preparation for preaching was mainly made upon his knees. His texts were generally given to him while he was at prayer, and were generally accompanied with such a flood of light that the whole sermon might be said to have been given to him in this way. It is said of Fra Angelico that he painted all his pictures on his knees; each one of his works was thus at once a picture and a prayer. And this might be said of Mr. Finney's sermons. Like the sword of Jehovah, they were bathed in heaven; no wonder that they did such marvellous execution when they came down upon the hearts and consciences of men, so that victory perched upon his banner, or rather on the banner of the Lord, wherever it was set up by him.

CHRISTMAS.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover the sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight,
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

SOCIAL WORK AT MILDMAY.*

TWENTY-TWO years have passed since the saintly William Pennefather, called to the service of the heavenly world, committed to other hands, in the absolute confidence of childlike faith, the work at Mildmay, to which his own winsome personality had seemed to others almost indispensable. To provide a place where, notwithstanding all conscientious differences as to Church government or modes of worship, every believer in Christ might find spiritual refreshment in fellowship, and abundant proof of the vital unity in allegiance to a common Lord which underlies all surface differences amongst His people; to provide a centre whence every form of Christian effort might radiate, where every variety of Christian work and every humble worker might be sure of sympathy and welcome—such was the root idea of the founder of the *Conference Hall.* Could an ideal demanding the most delicate spiritual instincts, as well as the most generous Christian sympathies, be sustained when the idealist should have passed away? Yes; for the sense of irreparable loss, so far from paralyzing effort, was accepted by the Mildmay workers as a challenge to rely on His word: "My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not."

Catherine Pennefather took up the sacred charge left by her devoted husband. Signal success has attended her quiet assumption of the direction of the manifold activities of Mildmay. And now that she too has passed within the veil, her own touching words in the first days of her bereavement instinctively recur to the band of earnest helpers on whom the responsibility of the ever increasing work must fall: "God would have us, like Abraham, account that He is able out of death and desolation to raise up such a harvest of blessing as eternity alone can measure; and because we believe this, to go forward without any collapse in our work."

An interesting feature of the life-work of William and Catherine Pennefather, as set forth in the bright little volume "Mildmay," recently issued by an American lady, is the entire absence of public appeal for funds.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather belonged by birth and association to the upper ranks of society; he as the son of Baron Pennefather of the Irish Bar, and she as the daughter of Rear-Admiral King, could naturally gain access to wealthy persons, by whom the necessary funds for the initiation of the work at Mildmay Park were unobtrusively contributed, frequently without direct solicitation. The buildings of the compound at Mildmay are strikingly plain, in deference to the wishes of a liberal friend who had contributed £5,000 in one sum on this condition. No ostentatious architecture has ever entailed a debt upon the premises. Yet the Conference Hall, with its free accommodation, its plain and comfortable seats, its admirable ventilation, and its bright texts on the walls, has proved entirely adequate to meet the needs for which it was designed. It is not kept for show nor for state occasions. Every Sunday afternoon and evening it is well filled by the attendants at a popular evangelistic service, where the glad tidings are preached with directness and simplicity. Nearly every day it is turned to good account. Now a cab-

* "Mildmay: The Story of the First Deaconess Institution." By Harriette J. Cook, M.A. "That Nothing be Lost." Daily Portions selected from Addresses by Mrs. Pennefather. (London: Elliot Stock.)

man's mission, now an orphanage, now some earnest missionary society avails itself of the large hall. We have been present on Boxing Night, when a motley group of all sorts and conditions of residents in North London, and even street wanderers, were held spell-bound in listening to the thrilling stories of the founder of the Mission to Deep-sea Fishermen. Perhaps the most impressive sight which the large hall affords is the vast audience of the annual conferences on some aspect of the kingdom of Christ, when, ere the speaking begins, every head is bowed in silent prayer. "To witness so many hundreds bowed in solemn silence before the throne of grace, pleading specially for the unconverted then present, filled me with awe," writes one of the first-fruits of Mildmay. "I wondered whether I was to be really converted that night." The serious thought thus aroused led him to Christ.

Every Tuesday morning the Association of Female Workers, of which Mrs. Pennefather remained President for more than thirty years, and which represents almost every known body of Christians, meets to remember before God its eighteen hundred members scattered over distant lands.

This little volume, the first systematic account of Mildmay operations, gives us a pleasant picture of life in the various buildings of the Mildmay compound. The Deaconess' Home was the first Protestant institution in England for the training of Christian women for active philanthropic and spiritual effort, the origin of which dates back to the impetus given by the labours of Florence Nightingale. Each has her regular duties assigned, yet there is no solemn ceremony introducing her to the sacred calling, no promise exacted, but all is ordered according to the spirit of the text which greets one in the entrance hall: "This is the law of the house: The whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy."

After speaking of the neat, distinctive dress of the deaconesses, Miss Cook, for a considerable time an inmate of the Home, continues:

"There is such a healthful, vigorous Christian life at Mildmay, nothing morbid. About fifty gather in the Centre House. These women were in the prime of life, some quite young. All seemed bright and alert, as though life was a very real good; I could not believe these faces were daily saddened by contact with the poorest and most wretched of London. This must be a sort of ideal life. These cannot be the women who work in the slums. . . Later I learned better. I found those whose faces are the brightest are the very ones who carry the same joy into the darkest homes, and who are the quickest to feel for the sinful, and to extend the helping hand. If you speak to them of hardship, of late hours and privation, they will say with merry laugh: 'Oh! I love my people; it would break my heart to leave them. I wish I might stay at my mission all of the time, but we may not; we must come up.'"

From this cheerful Centre by two and two the deaconesses go out to some of the twenty missions affiliated with Mildmay. The workers spend several nights in the week away from the Centre. Each mission has, of course, its own network of Bible-classes, night schools, and mothers' meetings. The details of such missions are now happily familiar to London Methodists. At the Lads' Institute at Bethnal Green, open every night, much has been accomplished amongst drunkards and trained pickpockets. A touching story is told by Miss Cook of how three pounds fifteen shillings had been stolen from an inexperienced deaconess, and how in answer to prayer and by quiet effort all the culprits were re-assembled in the mission-room.

"She sat down with them and talked quietly and gravely, taking as her text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Presently a boy sat down on the floor, pulled off his boot, and from this recepta-

cle produced a part of the missing coin; one and another followed suit, and concerning the remainder one boy confessed: 'It's at the stable, teacher; Smith, he's our banker, and took it there to hide. Let me go, teacher; I'll promise I'll come back.' The trust was not misplaced; he soon returned, the balance clasped in his hand, one pound seventeen shillings. The trembling culprits still awaited their sentence. 'Well, boys, I will forgive you all, this time.' Thus, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, rough hearts were won and kept for Christ, and now many are shining lights of the Bethnal Green Mission, a little Mildmay, as they fondly call it. 'Oh! now we believe in your religion,' said a poor man, long an infidel, 'because the ladies are come to live with us.'"

A large and successful Night School for men held under the Conference Hall, and various rescue and preventive homes, are also managed by the deaconesses. We refrain from mentioning individual names, remembering Mr. Pennefather's admirable rule: "*Keep the workers hidden; speak only of the work, to the glory of God.*"

In close connection with the Deaconess' Home, the Training School for missionary workers is realizing one of the earliest and most cherished schemes of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather, a charming property called *The Willows,* overlooking Clissold Park, Stoke Newington. More than two hundred young women, many of them of wealth and culture, freely given to the work, have thus been trained, by wide acquaintance with missionary enterprise, by instruction in foreign languages, such as Hindustani, by systematic Bible study, chiefly expository, by practice in household management and in outside philanthropic effort, by acquaintance, many of them, with theoretical and practical teaching, for service in the foreign field.

"Their prayer-meeting," writes Miss Cook, "is a very precious hour of drawing near to God. As I was present at these meetings I realized they were not school-girls moved by a romantic sentiment to go to heathen lands, but a band of women who early in life have heard the voice, 'The Master has come and calleth for thee.' It is a beautiful sight—young women, who are well fitted for society at home, choosing the 'better part,' and consecrating the very brightness and beauty of an attractive life to Christ. How rich they are already in their earnest consecration! You cannot be with these happy Christians without feeling the power of Christ."

The Nursing Branch of the Deaconess' Institution stands deservedly high in public estimation, and is quite unable to meet all the demands made for its highly qualified workers. One of these has found a sphere as Superintendent of the British Seamen's Hospital at Malta. Others occupy positions of responsibility in various parts of Great Britain. The Mildmay nurses are constantly reminded of the opportunity which their ministry of healing to the body affords them for bringing light and hope to anxious souls. Every nurse before leaving to fill an engagement spends a short time in prayer with the Superintendent, Miss Dean. This branch of the work is entirely self-supporting, and provision is made for the pensioning of superannuated nurses. A few steps from the Nursing Home is the picturesque Memorial Cottage Hospital, given by the generosity of Lady Hay. A brass tablet in the hall bears the inscription:

"To the Glory of God.

"In memory of William Pennefather in his work for God among rich and poor.

"And in memory of Duncan Hay, my beloved son, taken suddenly from me."

This gift was the answer to two years' earnest prayer on the part of the Mildmay workers, their first unpretending little Cottage Hospital having long become too strait for them. Of this one is reminded by the words which greet the eye on

entering the cheerful hall: "*Have faith in God.*"

In the Children's Ward, bright with toys and flowers and the sunny smiles of the nurses, we have another instance of the hallowed ingenuity of Mildmay in finding a motto of encouragement from the sacred Word exactly suited to the special work in hand: "*He shall save the children of the needy.*" Similar homes of hope and healing are found in the Cottage Hospitals at Enfield and at Barnet, besides which there is at Torquay a Mildmay Home for Incurables.

One of the most encouraging developments of the twofold ministry of healing, so specially laid upon the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Penefather, is found in the various medical missions in successful operation. The earliest and perhaps the most highly appreciated centres round the old hospital at Bethnal Green, which in 1877 was opened in Turville Street. "Our Hospital," as the Bethnal-greeners lovingly call it, is a transformation of a disused, dingy, and battered warehouse. In the course of fifteen years about five thousand cases have been received, whilst nearly a hundred and fifty thousand patients have visited the dispensary. Here twice a week a Gospel service is held, and eager crowds, representing every form of sickness and disease, and every grade of helpless poverty, may be seen responding to the efforts of the workers, who fulfil our Lord's command, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." As to the work of those who serve in the wards of "that cool, beautiful Hospital," as a poor, over-driven woman called it, we have received the testimony of a recent inmate, "They are just angels! That's all about it!"

One cannot wonder that this, the first Mission Hospital in London, where by patient skill the strong prejudice of the bird-fanciers, half-penny toy vendors, match-box makers, and silk weavers of Bethnal Green, against being nursed away from their own apologies for homes has been so successfully overcome, is regarded with almost reverent affection by the Mildmay workers. Here many of the students from The Willows receive, in the surgery and dispensary, as well as in the wards, much valuable practical instruction. It is interesting to note that the work has grown so satisfactorily that larger and better premises are about to be opened.

Dr. Burns Thomson, the founder in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, of the first medical mission, and the apostle of the movement, has found a quiet retreat at Mildmay, and still employs the remnant of his strength in giving weekly Bible readings to the deaconesses, as well as in supplying practical guidance in the selection of agents.

"In one way," writes Miss Goodwyn, the Lady Superintendent, "at Bethnal Green we are at a disadvantage. For while we must have skilful nurses and physicians, in addition to their professional qualifications they must be real, earnest Christians. We might often secure a skilful worker, who would be lacking in the one essential qualification. But as Christians we feel we must be thorough, that we may thus commend God's love to our patients."

"Have pity, have pity, Lord!" murmured Mrs. Pennefather as she lay on her death-bed, and the eager watchers thought that the plaintive plea had reference to her own sufferings; but in a few moments the feeble voice continued, "Have pity on those who do not know Thee."

That cry of compassion for the lost and homeless finds practical expression in the rescue and preventive work connected with many of the twenty Mildmay missions in London. At *The Haven*, in the Borough, Southwark, the dancing saloon of a low restaurant is now occupied by the mission room. The Shelter,

whose doors are never closed against a wanderer, is distinguished by a lamp bearing the message, "*God is Love.*" Lured by that friendly light, the gift to the Mission of the workers connected with it, more than a hundred friendless and sin-stained girls have passed into the night shelter in the course of twelve months. The work is managed with rare tact, and although no constraint whatever is put upon the inmates, a relapse to the old life is most unusual. Many wanderers are attracted by the small pink card, distributed in the streets by the deaconesses, bearing the invitation: "If you want to find a friend and wish to begin a new life, come to the mission room on Wednesday evenings between seven and nine. A cup of tea and a kind welcome. God says, "Why will ye die? Turn, live ye." Passing through the work-rooms of the Shelter into the Training Home at a short distance, a new life opens for these poor girls, who are henceforth placed in respectable positions. One young servant showed her gratitude by offering the whole of her first wages for the work.

Among the various missions more or less closely affiliated to the centre of Mildmay, we may name in passing the Bible Flower Mission, which does so much to brighten the cheerless lives of the inmates of our workhouses and hospitals. All through the summer months the gay posies, each with its Scripture motto neatly attached, are given out week by week to bands of ladies, who by means of their little errands of kindness gain access to the perplexities and troubles of many sorrowful hearts. The mission to the shoemakers of Northampton has also been greatly blessed. But perhaps amongst the outer circle of Mildmay operations no work has been more specially owned of God than the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, conducted since 1876 by the Rev. John Wilkinson, who had for many years been an honoured agent of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. In company with Mr. Adler, the son of a Polish Rabbi, Mr. Wilkinson has gained the ear of thousands of London Jews by open-air and mission services in Hebrew, German and English, the initial attraction being given by a huge placard bearing in Hebrew the whole of Isaiah liii. In various parts of Great Britain, in Sweden, the United States, Germany, Austria and Hungary, in North Africa, and recently amongst the emigrant Russian Jews of New York, as well as in Palestine and Egypt, marvellous results have been achieved by itinerant missionaries. Mr. Wilkinson's scheme of work includes "a wide and free distribution of Hebrew New Testaments throughout the world."

"The doors of the world," writes Mr. Wilkinson, "are opening to us amongst *Israel;* so by God's help and blessing we shall pursue this work with new energy and speed until every pound is spent, and then trust the Lord for more until He come." For many striking cases of conversion amongst Jews, who have suffered the loss of all things that they may win Christ, we refer the reader to the monthly report headed *Trusting and Toiling*, which appeared in the Mildmay magazine, *Service for the King.*

A recent number contains a touching account of the *Public-House Mission.*

"Had you been in Bethnal Green one night between eleven and twelve o'clock, you might have met a strange-looking procession. In front some one with a large lamp, followed by a group of men and women pretty well laden; for one has a chair which he carries with the four legs sticking up into the air, while others help the harmonium to move along, or shoulder the stand upon which the lamp is to be placed. What does it mean? Just this—we do not 'leave caring' for the *publicans*, and so our Vicar, the Rev. R. Loveridge, has organized a quarterly service for their special benefit, and we

are going the round of the public-houses in the district to invite all we find therein to the church at twelve o'clock. If you will fall in behind for a moment you shall see what we do. Here is our first stand. A ring is quickly formed, the chair and the harmonium find their proper level, our lamp is fixed, and we are ready. The Vicar gives out a hymn, and into the midnight air strikes out the message, 'Sinners Jesus will receive.' Solos, choruses, texts, short, bright testimonies, a few verses from God's Word, some brief, hearty exhortations, another hymn, and we move on, but not before the public-house door has opened, and many heads, both male and female, have been thrust out. Those whose duty is to visit the bars have been inside and come out again, leaving some little books and a hearty invitation to the service. The response is generally perfectly civil.

"One promise is worthy of mention as an honourable exception to the pie-crust rule. 'Yes, I'll come, when we close.' And the publican *did* so, bringing with him fourteen men who happened to be in his bar when the usual 'Time's up, gentlemen,' sounded at the closing hour.

"A cold little hand is laid in ours, and a childish voice says pleadingly, 'Teacher, let me come along with you.' 'It's time you were in bed, and fast asleep, little woman,' we reply, as stooping down we look into the bonny blue eyes of an eight or nine-year-old lassie, and shudder as we think of the early acquaintanceship with evil such a childhood must involve. 'There ain't nobody in; mother's got the key, and she's round the corner at the Flowerpot; father I seen at the Black Dog; Polly's out with her young man at the theatre, and it's *so* cold on the door-step.' This is the sort of picture that little one would give of her home-life; not an overdrawn one either, as we who live and work in Bethnal Green can testify. The church bell has ceased ringing, and the procession passes through the door, having gathered on its march about thirty or forty friends who have come, some out of curiosity, some with a true wish for better things. We can thank God for pledges taken after these midnight services, which have been, indeed, the first step on the right way; and for some whom we first saw there, who have afterwards joined our meetings. A few have become regular members of our Men's Institute."

As we read from time to time the records of calmly fervent zeal in every department of social and spiritual philanthropy, we realize with thankfulness that, however great is the loss entailed by the withdrawal of the personal presence of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather, there is a stability about the institutions of Mildmay which will continue to give a hundredfold increase to its labours of love.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

IS PEACE ON EARTH?

Is peace on earth? Then why the cannon's mouth?
  Is Christ your King? Then why rain shot and shell?
  Is man your brother? Then why in light of hell
Place liquor's awful flood in mouth of youth?

When on the battle-field does heaven ope
  And, doves descending, ring a message clear?
  Or do the shot and shell their passage tear
Through human flesh, till only stones cry, Hope?

Ye license voters of our Church and State,
  Is Christ's life all in vain? Is peace on earth?
  O women! ye who gave to all men birth,
Have ye no word, no cruel wrongs to state?

Then banish war! Then banish drink from earth!
  Hold with love's arms your darling little ones,
  For days will come anon when war's fierce tones
Will cease and men arise to Godlike worth.

—*The Templar.*

TWO NOBLE LIVES.*

THIS book offers to our gaze the portrait of two fair, high-born sisters in the full radiance of youthful loveliness, severely sweet; simplest robes of antique design follow the flowing lines of each young figure, and reveal the curves of the stately neck on which each young head is poised lightly as a flower on its stem; and flower-like in unstudied grace of pose and unconscious beauty of aspect are both these gentle creatures, whose large, candid eyes look forth softly and steadily from under their shadowy eyelashes. "Bright, consummate flowers," indeed, last and loveliest of their ancient line, Charlotte and Louisa Stuart look what they were, the fair embodiment of its best qualities—grace, goodness, rare intellectual power, harmonized with that "unaffected dignity" which made the younger sister "something almost to worship" —as Thackeray put it—in her ripened womanhood. Full forty years have passed away since the painter drew these two long-sundered sisters for us, but it is only the other day since the younger of the twain departed from our midst in the fulness of years and honours, beautiful until the very last, with the beauty shining forth from a pure and noble heart and soul, as the touching picture testifies which shows her to us, at more than threescore and ten, "Waiting for the End." "She has been," said one who loved and survived her, "a priestess of the Most High, leading one upward along the paths of beauty and goodness." Strong words, but, as we trust to show, not too strong in reference to this calmly fervent servant and follower of the Christ whom she confessed and rejoiced in, and whom her beloved elder sister served and followed also, through the whole of her life.

With something more of truth than often accompanies the use of a once very significant phrase, it might be said of Charlotte and Louisa Stuart that they were "born in the purple"; it was theirs to breathe all through infancy and early womanhood the rare and difficult air of courts; children of an old illustrious house that had long been noted for political ability, they first saw the light in Paris, where their father was acting as English Ambassador; thrice he was charged with that office, and each time he performed his difficult functions with a success well merited by his tact and integrity, and much enhanced by the social powers of his wife, who, though "undistinguished and plain in appearance," reigned a real queen of society by virtue of the singularly "captivating manners and the unequalled conversational charm" which in her were united to much practical wisdom, fine spirit, and honesty. We shall look in vain through all the numerous letters written by Lady Canning and Lady Waterford for any florid eulogy, rich in superlatives, of their mother's admirable qualities; but both gave her always, with free, ungrudging hand, the better homage of true daughterly love, confidence, and obedience; she was ever in full intelligent sympathy with their pursuits and interests, and in every time of doubt and difficulty their trust was constant in her; in the hour of darkest distress it was her presence that was longed for and that brought the only possible earthly comfort;

* "The Story of Two Noble Lives." Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By AUGUSTUS C. HARE, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." Three vols. London: G. Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road, and Sunnyside, Orpington. This article is abridged from the *London Quarterly*.

and, when all had been done and borne that there was to do and bear, when she had long entered into rest, it was still her sweet old face, with its soft, loving eyes and the gentle benignity of its smile, that hovered, a comforting vision, before the dying eyes of her last surviving daughter, herself an aged saint, who was tranquilly and hopefully fording the dark river where it runs shallowest.

In addition to rank and wealth and power, the Stuart sisters were endowed with every dangerous natural gift; with the rare, dazzling loveliness, at once lofty and splendid, that inspires instant romantic affection; with poetic imagination; with a keen sense of humour; with the power of vivid and graceful literary expression; with so much of the painter's faculty as might be said to constitute a real genius for the art; and, in Lady Waterford's case there were added unusual musical powers that, united to a rich and thrilling voice, constituted yet another charm and another peril—"a spell of powerful trouble." All these lavish endowments, the least of which has sometimes proved the ruin of an unwise possessor, not only were harmless to the daughters of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, but became in their hands a source of pure delight and unmixed good to the many whom they could influence; and we never can detect in them undue elation on account of the powers that they held in trust from God; there is even a certain inclination to underestimate their own gifts. It would seem as if only the persistent adoring homage of the husband to whom she gave herself with full, free, lifelong devotion had made Louisa Stuart, Marchioness of Waterford, fully aware of the most obvious of her attractions—the transcendent personal beauty which, though changed and toned down by the leveller Time, was still with her as a winning charm in the late evening of life. There is a tender pride in her remembered words, when someone recalled to her the exultation of her husband over the extreme beauty of the bride he had won, not without difficulty, and related how, as they drove into the gate of his Irish domain, he had lifted the folds of her long veil to let the crowding peasants see how fair was their new lady. "Yes, my Waterford *was* proud of me," she said fondly; but *her* pride was in the remembrance of the exceeding love that had never failed her, not in the attractions which first won it. Her own thoughts at that long-past moment of womanly triumph had been far differently occupied. A cock-fight was in full progress outside Curraghmore gate as Lord Waterford and his newly-wedded wife approached it; squalid hovels disgraced the streets of the villages on the estate; rags, dirt, idleness, and beggary were the order of the day for the inhabitants. "I will never rest till all that is changed, till they have better amusements, better homes, are industrious and prosperous," was the thought in the heart of the girl, fresh from very different scenes in England; and the thought abode with her, and was steadily and successfully carried into practice, through the many years that she dwelt, a humanizing and civilizing influence, among the warm Irish hearts that were not long in learning to love her.

A gift less transitory, which many would consider a more legitimate subject for complacency, was the undoubted early developed power of poetic figure-composition, the skill with the brush first exemplified when at ten years old she made, to please her parents, an excellent copy of a fine Sir Joshua Reynolds, the portrait of a brother they had loved and lost. All her life long she continued the daily practice of this art, not more for her own satisfaction than for the profit of her

neighbours; but numerous other duties debarred her from concentrating herself on this pursuit with the entire devotion that she considered essential to real excellence, and no amount of laudation from others could bring her to claim for herself the great name of artist. "An amateur's work, nothing more—not so very bad for an amateur—but not good," was the quiet verdict she passed on her own work when she saw it publicly exhibited among the works of professional artists who had given to their craft the amount of study she did not think right for herself. "A proprietress has no business to give up her life to art," she once replied to an enthusiastic relative who urged on her such consecration.

Her husband at his death had left to her for life his great domain of Ford on the Border; and there was much to do for it always—not only an old historic home to renovate and hand on to the natural heirs in fitting condition, but schools to build, church and parsonage to rear, a village to be improved into beauty and order, a numerous tenantry to be constantly ministered to, suffering and sorrow in all classes to be soothed and comforted. These things were not compatible with the true artist-life. So, without a murmur of regret, she devoted herself to plain, obvious duty, and practised chiefly as a pastime, or for evident benefit to others, the art that was a living delight to her.

She had the reward she did not work for, in the loving homage of all those to whom she gave her life-service. Love and loving help she had indeed given freely, right on from the time when, a bride of twenty-one, she wished to introduce cleanly habits into the Irish cabins, and would herself "go and make the beds, to show how it should be done, and would give personal lessons in cleaning the rooms."

Louisa Stuart's quiet, practical endeavour for the uplifting of the six hundred men employed on her husband's Irish estates; the "stable school" she set on foot for the grooms and stable-lads busied about Waterford's numerous stud, by means of which she turned what is too often a hotbed of vice into a nursery for manly virtues; the woollen manufacture which she and her husband, with much expenditure of money, time, and patience, succeeded in fostering into thriving life for the betterment in condition of his numerous tenantry, who originally knew and could practice no other industry but the most inefficient agriculture: and the new churches which the pair built and entrusted to the ministry of a true shepherd of men's souls, as a thank-offering for Louisa's recovery from the effects of an almost fatal accident—one church being reared on the mountain-side at the very spot where two runaway horses flung her senseless from the carriage Waterford had been driving; the other placed at Curraghmore gate, to which he had borne her, still unconscious, down the mountain slopes and through a rapid river—as a knight of old might have done—that help might come to her all the sooner, are noble monuments of a noble life. The hillside church was so placed, not to please a loving fancy merely, but because there it was most accessible and central for the scattered folk dwelling amid the lonely glens, who scarce ever had been able to worship God in His own house before.

Most fitly is the story of her long life of unwearied beneficence closed by an anecdote most touching, preserved by the younger friend who has edited these memorials The "dear lady's" small personal possessions were being distributed after her funeral, which took place among her own people at Ford; servants and retainers were allowed to choose this relic and that for a

memorial of her; and the "odd man" caused surprise by asking if he might have "my lady's old sealskin jacket?" What could be his reason for so strange a choice? He was willing to tell. My lady had been driving out in her little donkey-chair, he was walking at her side, when her quick eye espied a poor female tramp lying in the wayside ditch—not intoxicated, but deadly faint and ill. My lady got out, bade the man help her to lift the poor creature into the carriage, took off her sealskin jacket and put it on the woman to keep her warm, and walked beside the carriage all the way home, cheering the poor soul with sweet, loving words. "But it was not my lady's putting her jacket on the woman that I cared about," said the man, "but that she did not consider her jacket in the least polluted by having been worn by the tramp. *She wore it herself afterwards,* as if nothing had happened."

Here is the true secret for doing away with class injustice, class hatreds; here the secret of equalizing high and low in a brotherhood that does not destroy degrees of rank, but makes them of no practical account in hindering mutual help; here the secret of rendering wealth and power not merely harmless to the possessors, but of immense profit to all who come within their sphere. But that secret can be learnt only at the feet of the Lord—from the inspiration of Him who gave us the immortal parable of the Good Samaritan.

We have not now the space to say much of the kindred story of Lady Canning, whose lot it was to dwell on the high places of the world, to lead a more conspicuous, a less blissful, a briefer life than her sister: for after having stood loyally, grandly, lovingly, by her husband's side, when, as Governor-General, he steered our Indian Empire safely through the raging storms of the Mutiny year, after having helped him and served her country to the uttermost by her sympathy with all his difficult work, her ready, eager aid to the piteous sufferers, her generous defence of guiltless natives against the cruelties of the panic-stricken and the cowardly—she sank and died of Indian fever, within a few months of the date fixed for their much-desired return to England, leaving him so bereft and heart-broken that in seven months thereafter he too had followed her to the grave. We cannot linger on the touching, true-love romances of each sister's marriage, on the tragic tale of Lady Waterford's sudden widowhood, on her beautiful patience, her heroic and cheerful acceptance of a long, childless, and at last very lonely, life of bereavement; we cannot even indicate the wealth of illustration of the social, political, artistic, and literary life of the long period covered by these records, full of vivid and delightful interest as they are. For all these we must refer our readers to the charming volumes themselves. But one point we must emphasize—these lives of rare excellence and beauty and widespread usefulness were lived in simplest obedience to the plain, old-fashioned Gospel, accepted from the heart by each of these highly-gifted, cultivated women as the only saving truth, and through which both alike realized the mighty power of God to save even to the uttermost, and to bless with abundance of peace amid all troubles and all temptations. For them indeed was fulfilled the prevailing prayer of the Redeemer; "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil"; for them, too, was fulfilled His sacred promise, "He that followeth Me shall *not* walk in darkness."

RUM'S ARRAIGNMENT.

BY BISHOP FOSTER.

WHENCE comes this spectacle in Christian lands? How has this alien grown up about our Christian altars to such dreadful proportions? It is here, and confronts us everywhere. It is the cancer on the face of Christendom, the blistering shame on the fair countenance of Christian civilization, engendered of the rum shop, and the lust-god of mammon and pleasure.

The vicious classes are Christian born. Think for a moment, that this Christendom has authorized, by law and sanction of the State, the creation of this frightful pest gang; that it has provided for its creation; that it is here not in opposition to, but of her own will; that by formal and deliberate legislation, brought about by Christian votes, she has opened, in all her towns and cities, slaughter-houses of men, women and children, and of all virtue, and employs millions to do this dreadful work; that she has done this and continues to do it with her eyes open, and with full knowledge and purpose; that she has prepared, planned and deliberated in government chambers for the production of these desperate classes; that her employed and licensed minions do this for pay.

For a generation Christendom has been hearing a low growl from the kennel, where she is battening these wild beasts of passion: a growl in the kennel as they have crushed their victims. "What means the roar to-day along Trafalgar Square and London streets?" It is the beast, loose and shaking his mane. Pamper him a little more on government joints, and no kennel-bars will hold him. Fitted for raven, he will raven to the full. Rum engenders poverty; poverty and rum engender crime. From the government rum-shop the wild beast hunts his prey. Is Christendom struck with judicial blindness, that she sleeps? Are her eyes holden, that she cannot see? There are armies marching and countermarching, with banners on which are emblazoned dynamite, anarchism, communism, nihilism, labour-league, no-Sabbath, down with the Church and State, recruited from the dram-shop and officered from the kennel. Are we so deaf that we do not hear the tramp of the gathering legions? Nations that license murder for pay will be murdered for plunder; nations that batten the wild beast of passion will be devoured by the wild beasts of rapine and ruin. The rum-hole must be closed or the rum-hell will engulf Christendom. What shall be done with Christian rum is the problem. What shall become of the Christian world? Answer it with license, or authorization, or tempering policies, is it difficult? Strike it down, cage the beasts that vend the frenzy in the only place to which they belong, the criminal cell, and the kennel will disperse. There is but one remedy. We have had experience enough to have learned what this is. The nation must put an end to transforming men into beasts by law, and must put the beasts who do it into a limbo where their sorceries will cease. The conflict is now upon us. It is a life and death struggle. The government is on the side of the beasts; the people make the government. Shall the rum fiend still carry on his carnival of death? Shall the rum minions, at the still, behind the bar, at the bar, in the gutter or in the mansion, rule? Or is there enough of manhood among us to save Christendom from the damning shame? The answer we make to that ques-

tion determines fate. If Christianity has not power to save Christendom, where is our hope? With what face, then, can we go to the heathen? There is no devil-worship in Africa more degraded, more lost to all shame than the demon-worshipper of rum; no high-priest of the sorceries of heathenism more diabolized than the minions of the Christian states authorized to manufacture and vend the poison. Paganism can muster no miscreants from all her realms more debased than the rum army; no festering pest-house — not even the Chinese opium-den — more deadly to virtue than the Christian rum-hole. Must it be endured longer? Must the race be doomed to go into the future with this millstone fastened about its neck by legislators of Christian states? Are our tyrants too much for us? Then farewell to hope.

Who doubts that there is a remedy for this state of things? It is not unknown. This evil is rampant not of necessity, but we have not the courage or desire to apply the remedy. It is simply needed that right-minded people combine to do the work, and in this, as in every case of a crying evil, the Church must lead in the reform. This is her most peculiar province. It comes in the line of the great class of moral issues of which she is the recognized guardian.

It cannot be effected by moral suasion, by sermons, by prayers, or by abstinence of the well-disposed. It is a case where the arm of the law and force repressive is the only resort. It belongs to the department of crimes, and must, of necessity, be met by criminal law, faithfully executed. The rum-seller is a criminal and must be amenable to criminal law.

The traffic must cease to be treated as a question of right and liberty of individual choice, as the pursuit of a legitimate calling, as much so as theft, or murder, or any other crime. It belongs to the same category and nothing but sophistry can give it any other place. The rum-seller is an unmitigated enemy of society, dangerous to public welfare; there is no criminal of deeper dye. He has been petted by the State; respectability has been thrown around his most atrocious crime; he has been protected in it by law, has been permitted to live among us as a free, respected citizen, pursuing a legitimate calling; to hold up his head and walk the streets as the equal of respectable men; has become the boon companion of law-makers; permitted to appear in court and sit in juries as a virtuous citizen. He has been allowed to open his doors upon the public streets and drive his business in open day, the peer of honourable tradesmen. So long as this remains his business will flourish. There is no mortal power that can reach him. He will continue to be defiant and be more contemptuous of decency every day.

There is but one road of deliverance from this pestiferous evil. It is not obscure; it is the plain, straightforward road of simple honesty in dealing with a case of pronounced crime. The rum-seller is a criminal pure and simple; he must be treated as such in law and administration. The brand of felon must be upon his brow, and he must be made to take his place in the felon's dock, and in the felon's cell, or on his gibbet. This kind goeth not out by fasting. This is the position the Christian Church must assume, and to which the Christian states must be forced by right-minded people. It must be made impossible for legislators and courts and the police, set for public protection, to be complicated with crime. There is no other road to salvation, and on what grounds can we hesitate to take this? Whose rights suffer thereby? What public interest suffers thereby? What principle of justice is violated thereby?

TIME.

BY BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

ETERNITY is the same as time, only more so. Time is a little parenthesis, a bit of a piece cut off and measured. Eternity is a limitless, surfaceless ocean extending not only laterally, but vertically and nadirly. On a little island, on millions of them, there are successions of events, as geologic æons or heart-beats, and these segregated bits of eternity are called time.

What shall we take for starting-points of measurement and units of measure? In space we have the king's foot, variable as the king varies; but what shall be definite and exact as a measure of time? It is hard to tell. Heart-beats vary with youth and age. Earthquakes are confessedly uncertain, and sunrise and sunset are most irregularly regular, yet they are most markedly apparent. We could hardly select a more indefinite measure of time. Sunrises vary in different latitudes from twelve hours to six months. No two different longitudes have sunrises at the same time, and different altitudes, within a mile of each other, may have sunrises differing by an hour. Different seasons constantly add to the excessive variations. This world should dismiss the sun altogether and utterly as a time-keeper. What little help he is supposed to give us would be of no value in other worlds. On the surface of the giant planet Jupiter the sunrises are more than twice as often as here, while on the sun itself there is no sunrise at all, and on other suns the existence of ours is hardly more than suspected.

Of course there is no reason but an arbitrary one for having twenty-four hours, or 1,440 minutes, in a day. We might as well reverse the terms and numbers. Where shall we find a regular starting-point? We might take the moon. It is evidently new, with tolerable regularity, once in twenty-nine and a half days; but there are over sixty causes of irregularity in its course, and its period is too long. It may do for Indians, who have few events in life worth noting, to say that such a thing happened a heap of moons ago. Definiteness, and even exactness, is a sign of culture. In some parts of the country you can hardly extort a more exact statement of distance than, "It will take you a considerable spell to foot it," or "It is a right smart ways." We might also take the sun's greatest northing or southing for a measure, and a year for a unit. But it is both difficult to ascertain and variable. We must refuse anything so near as sun or moon, and for our measures go to the stars.

These seem to be set in a dome above, around and below us, and the earth spins in the middle a thousand miles an hour. Thus in twelve hours we point our feet at the immovable stars which are over our heads at this moment. Here is an exact measure: It has been demonstrated that the earth has not altered its axial rotation one-hundredth of a second in two thousand years. The world's speed in its orbit differs from about seventeen miles a second at aphelion to nineteen miles a second at perihelion. The whole length of a line from the north pole through Boston to the south pole passes a given star practically at the same instant. How shall we ascertain that instant? We might erect a perpendicular wall running north and south, and looking up the smooth western side of it note the moment when the earth's revolution brought the plane of the wall in the direction of the star. We could thus

fix time within a second, but that would be clumsy and inexact. We set up a telescope turning on its axis in a north and south plane, and sit down to watch for the instant when our eastern movement shall enable us to see the star through our tube. To know where the middle is, we draw a bit of spider's web of almost microscopic diameter across the aperture north and south, and note the time when it bisects the star. To be more definite, we add two or more webs on each side of the middle one, and get the average of all the transits. Formerly the observer estimated the time of the bisections in tenths of a second. He might see the first one at 18 hours 6 minutes 27.1 seconds, and the others in order, 27.45 seconds, 27.8, 28.15, and 28.5. The average would be at 27.8 seconds. But part of it is guesswork, and the man soon falls into ruts, guessing some particular number of tenths more frequently than others. All guesswork must be eliminated from processes meant to be exact. Now the time is kept for the observer on a cylinder, revolving regularly, on which the clock marks every second at regular spaces. By means of an electric button, which the observer holds in his hand, a dot can be put between the second marks at the instant of the bisection of the star by each spider web. These can be measured to the hundredth or thousandth of a second. The observer has nothing to do but observe and press his button—all guesswork has been abandoned.

But it is found in practice that two observers of the same thing do not make the same record. One, in his sanguine temperament, sees it before it happens. His phlegmatic brother is not sure he sees it till after it has occurred. Besides, one man's physical machinery acts more slowly than another's; it takes longer to get a thing through one man's hair and at his finger's end than through another's. This is ascertained for each observer, and that amount of time is subtracted from that man's recorded observations.

Having ascertained the exact time, say at Washington, it is telegraphed to cities for two thousand or more miles, and in each city an instrument shows to a minute fraction of a second what the time is in Washington. It would be much better if we would keep the same time all over this world, and let each clock strike twelve at the same instant. Then every man's time-keeper would be always and everywhere right; but we are so narrow and local that we insist on having our own middle of the day at twelve o'clock. It might just as well be six or twenty-four.

But why are we so anxious for such minute accuracy? All progress demands it. No man who has the spirit of this age says, "A meeting will be held at early candle lighting or thereabouts." But he says at 7.30 sharp. Trains start on time, and the man who is a minute behind gets left. The engineer whose watch is thirty seconds wrong may dash himself and his load of humanity to death. Railroad companies pay vast sums yearly for getting and keeping exact time.

But why should these tenths and thousandths of seconds be sought? In California, in 1845, you could calculate on the arrival of freight within six months and be mistaken; in the Black Hills, in 1880, you could calculate within six weeks on the arrival of freight by teams of twenty-two oxen; but on the overland train you can calculate to an hour and be right. The higher you go the greater the speed, and the more important the freight the more exact you must be. Worlds are more important than ox-teams, and humanity more important than grindstones and iron. Hence worlds go thousands of times as fast—and our own world 20,000. To get any knowledge among these you must be 20,000 times as exact.

An astronomical clock is as perfect as human ingenuity can make it. It costs $800. The one in Denver is attached to a solid stone pier sixteen feet square, which is sunk twenty feet in the ground. It is not shaken by the winds. Stability is necessary to perfect work. A common iron pendulum influenced by the varying temperatures of winter and summer will make a clock vary a minute a week. This is corrected partly by keeping the clock in a nearly equable temperature, and partly by arranging a pendulum that will keep the same length in all the variations of temperature.

Another cause of unreliability is the varying density of the atmosphere. Of course a pendulum could not swing in the pea-soup atmosphere of London the same as in the light air of Denver, nor the same in the hourly changes of weight as indicated by the barometer. When the barometer rises an inch, the greater weight shortens each second 1-86 400ths of itself. That equals a whole second a day—an error that cannot be tolerated.

The shape of the pendulum bob contributes to its facile passage through the air; and the shape best adapted is found to be, not a flattened disk, as would be expected, but a cylinder.

After all possible ingenuity has been expended, no clock can be made to run accurately. Hence if an error of one-fourth of a second a day is found, it is corrected by putting little weights on the pendulum or taking them off. Ten grains on a pendulum weighing fifteen pounds will accelerate the clock one second a day.

Amidst so many causes of variation no clock can be made to run perfectly. Hence it is customary to allow for its known errors.

A SPLENDID PAUSE.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

THE Christmas celebration once more signals its approach, and into December's dreary drift of shortening days we welcome this fair messenger of brighter and happier hours.

For nearly twice ten hundred years increasing throngs have paused amid the walks and works of life to share the common joy which somehow or other springs from the event which has not failed to fling its impress and influence across the world. Explain it as we may, something transpired in the East about twenty centuries ago, and from that time to this has fixed with imperious, authoritative hand the calendar of civilized nations and the registers and chronicles of the world.

Every book from the printing press, every morning's newspaper, every letter of affection, every bequest from the dying and every contract of the living bear witness to the truth of the Christian story.

It may be said that every man who reads or heeds December 25th, 1895, consciously or unconsciously, recognizes the great fact upon which the whole stupendous structures of Christianity and Christendom so firmly and serenely rest.

It is not a matter of surprise that men are asking with an ever-deepening wonder what mighty, overmastering impulse it is that has travelled over the vanished empires and institutions of two thousand years, and still proves itself sufficient to touch and move the word's big heart today and inspire it with loftier, sunnier moods than all other events combined can do. What august transaction is it that has crossed the earth's horizon and left its imperishable track upon all the subsequent

years and wins a wider recognition and commemoration as the generations come and go? Surely, any event that can lay its hands of power upon the swiftest, busiest of all ages and arrest its vast and infinitely varied machinery, that can draw out the richest harmonies of praise and joy and command the homage of the most enlightened peoples of the globe, some eighteen hundred years after its occurrence, forever refuses to be classed among the things that are commonplace, or to be pushed aside without some fair and adequate explanation. It is the veriest nonsense to assert that this Christmas anniversary is the creation of some outburst of empty sentimentalism, some brilliant hallucination, or memorable and immortal dream.

Such solutions are met by a fierce intellectual protest and rebellion, and cannot for a moment bear the pressure which the situation and facts placed upon them. No bewitching wizardry of remote ecclesiastics, and no charm of sorcerer's art can hush the poorer elements in the world's tumultuous life and ring to their merriest peal the joy-bells of this most tropical age that time has ever seen.

It is only when we cast the lead of our inquiry into deeper waters that we reach the answer which satisfies the severest demands. In the Christian teaching of the Incarnation we find the fact which crowns and glorifies the sacred page, and in this fact we discover the dynamo which has sent its light through the long coil of past centuries, and which is still shining at our end to-day. In God manifest in the flesh the far-off promises are realized, the unconscious wailings of the heathen ages are met with the divinest response, and in the Christ of the New Testament, humanity in all its sorrows, mysteries and needs, finds a broad, strong, central column of relief against which to lean amid all the convulsions and almost tragic changes of an unhappy world.

The long years did wait the coming of the Redeemer, and when He came the "one great hour of time" was fixed forever. The Christmas rejoicings, in their truest interpretation, commemorate the occasion when the Infinite and Unconditioned projected Himself into His own Creation and thus became known as never before to finite intelligence. From that day of glorious revelation of the unseen, time's deeply-furrowed brow began to brighten with the dawn of happier days. A new epoch was ushered in. Silences old as creation were broken, massive veils of perplexing uncertainty were lifted, and visions transcendent of God flashed forth to gladden the pilgrimage of millions through all the succeeding years.

The advent of Jesus aroused a slumbering world, started revolutions rather than reformations of existing conditions, turned the stream of history into new channels and lifted signals of blessing everywhere for a struggling and famishing race.

Gail Hamilton, speaking of the present hold of Gospel truth upon men, says that "it requires no learning to see that the stamp of Christ is on Christendom, and that the stamp of Christendom is on the world, and if by any means the name and the story of Jesus Christ and everything which has come from it into the life of the world, could suddenly and completely be burned out of the memory and consciousness and record of man, society would be a chaos."

As we greet again the great Christian festival and rejoice in its deep and everlasting significance, we can join the Church universal in worshipping the living, diademed Immanuel, and sing:

"Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end."

BATHURST, N.B.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE MASSES.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

JESUS CHRIST was essentially a man of the people—a working man. He spent all his days among the poor; and, after his public life had begun, he almost lived in the crowd. He was constantly surrounded by the crowd. Nothing is more characteristic of Jesus Christ than the familiar saying that "the common people heard him gladly." Therefore, when we come across anybody whom the common people do not hear gladly, he may be a very estimable man, but we know that he is not like Jesus Christ. I was very much struck by a remark I heard in Scotland about an undoubted Christian. Someone said of him, "He is a very good man, but he does not remind me of Jesus Christ." How many good men there are who are really very good men, but who do not remind us of Jesus! No man can really remind us of the Jesus of the gospel unless he loves the people, and is loved by the people. I admit the truth of Tennyson's awful impeachment that "the churches have kill'd their Christ," and that we have presented to the masses of the European peoples all sorts of false Christs, caricatures of Christ. But the real Christ is one who, when seen, attracts the crowd everywhere. Wherever Jesus went he was surrounded by the multitude.

The best excuse we can offer for politicians of all classes, and of all sections and positions in society, who either hate or fear the masses of the people, is that they do not know the people. One of the greatest calamities of the existing social condition of this country is that between us—who I suppose all belong to the privileged and fortunate classes—and the masses of the suffering poor there is too often a great gulf fixed. We know very little of them, and they know very little of us. As one has well said, "Beneath the sea there is another sea." You may be a large employer of labour, but what do you know about the men and women you employ? Between them and you there exists too frequently only what Carlyle, in his grim, vivid way, calls a "cashnexus." They come on Friday or Saturday for their wages. They get so much money for so many hours' work, paid through a hole in the office-window. If you do not want them any longer, you give them notice to quit; and in the same way, if they do not wish to remain with you, they give you notice. That is the beginning and that is the end of the existing social relation between capital and labour.

I am quite sure the suspicion and dread which rise in many minds with respect to the masses of the people would disappear if we knew them better. Victor Hugo is right when he says, "Mix with the people and love them, and you will trust them." Do not be afraid of the roaring and advancing tide of democracy. Rush into the midst of it, take a header into it—to use the phrase Mr. Spurgeon employed once in this place. Mix freely with the people. It will help to purify you of your innate selfishness, and you will come out the crowd glowing with the enthusiasm of humanity. This, at any rate, is true: when Jesus Christ saw the people, he had compassion on them. When he looked at Jerusalem, he wept over it. Why? Why did the masses of the people excite in the heart of Jesus Christ not hatred, not fear, but deep pity? St. Matthew tells us that when he saw the multitude he was moved with compassion, because they were "distressed and scattered"; or, as it is rendered by

other scholars, because they were "harassed and neglected."

And that is more true to-day than it was then. The masses of the people even in London are harassed and neglected. They are harassed by the dogs of hell, who take advantage of their helplessness. Oh, the anguish of the starving poor! It seems to them as though every man's hand was against them. While they are worried, badgered, and harassed by those whom they too frequently meet, they are neglected by you—the wise and the good! Oh, how ignorant they are! how helpless! how miserable! and how often may they truly say in the bitterness of their hearts, "No man careth for our souls!" It is almost impossible for some of us, even by the most desperate effort of the imagination, to enter into the feelings of the sufferings of the starving poor. I shall never forget the revealing word which my friend, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, uttered to me two years ago. Looking at me, as I sat on the other side of his fireplace at Brixton, he said, "Why, you don't know what hunger is. You have never been hungry in your life." And, as I reflected, I felt it was true. I had been what we call hungry, but the hunger of the starving poor, who go for days without bread, I had never felt; and I should like to know how many persons there are in this hall to-day who have ever experienced the gnawings of an unendurable hunger. Alas! alas! that in this great London there should be so many thousands whose whole life is absorbed in a desperate attempt to keep their heads just above water. Oh, the sufferings of the respectable poor, of those of whom you never hear.

And what shall we say of these poor girls in London who are making a living—or, as Miss Rye rightly names it, "a starving"—by earning five shillings a week, and that at the cost of stitching for twelve or fourteen hours every day? I entirely agree with the opinion expressed by my friend, Mark Guy Pearse, when he said that if this was Christianity, the sooner we get rid of Christianity the better. We may attend prayer-meetings and sing psalms until we are black in the face, but if we do not deal with such social evils we are neglecting our duty. We have too long overlooked the misery of the suffering and starving poor.

And we may add that the man that professes to be a child of God, but who does not "care for all," is deceiving his own soul. He is not the brother of Jesus Christ, who

> ". . . into His heart with large embrace has taken
> The universal sorrow of mankind."

So much depends on occupying Christ's standpoint. If you are at the standpoint of some doctrinaire political economist, or of some thoughtless writer who has never known what hunger means, you may pour forth column after column of heartless folly. But if you know the suffering of the poor as Christ knows it, you will pity them. Have you ever thought of the tender and charitable meaning of that oft-quoted passage in the book of the prophet Isaiah, where God puts this confession into our lips: "All we like sheep have gone astray"? Like sheep, not like wolves. We are accused of ignorance, of stupidity, of heedlessness, rather than of *malice prepense* or of downright and deliberate wickedness. There is a great deal more of the sheep than of the wolf in sinners; especially in those who, humanly speaking, have never had a chance; who have been the victims, from the very first, of unfavourable circumstances; who, in the terrible language of Charles Kingsley, have been "damned from their birth." And, my dear friend, do not flatter yourself too much if you are better than they. You might not have been in their position. That

was a wise saying of John Newton's when he saw a handcuffed man walking along in charge of a constable: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Newton." If I had to watch my wife and children starving under my eyes, I do not know what I should say in Trafalgar square. Let us not take too much credit to ourselves for the position we occupy. We owe a great deal more to our circumstances, to our social privileges and safeguards, than we sometimes imagine. The teaching of this book commends itself to every good man's reason.

We—society at large—must take a big share of the blame for the sin and folly of those who break the law. There was a good old Saxon rule in this country many years ago: when anybody did something wrong in a parish, every parishioner was fined for it—a most excellent rule, founded upon profound reasons. I should like to have it reinforced. As Mark Guy Pearse said, How can you expect virtue and morality from people living in one room?

Not a few Christians think that if they attend prayer-meetings they are doing their duty. But let me remind you that you are partially responsible for every unsanitary dwelling in the place where you live. A part of true religion consists in securing laws which will absolutely prohibit such buildings and in electing to positions of authority men who will not permit them to remain a dead letter.

There are only two alternatives before us to-day—Christianity or revolution. What can we do? A thousand things. If you will come here on Sunday afternoons, I will tell you a few of these things in plain English. At any rate, let us do this one thing. *Let us place ourselves at the right point of view.* Let us look at the masses of the people through the compassionate eyes of Jesus Christ. I felt humiliated a few years ago when I read that it was the duty of every Buddhist priest in Asia to spend some time each day in contemplating the misery of mankind, in order that his sympathy might be aroused. It occurred to me that I should do well to imitate the Buddhist in that. Let us reserve some sacred moments every day to contemplate, through Christ's compassionate eyes, the sin and misery of mankind. When our hearts are moved with the compassion of Christ we shall soon discover some method, great or small, of relieving that misery and that sin. Then assuredly, as we were reminded by the lesson, an hour will come when the voice of Christ will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the homeless poor in Trafalgar square, or unto one of the downtrodden harlots in Piccadilly, ye did it unto Me."—*Social Christianity.*

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"WHAT shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems of gold.

"Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strewed thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed Thy coming day.

"Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small;
Yet wert Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all."

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see;
Gifts to the least of those I love,
Thou givest unto Me."

CAUSE AND EFFECT IN RELIGION.

BY HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

THERE is probably nothing so ravelled and dishevelled as individual religion. It is usually a confused mass made up of bits of sermons, scraps from tracts, illustrations from things you have heard; and the sermon of to-day puts out that which you heard the Sunday before. So it is you never advance. There is not plan enough or method enough in your personal religion. Let me give you a recipe by which the great Christian graces can be got in the simplest possible way. Joy, love, peace, faith, are effects and not causes, that is to say, they are to be produced in us by fulfilling certain conditions; and if we fulfil the conditions we cannot help having the effects produced. Take joy —how is it to be got?

When I was a boy in the Sunday-school, I thought heaven was a place in which there was a big treasury of joy, in lumps contained in bags, big round lumps, and that God took out a lump and, in some way or other dropped it into the heart of the one praying for it. But joy is an effect which can only be produced by some cause. There is a cause for joy, just as there is a cause for sorrow. Instead of praying for your own joy, or reading books of Christian experience, or books for the anxious, read your Bibles, and you will find there the cause of it.

There is an exquisite parable in the 15th of John about the vine (a delicious symbol of all that is merry, jubilant, and effervescent in life), and Christ said His reason for telling the disciples this parable was that His joy might remain in them. "I tell you this that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Then Christ shows how joy may be got; and he that follows His word cannot help getting it. The secret of Christ's joy was His giving His life for others: to seek our own happiness is to be miserable. To be happy in the Christian life, we must fulfil the conditions of abiding in Christ.

Suppose you have a friend who has a great interest in temperance, spends six nights a week in temperance work; you must either separate from him or become infected by his zeal. Two cannot walk together except they be agreed; and a man cannot walk with Christ without sharing in His enthusiasm, without burning in his heart to do Christ's work. Therefore he gets his reward. No miserable man, let me tell you, will get happiness in this or in any other church you may go to afterwards, nor will you get it by praying for it; but the moment you do a good turn to somebody else, when you give the cup of cold water—it may be at your own fireside—when you abide in Him and catch His spirit, then His joy shall be yours.

Then think of rest. If anyone is restless, there is a cause for it; but rest is not to be got by prayer, any more than joy is. Fulfil the conditions on which it is given: "Learn of Me and ye shall find rest." We must learn Christ's secret, and take life as He took it, if we would live restfully. Take up His yoke, and your burden will become light. The great cause of our unrest is, I think, conceit, wounded pride, not getting the attention we think is our due. But Christ says, "Learn of Me: I am meek and lowly." And again, "The meek shall inherit the earth." They do not win it, they do not conquer it, but it comes to them. The miser does not possess his gold; his gold possesses him. Get Christ's attitude

towards money and everything else and you will come to His absolute tranquillity.

Before every great promise in the Bible there is always a condition. There is no use believing that everything we ask of God is to be answered straight away. What business have we to pray if we do not fulfil the conditions of prayer? Someone is perplexed about the next turning; he is at the parting of the ways, and a man comes to him and says, "Light shall arise in darkness." He could not do him a greater unkindness, for light will not arise in darkness, except to the upright in heart; and let him first say to him, "My brother, is your heart clean? Are you meaning to do God's will? Is your life straight?"

We, as a nation, will have to pay more attention to causes if we would bear the brand of Christ. We are going in for quantity, when God would infinitely prefer quality. It will be a great thing if one man here begins to follow Christ; but it will be greater still if ten others become more like Him. It is a better brand of Christians that is wanted; and the intelligence of the Church must be fixed less on effects than on causes. Turn up your Bible, it will tell you how to get them. Faith comes by the same method. What is the cause of faith? It does not come down in lumps any more than joy.

I remember Mr. Moody saying that if he had spent as much time in thinking about Christ as he had in praying for faith, he would have had a hundred times more knowledge of Him. Faith does not come by prayer. Faith in anybody comes by knowing them, not by begging them to help you to have faith in them. And faith in Christ comes just as faith in other people does; you trust Him, and find Him worthy of your trust. Then there is love; how does love come? Do we ever go to our friends and say, "I beg of you to help us to love you"? We cannot love to order, we fall in love, we cannot help it; and it is the same with our love to Christ. There is no magic about it.

Did you ever notice that beautiful reading, "We love because he first loved us"? It is not as the old version has it, "We love him, because he first loved us." That thing, love, wells up unconsciously; and even in this way we may come to love our enemies. Eternal life! This is no chance, no magic, it comes to us by the same law. Why do you want to live to-morrow? Because you want to be with those you love, to associate with them, to speak with them; and if any man knows Christ and loves Him he wants to live with Him. Why did that man die yesterday? Because he had no one to love him on the one side, and he had forfeited love on the other. Any child may understand this simple principle, that effects follow causes. Certain things happen, but never by chance; and I will dare to say that you cannot miss the effects if you first see that you have the causes. You will then be working according to the laws of nature, and according to the constitution of the universe.

A PRAYER.

GRANT me, dear Lord, for my life's term, I pray,
A threefold grace to sanctify each day—
Grace so to guide and to control my tongue
That none by it may be misled or stung;
Grace to detach my mind from worldly snares,
From trivial talk or narrowing Martha's cares;
Grace in adoring love to take my seat,
Like Mary, meek and silent, at Thy feet.

THE ELDER'S SIN.*

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.

But when one doeth amiss the right-hand Angel doth lay
His palm on the left-hand Angel, and whispers, "Forbear thy pen!
Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent and pray!"—*Koran.*

THE dislike between Carrick and Grahame was an inheritance from their fathers. When the first Carrick settled on his bare promontory, a Grahame was living in Port Braddon, who was a life-long thorn in his side. The antagonism—though now veiled in deference to the more tolerant spirit of modern times—had lost none of its old virulence. And as there had always been a religious foundation for the enmity, the Carricks had been able to justify their opposition to the Grahames on purely conscientious grounds.

Hitherto the unfriendly feeling had not become actively prominent in Andrew's case. Nothing, indeed, in their circumstances had conduced towards overt deeds of enmity. Grahame and Carrick lived apart, their business was entirely dissimilar, they had no mutual friends, and on Sabbath days Andrew did not permit himself to contemplate this Mordecai in the gate.

Unhappily, however, there is nothing like a religious dispute for developing latent hatreds, and Andrew's day of trial was to follow hard upon the time of his spiritual enthusiasm. A meeting was called in Port Braddon to discuss the Free Kirk controversy; and the farmers, fishers, and shepherd folk from all the adjacent hamlets were present.

Andrew Carrick had been asked to relate his experience in Edinburgh, and he was naturally proud and happy of such an opportunity. He had a grand and picturesque tale to tell; his heart burned within him, and he had every reason to expect that it would fire his tongue, and make him eloquent and impressive. He considered it important that he should be eloquent, for it was likely the success of the Free Kirk in Port Braddon depended very much on the impression his words produced.

He began well, for he was surrounded by ardent sympathizers; but before long Grahame entered, and Andrew found that his antagonism quickly damped and embarrassed him. He sat looking into Andrew's face with half-closed eyes, and such a scornful, disapproving smile on his tightly-shut lips, that Andrew's fiery words were chilled ere they reached their mark. In the long run, he did no more than put before them the question which every man there knew perfectly in all its bearings; and he felt that even if the Free Kirk was a success in Port Braddon, that Andrew Carrick personally had failed.

And afterward, when the subject came up for general discussion, nothing could warm or convince David Grahame. He possessed a rough kind of eloquence; and when he rose to speak, he turned Andrew's description of a "wronged Kirk" into the most scornful ridicule; and declared that for his part, "he thought the Kirk had lost her senses, and had been smitten with the rebellious spirit o' the ten tribes o' Israel; and in sic a case," he added with an emphatic blow upon the table, "I wad prefer to be wi' the minority."

Nothing could move Grahame from this position. He declared it to be his conscientious conviction; and his conscience was ably sup-

* A brief outline of this story was printed in this magazine several years ago. It will be given in future numbers in much fulness of detail.—ED.

ported both by his inclinations and his interests. For in opposing the Free Kirk, he opposed the man whom he heartily disliked; and he was also likely to save money by this pleasant indulgence of his ill-will—for if he was against the building of a Free Kirk he could not reasonably be asked to assist in building it.

Indeed, he said plainly, and with much unnecessary strength of language, that he "did not want a new kirk, and that those who did want one be to pay for the building of it." Consequently Andrew Carrick felt obliged to give much more money to the enterprise than he had calculated to be his lawful share. For Grahame's example was not without its influence; there being many besides himself who were glad to find some respectable principle to excuse the shutting of their purses against this new claim.

This dispute, occurring within the bounds of the kirk, was carried on with decency and respect, and outwardly did not appear to be a very bitter one. But it was like the letting out of water. The breach seemed to grow by the mere fact of its existence; for these were not times when any strong feeling could be kept in abeyance, opportunities for their translation into action being too positive and plentiful. And very soon an occasion arose for Grahame and Carrick to give forcible and active expression to their ill-feeling toward each other. It happened in this manner:

There was a man living in Port Braddon who desired greatly to help in the building of the new Free Kirk; but though he was enthusiastic in spirit he was very poor in cash. However, he owned a tract of land directly to the north of Andrew's land; and he resolved to sell it, and to give the price of it, much or little, toward the enterprise. He first offered it to Andrew, and Andrew was exceedingly glad of the offer. For if there was one piece of land in Galloway he wished for above all others, it was this identical few acres of pasturage.

He was so pleased at the circumstance that he could not refrain from telling Ann as soon as he reached his home. "I hae long wanted thae few acres," he said with an air of satisfaction. "They will gie me the extra pasture I need for the cattle; and the land lies sib to my land, and is a vera pairt o' it. I hae often won'ered what for the first Andrew Carrick didna buy it in the beginning."

"Have you bargained and bought already, father?" asked Ann curiously: for she knew her father's slow and cautious ways in all business matters.

"I havena a'thegither bought it, Ann. I told Thomas Largs I wad tak' a night to think o' it; but I let him see that the bargain was as gude as made."

"Is the price to your liking, father?"

"In ordinar times I wouldna think o' gieing the siller asked, but I'll no think o' bargaining wi' the Lord. The land is His now, and I'll pay the sum asked, were it twice beyond this warld's value. I'm not saying the price is beyond value. One way or another, the price is a fair price."

"Then why did you not buy it at the offer? If the land is in the market you might lose it between to-night and to-morrow."

"It isna my way, nor is it the way o' any douce, wise-like body, to close a bargain wi' a snap. I aye tak' a night to think o'er any 'maybe'. And as for the land being sold other ways, it isna at all likely. Land isna that easily passed frae hand to hand. Sae taking a night's thought is but decency and dignity. I might tak' a month to think o' it, and have nane to bid against me."

Generally speaking, Andrew's conjectures in this respect would have

been within reason and likelihood. But that night Grahame heard of the proposed transaction, and immediately bid ten pounds over the first price. Thomas Largs indeed insisted that Andrew had the first refusal of the land; but as the money was for the kirk, he thought all parties would consider it fair and just to take the highest offer that could be got. Consequently, for nine days Grahame and Carrick bid against each other for the strip of pasturage, and at last—Grahame bought it.

It was a very great mortification to Andrew, though he consoled himself with the thought that he had made Grahame pay more than double the value of the land. And when people said "there was nae doubt but that the 'bidding' had been a clever arrangement between Thomas Largs and Andrew Carrick to mak' David Grahame do his duty by the new kirk," Andrew was grimly pleased to let the idea furnish talk and laughter for the little town. For he knew well that Grahame would fume and bluster at the "trick," and in his passions be sure to put himself in the wrong.

Still, these were very hard weeks inside the Lone House for himself and his daughters. Andrew was, as Ann Carrick said, "gey ill to live with," both during the negotiation and for some time after it. For he was sorely disappointed in missing the land, and he felt it hard that Grahame had not been prevented from interfering with a purchase so manifestly just and proper for himself.

"It was even-down malice and ill-will in David Grahame bidding the land aboon my price, and I won'er what for a just God let him do it." He made this reflection constantly; and it poisoned his food, and his sleep, and even his prayers. For he put down Grahame's perverseness as a kind of persecution of him for his advocacy of Free Kirk principles; and he read against him, morning and night, the bitterest Psalms he could find.

And all through the day as he nursed his lap-stone, he nursed his wrong; finding what consolation he could in telling himself and others that the Grahames had aye and ever been persecutors o' the freedom o' the Word and o' the rights o' conscience;" and then by way of commentary and proof, recalling every atrocity against the old Covenanters which could be associated with the unpopular name and family.

Grahame also felt very bitter towards Andrew. He readily believed the general impression that Largs and Carrick had colleagued together to egg him on to pay more than one hundred pounds beyond what the land was really worth; and this belief took from him the sense of gratified hatred which was the only interest or pleasure he looked for in the spending of so much money. He felt that he had been tricked both out of his money and his revenge, and that Andrew was quietly laughing at him for falling so easily in the net laid for him. And it was not only Andrew; he was sure, also, that every Free Kirker in Port Braddon was laughing at him.

For one day at his own door-stone, he was delayed by Watty Lowe, an old half-witted town pensioner, who said to him with a knowing smile:

"It's a big sum o' money you hae gi'en to the great wark, Maister Grahame. Folk ne'er thought you were sae likely to do the leeberal thing! But He tak'eth the wise in their ain craftiness—I wasna meaning to say that, Maister Grahame. I was just thinking o' it, and the words cam' oot as it were unawares."

And as Watty Lowe was a privileged character, whose freedom of speech it would be ridiculous to resent, Grahame had to take the

remarks as well as he could. But he told himself with a passionate bitterness, that Watty Lowe had only given a frank utterance to the popular opinion concerning his unintentional liberality to "the great work."

Under ordinary circumstances an ill-feeling even as pronounced as that now existing between David Grahame and Andrew Carrick might have "simmered" in both hearts, and never found an occasion for a more active exhibition. But the circumstances were not only unusual; they were also highly conducive to exciting and developing dormant anger. For the new kirk was now being built, and Andrew Carrick was the chairman of the Building Committee.

In this capacity he was as scrupulous as he was about the stitches and leather of his own trade. He conceived it to be his duty to examine every stone and beam of the new edifice, and he got no little annoyance from the various workmen whom he thought it proper to watch and interrogate.

"Do you think, Andrew Carrick, that no one can do a fair day's wark but yoursel'?" or—"Are you the only honest man in Galloway, Andrew Carrick?" or—"Come mix the mortar wi' your ain hands, if you think there is too much sand i' the lime, Andrew Carrick:" such was the usual tenor of the remarks made by the builders, whom he felt bound to overlook, and frequently to check and advise.

But Andrew was not deterred by opposition: he felt that he was only zealous and jealous for the God of the Free Kirk, and he left his own affairs without complaint to watch over those whom he believed to be less conscientious than himself. But if he had only searched his own motives as rigorously as he searched the labour of others he would have found at the very bottom of them a positive pleasure to himself in these frequent visits to Port Braddon, for he knew that he very seldom went there without being seen by David Grahame.

Now the very sight of Andrew Carrick's stern, dark face was more than Grahame could endure. When Carrick rode past his door on his Galloway pony, so proud and masterful-looking, Grahame could hardly keep his hands off him. He could not keep his tongue; nor did he try. As soon as Andrew came in sight, he went and stood at his open door, and from that point of advantage assailed him with questions as to the reason for his frequent visits—questions whose very suggestions were intolerable offences to a man of Carrick's spotless morality.

Andrew never opened his lips in reply. However insulting the supposition, it gave him a positive pleasure to be grimly silent. But if the old Covenanters looked at their persecutors as Carrick looked at Grahame, their intolerant hatred and revenge may be easily understood. The pitying scorn in Andrew's glowing eyes, and proud, stern face was bad enough; but there was added to it that complacent spiritual satisfaction which made the Pharisees so detested, and which doubtless accompanied all their allusions to "publicans and sinners." Then, with his upright carriage, his slow gait, and his disdainful air generally, something of Carrick's power to exasperate may be conceived.

And of course this public hatred did not lack its domestic expression. In his family Grahame made Carrick the text for all his mockery, and the occasion of all his bad temper. He "dared" his son to ever look the road the Carrick girls walked again, and he vowed to turn him out of house and kenning if he ever opened his lips to either of them.

Carrick was just as bitter and still more particular in his charges. And he spoke so much of the "evil

ames" and of the special
gs and insults he had to suffer
them, that it hardly seemed
ble any daughter could feel
ly to the son of a man who
insinuated against her father
very sins which were most
sive to his nature and his prin-
s.

r Ann Carrick her father's
igs were sufficient, and would
been, even without his express
ıands; but Jeannie ventured
y one night to her sister:

'annie, don't you think it is gey
for poor Walter Grahame to
to suffer for his father's ill
ıe?"

'o; for I make no doubts that
er is of his father's way o'
ing. He couldna bide in the
house wi' Grahame, and not

don't believe he is, Nannie.
used to like Walter; you did
Nannie; and I'm sure he said
were a beauty.' I wonder at
If any lad liked me that
I would stand up for him!
would—father or no father."

hen you would be a wicked
hter, Jeannie; and your love
l have no blessing on it. Who
kent of any good coming to
ıblessed love?"

ut, Nannie, marriages are or-
for us—at least, folk say that.
what would you do if you
mated wi' Walter Grahame?"

'God orders marriages, Jeannie,
may be sure he willna order
hat will make hate and anger
vil speaking, and worse doing.
would never do that."

Veel, weel! but the books a'
hat the course o' true love
runs smooth."

hat may be so; for true love is
enough to meet with parting,
orrow, and poverty, and death

But if it be true love, it will
its way through every trouble,
grow so strong that it willna
leath. And all this may be in
a love of God's willing and father's
blessing. But you, nor any other,
can make me believe that a love
that breeds thoughts o' murder is of
God's ordering; and you ken what
father said anent a marriage be-
tween Walter Grahame and either
o' us twa?"

"Ay; he said he would hinder
it—if he could."

"He said he would hinder it,
though he called Death in to break
the bands o' it. I sall never speak
to Walter again. I sall never see
Walter again. And I counsel you,
Jeannie Carrick, ne'er to heed him
either. He isna to come into our
lives; and if we will have him in,
we sall get sorrow enough with him."

"You are aye fore-speaking ill,
Ann. But there are bonnier lads
in Scotland than Walter Grahame,"
said Jeannie, and she began to turn
her wheel with an air of total in-
difference to the subject.

So the winter and summer months
passed, and in the Lone House there
appeared to be no great changes.
During them, Andrew was in con-
stant communication with his cousin,
the Rev. Cosmo Carrick; and this
correspondence brightened very
materially the long days. For
Cosmo Carrick stood in the very
thick of the fight, and he kept
Andrew well posted on the work-
ings of this grand crusade. There
were wonderful things to tell, and
Cosmo told them with a heart on
fire; and then Andrew had the
pleasure of reading these letters at
the prayer-meetings and kirk meet-
ings, and of tasting the joy of being
a dispenser of glad-tidings.

It was always a happy day that
brought a letter from Cosmo Carrick,
and it was generally a happy even-
ing; for word was sent down to
the cottages, and there was sure to
be a gathering after the day's work
was done at the lone house, to listen
to the latest Kirk news, and to
discuss whatever was new in the
movement.

For some weeks after the open rupture with Grahame, Andrew had been silent and gloomy; but these letters had a vivifying influence. And the daily routine of the house was so even and cheery that he lost all fear of change. Ann went in and out, alert and cheerful, and quite happy amid her daily duties. And Jeannie sat in the house-place beside her father, spinning fine wool or flax, or sewing, or knitting; and as April's sun and showers brightened the earth, Ann often heard Jeannie and her father singing together some old Covenanting Psalm or battle hymn.

How could she dream that during all these months that Jeannie had been seeing her lover clandestinely? How could she suspect that the merry girl singing and sewing and sleeping by her side had already persuaded herself that her "ain way" was the only way in which she could possibly be happy; and that her ain way was the road which Walter Grahame would point out to her.

As for Carrick, Jeannie was the very last human creature he feared. She sat on her creepie beside him at nights; and the hand which was to smite him lay lovingly across his knee, or was clasped in his hand as they knelt together by the small round table which was the family altar. Oh, how could he doubt Jeannie?

CHAPTER IV.

The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow dark and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,
Have all one key:
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school,
And every change His love shall overrule.

So the long winter went, and the spring came again. The sweet April days full of moisture and sunshine, and tender blues and greens, made even this corner of Galloway beautiful. White sails of the fishermen's boats specked the ocean; the sheep and lambs were nibbling the tender grass on the hillsides; and Ann Carrick was beginning to talk once more of the spring cleaning and bleaching.

For it was not unlikely that Andrew would again have to visit Edinburgh. The new kirk was approaching completion, and its members were quietly discussing the particular great preacher who should be asked to officiate at the opening services. The prevailing sentiment was in favour of the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, whose letters during the winter had been a source of delight and instruction to them. And Andrew was much exercised about this invitation, and most anxious to secure it for his cousin.

If it was decided in favour of Cosmo Carrick, Andrew had offered to go to Edinburgh at his own expense with the invitation from the kirk. He had also said something about looking out for a suitable communion service while he was there; and a general impression existed, that under favourable circumstances, Andrew might make the kirk a gift of this service.

Indeed, though no actual promise had been made the kirk regarding this service, Andrew had really promised himself to give it from his own means, "if the Lord were sae gracious as to honour the name o' Carrick in the vera sight o' them that thought little o' it"—that is, if his cousin Cosmo was chosen to open the doors of the new Free Kirk for divine worship.

This was a matter upon which from the first breath of it Andrew had set his whole heart. He had educated Cosmo for the ministry, and he liked the young man—who had been exceedingly grateful and respectful; and to have him—now a placed minister—stay in his house, and go from his hearth into the new pulpit, would be possibly the very greatest pleasure of its kind that earth could give him.

He knew also that David Grahame was using all his influence to prevent the invitation; yes, he was even spending money to do so. Therefore to have Grahame fail in his malicious efforts would be a very delightful triumph, and the sweetest morsel of revenge that could be vouchsafed him. He did not call it revenge; he did not dare to make inquiry of his heart concerning the feelings he nursed there; but he looked forward to the decision of the question with an anxiety that kept his very breathing in a state of tension. And though he did not exactly pray about the decision and Grahame's interference with it, he did remember continually David's chosen evidence of God's favour—"that his enemies should not triumph over him."

At length the important day arrived. It was a very day of beauty; a day full of the airs and sunshine of Paradise, and Andrew went to Port Braddon with a sense of quiet and confidence in his heart. Without words he had been passionately demanding success in this matter, and at the last hour an assurance of it had come to him. He walked into the kirk session with that feeling, and he saw its confirmation on every face, and felt it in every voice. He knew they intended him a kindness, for they all spoke kindly.

And when the vote was taken, a great triumph awaited him. It was a unanimous vote in favour of the Rev. Cosmo Carrick. As to the communion service, it was left entirely in Andrew's discretion. He was very happy, though he said only a few words in reply—"Ye ken, men and brethren, I sall do the best and the utmost in me for this honour and favour." And his face was solemn and impassive, but oh, how lifted up he was!

Full of this spiritual triumph, he was riding down the main street of Port Braddon, and his soul was so exalted and excited that he did not feel the saddle, nor consciously guide the reins of his pony. David on the throne of the Twelve Tribes could not have been more satisfied with himself as a chosen vessel of God's favour. He was feeling Grahame to be literally beneath his notice, and beneath his feet, when he met him face to face.

Carrick did not even look at his enemy; but his whole attitude and expression were so intolerably exasperating to Grahame, that the man was dumb with passion, and could not utter his usual scornful and immodest gibes.

And Andrew took this silence to be another evidence of heavenly favour towards him. "The Lord hath shut the mouth o' mine enemy for me," he said proudly. "It is a good thing to keep silence, and let him speak that kens sae weel how." All the way back to his home such thoughts kept him delightsome company. They blended themselves with the caller air from the sea and the mountains, with the linnets singing in the whin bushes, with the lambs bleating on the hills, and the cattle lowing for the milking. Perhaps in all his life Andrew Carrick had never known an hour more full to him of the sweetness of earth and the very presence of God.

Ann had been very anxious for his success, so anxious that she could not feel any interest in her household work. She had been standing at the door watching for an hour before she saw him coming. But her first glance was assuring, and she could divine by his very carriage that "a' things had gone right"; that is, they had gone as her father desired them to go.

Andrew, however, would not speak with undue haste of his triumph—especially to his women-folk. He gave his pony its supper, and walked through the byre, and went into the garden to see if Ann had sown the lettuce seed. But Ann was happy. She needed no words

to explain to her the brightness of her father's dark face and the proud confidence of his walk. And when she came into his presence, he looked at her with a pleasant importance, and said,—

"Ann, I'm awa' to Edinbro' on Monday morn. I'm going on business for the Kirk; very important business. See to it, then, that my suit o' black braidcloth is put up wi' a' the ither things proper and conformable."

"I am glad, father! I am glad with a' my heart, father!"

"God has gi'en me the desire o' my heart, Ann; and I am doobtless set up a bit wi' his favour. That is the main thing, Ann. Your cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, will be vera likely to come back wi' me. It is to be a time o' great spiritual joy, my bairn, and you will see to it that nothing suitable be lacking in the way o' creature comforts and conveniences. If you are needing siller for aught, you can ask me for it."

Then he looked around the empty room so quiet and asked testily, "Whar is your sister Jeannie? I thought she wad surely be watching and waiting for the good news."

"Jeannie isna home yet. She went away long ere the noon-hour. She went down to Lucky Boyd's for some fine flax. She said she wouldna be very long; but I havena seen her since. I'm a bit worried about her. I wish she would come home. I am aye kind of anxious when it gets to sundown if Jeannie is out o' my sight."

"Tut, tut! Jeannie kens weel how to tak' care o' hersel'; why not?"

He took his pipe and sat down on the hearth. Jeannie's stool was in the corner, and he let his eyes fall upon it with a sense of disappointment. He wanted Jeannie there to talk to him. He wanted to tell her about his trip to Edinburgh and the contemplated visit of her cousin Cosmo. He felt her absence to be the first shadow on his afternoon's glory.

Indeed. Andrew was already planning in his heart a marriage between Jeannie and the admirable young minister, Cosmo Carrick. In the way of marriages he could think of none that could give him so much satisfaction. He had resolved that very night to tell Jeannie how handsome and "minister-like" her cousin was; and to drop her a hint, that for all the young man's gifts and graces, he would hardly be blind and deaf to her beauty and winning ways.

And this night, of all nights, she was absent from his side. He was disappointed. The twilight was creeping o'er land and sea. The dew was falling. There was a sense of loneliness outside, and he turned into the house again. Jeannie's empty stool was the first thing his eyes fell on. In the deepening gloom it looked almost tragical. He grew very restless. He kept saying, "I wonder whar she is at all; I wonder whar she is?" And every time he said the words, he said them with increasing fear and restlessness.

He was glad to hear Ann coming in from the byre. But the girl's face terrified him. She set down her milk-pails and burst into tears.

"Father, father!" she cried. "There is something no right. I canna bear it longer. I'm awa' down to the cottages to speir after Jeannie."

"Stop here. I'll go mysel'."

So Ann lifted her milk and went into the dairy, and Andrew, with long, rapid strides, went down to the shingle.

It was quite dark when he returned. Ann was standing trembling at the open door when she heard his footsteps. There was no lighter step with him. Then he had not found Jeannie. Her heart stood still with terror. She went into the house as her father approached and lit a candle. When

she turned with it in her hand, her father was present. His face was white and angry. He seemed almost incapable of speech.

"Have you seen Jeannie, father?"

"No."

"Had she been at Lucky Boyd's?"

"No. She told you a lie. She has not been at any of the cottages to-day, but I hae found out that she hae been there far too often other days. What for didna you tell me that she was meeting Walter Grahame at Peter Lochrigg's?" he asked passionately. "I'll ne'er forgive Peter. No, I'll ne'er forgive him in this world, and I hae told him sae. We hae had words, Ann, and he willna lightly forget them. Oh, lassie, lassie! Why didna you tell me?"

"I never knew aught of it. Before God I never knew it!"

Ann was afraid to say more. She had never seen such anger as blackened her father's face. He pushed Jeannie's stool out of his sight with words she thought Andrew Carrick would be feared and shamed to use. He tried to sit still, but he could not. The very presence of Ann appeared to annoy and irritate him. He would not speak to her. He would not look at her; and shivering with cold and sick with anxiety, she went into the dairy, and sat down there until he called her.

"It is bedtime," he said. "Lock the door." She did so, and then laid the Bible upon the table. He turned away from the Book, and said almost angrily,—

"If you can pray go and pray by yoursel'. God will hae to speak a word to me before I can speak to Him. Ann Carrick, whar is your sister?"

"I wish I knew! I wish I knew!"

"Think. Did she not say one word that was mair than ordinary to you?"

"Not a word, father. Not one."

"Whar were you when she left the house?"

"I was in the dairy skimming the milk. She came to my side and said—just as she always spoke—'Nannie, I'm awa' down to the seashore.'"

"What said you?"

"I said, 'Not you; you lazy lassie! Go to your seam.' And she said, 'Nannie, I canna sew to-day. I keep thinking o' the White Caves, and the green waves tumbling through them, and I'm going there a wee.'"

"Weel?"

"I said, 'Dinna go there for my sake! Go to Lucky Boyd's and get some mair fine flax, and see that you are hame at noon-hour.'"

"Weel?"

"She answered me with a laugh; and when I urged her she said, 'I'll have a herring and a cup of tea with Lucky, and she will read me the queer dream I had last night.'"

"And then?"

"She pinched my arm; and when I turned quick-like, she said, 'There's a kiss to pay for the pinch, Nannie.' A minute after, I turned round with the cream in my hand, and she was standing at the door of the dairy looking at me. I said, 'Weel, Jeannie, what is it?' and she answered, 'Naething, Nannie. Naething, Nannie,' and so she went awa'. Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie! I'm feared, father, for the White Cave, and her wee feet upon the slippery stones."

As she spoke there was a knock at the door. Who has not heard knocks that seemed instinct with evil fate? This one smote on both hearts. They looked at each other with fear and trembling, and Ann fell into the nearest seat and began to sob and moan with apprehension.

Andrew went to the door. A man on horseback stood there. "Who are you?" asked Andrew in a stern voice.

"I am Jock Simpson, frae Wigton, and I hae a letter for you, Maister Carrick."

Andrew stepped to the side of the rider and took the letter; but ere he looked at it said, "Take this shilling and go down to Lucky Boyd's. She will gie you and your beastie a bite, and a drink, and a night's lodging. This house is fu' o' sorrow, and there is nae room for stranger-folk."

The man took the money and without another word rode away. Andrew watched him until he had passed the gate; then he re-locked the door, and sitting down by the table, he laid the letter upon it.

Before Jeannie's fate was known, he had evinced the greatest anxiety and emotion. After reading the letter which explained her absence, he rose with a forced calmness and left it upon the table. Ann had not dared to move, still less to question him; but as he passed through the house-place he stopped before her, and said,—

"You can read yonder bit o' shamefu' paper. When you have done sae, put it into the fire. And dinna you daur to name the subject o' it to me again!—Never!"

Then he went to his own room, and angrily drew the bolt across the door.

Ann lifted Jeannie's letter and read it. She did not wonder at her father's anger. It was the letter of a half-educated and over-disciplined child. Jeannie said she had married Walter Grahame because she loved him better than all the world beside, and that she was going with Walter to Australia "so as not to anger folks." Then she asked her father and sister to forgive her, and to "try and think a bit kindly of her." The very simplicity of the letter, and its child-like want of guile, went straight to Ann's heart. She felt that she must see Jock Simpson, and hear the news of her little sister.

At the first streak of dawn she was running swiftly down to Lucky Boyd's, and she found Jock saddling his horse and ready to leave.

"I was up early, Ann Carrick," he said kindly; "for I thought I could maybe win a sight o' you this morn before Maister Carrick was round. I promised your bonnie sister to gie you this"—and he took a bit of paper from his pocket—"only Maister Carrick wasna to be spoken to yestreen."

Ann took the little packet gratefully. It contained nothing but a long, shining tress of Jeannie's hair, and a little card on which the runaway had written in her large, childish handwriting:

"Nannie! Nannie! Dinna forget Jeannie!"

"I'll ne'er do that! I'll ne'er do that!" Ann sobbed. "My dear little Jeannie! My dear little Jeannie"; and she went crying up the hill, kissing this last token of her sister's love, and wetting it through with her tears.

It is a great blessing in hard sorrow to have compelling duties to attend to. The cows were lowing to be milked when Ann reached her home, and the breakfast had to be prepared, and the other household duties to attend to. Ann neglected none of them, though she went about her work with a heavy heart. For the loss of her sister was not the whole of her sorrow. She could not help feeling keenly the blasting disappointment of all her father's anticipations. The glory had been taken from him. The harvest of years, now ready for his hand, had been blighted by Jeannie in a single day, just for her own selfish gratification.

The joy of her cousin Cosmo's visit, the joy of the new kirk, the triumph of the principles so dear to Andrew, the innocent, holy pride he felt in seeing his kinsman in the pulpit—all these cups of gladness had been turned into bitterness by Jeannie's selfishness. Such thoughts would not be put away; and with all her love for her sister, Ann could not avoid the conclusion that Jean-

nie had dealt her father a cruel blow, made doubly cruel by the time and circumstances of its giving.

All that day Andrew Carrick remained in his room. He neither ate nor drank. He answered none of Ann's timid inquiries regarding his health or his wishes. She heard him hour after hour pacing the floor, and talking either to himself or to his Maker. For like the man of Uz, Andrew Carrick was ever ready to enter into a controversy with Him. It was far more in accord with his nature to argue the "wherefore" of an affliction, than it was to "hold his peace because the Lord did it."

He had followed the same course when his wife was suddenly taken from him, and he had justified it to his daughters. "I am no bairn," he said, "to take my punishment and ask no questions. I am a son wha has come of age, and I hae the right to ask my Father, 'Why hast thou entered into judgment with me?'" And in this sorrow the inquiry appeared to Andrew still more necessary.

For he could not help telling himself that the dispensation was eminently cruel. He had been led to think that his was the triumph and the victory; and after all, a Grahame had been permitted to steal away the sweetness, and leave him the husks only. With this trouble on his hearthstone, how could he go up to the sanctuary with songs and thanksgiving? He had thought to bring his cousin to his home with fatherly pride, and he was humbled even in his children. Deep down in his heart there was that feeling of resentment which has its bitterness in the sense of being deceived. Not even to himself did Andrew like to say that "God had dealt treacherously with him," but he felt that God had permitted his triumph to be made heartache and humiliation to him.

On the second morning, however, he appeared at the breakfast table. He was gray and haggard, and had aged ten years in the preceding thirty-six hours. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of his porridge, and then rose and went to the open door, and stood there facing the sea, which was this morning blue and smiling, and dimpling with incalculable laughter in the sunshine. The wind blew his long, black hair from his face, and the keen salt air appeared to revive him, for he said in a voice of mournful determination:

"Ann, I sall go to Port Braddon this morning. No one sall say I was feared or shamed to face my sorrow. And maybe I may get a word o' comfort from somewhere; for there is naething but darkness and silence in my ain room."

"If you call, He will answer, father. His Word for that."

"He has not answered yet."

"If you could eat some breakfast before you went, father. It is a long ride to Port Braddon on an empty stomach."

"I canna swallow my food—or else it is my thoughts that choke me. Bread and meat doesna help in siccan straits as Andrew Carrick is in the now."

"Father—you might meet David Grahame."

"Ay, I might. It is a vera likely thing."

"O father, forgive me! but I'm feared, father, I'm sair feared—if you should lose control o' yoursel' —you hae good cause—it is a sair temptation."

"There's naething to fear you, Ann Carrick. I sall not sin to please David Grahame. I trust He will at any rate, have His hand that far about me."

He really expected to see David Grahame. He thought he was sure to be lying in wait to catch him. And if so, he anticipated the storm of abuse—"hail-stones and coals of fire," he called it—that would be

poured upon his head. But he rode straight through the little town twice over, and he never saw Grahame at all.

With even more than his usual deliberation he sauntered through the various streets and places of call. The answer he had resolved to make was ready on his tongue; but no one said a word to him except it might be, perhaps, "A good day to you, Carrick." He was thankful for the reprieve, and returned home stronger for it. Grahame could not now say that "Carrick had avoided him" and he might take a few days to rest, and recover his mental strength.

He had intended going to Edinburgh on the following Monday, but he now determined to go at once. He would be in a wilderness, as it were, there; but near his own home every personality questioned and wounded him. Ann was glad of this decision. She hoped he would open his heart to his cousin, and that Cosmo Carrick would be able to give him the counsel and sympathy she was afraid to offer.

For in some way Ann felt that her father did not hold her guiltless. He thought she ought to have watched Jeannie better, and that her sex and sisterhood made her more responsible than ever he could be. Indeed, he found it hard to believe that one sister had kept from another a love affair going on for nearly a year, some letter or token, some slip of the tongue, some broken or kept tryst, might, he felt certain, have made a woman suspicious, where a father could not be expected to doubt.

Ann was quite conscious that such opinions influenced her father, and often made him unjustly cross and silent with her. She had nothing to offer against them but her simple asseveration. In the main, Andrew believed her to be innocent of all conniving with Jeannie; but he had also dark hours when he believed differently, and he made these hours very dark indeed to his eldest daughter.

But even when he was most unjust, she pitied him greatly. For she knew that he was learning, during them, a fact she herself had long known — that his daughter Jeannie was the apple of his heart, the dearest thing on earth to him.

TRYSTE NOEL.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

"THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefore,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O, the place co'd I but finde!

"The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed lays her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

"The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal!
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!"

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

TWENTY years and more of effort have made a different name for one of the most infamous regions of New York. Corlear's Hook, once unknown ground to all save the police, is still one of the most lawless regions in the city, and the headquarters for the most daring of the river-thieves.

The Hook proper is at the bend of the East River. The great machine-shops and storage-warehouses that lie along its front are hives of industry by day, but when night comes and workmen and clerks have departed it is a deserted region. Back of these shops and warehouses lies a network of narrow streets and lanes, in the squalid rookeries of which the thieves often conceal the plunder obtained in their nightly raids on the river.

More than twenty years ago the founder of the Children's Aid Society, while wandering among the wretched dwellings and pondering as to the fate of these waifs, came upon an old shell of a public-school building, with the unusual advantage of being open to air and sun on four sides. This was at once rented and was afterwards transformed into one of the most novel and attractive agencies for good that can be found in the city. The man chosen for its superintendent had not only love for his work but a keen artistic sense. Any room in his hands, by means of plants, flowers, leaves, or even old prints and engravings, took on a pleasant aspect; and he brought all his gifts to bear upon this forsaken spot, with its surroundings of old rookeries and broken-down tenements.

Soon a novel reward was suggested to the young vagabonds of Rivington Street,—and indeed of the whole region,—who flocked in, full of delight over the growing things. The best children in the school were allowed to take a plant home with them; and if they brought it back in a few months, improved and well cared for, they received others as a premium. Soon in the windows of the poorest, most tumble-down houses and tenement rookeries one saw flowers growing, or met the little savages of the district carrying a plant more carefully than they did the baby entrusted to their care. A little aquarium in the school-room, with its aquatic plants, was no less a dear delight, and children came from miles away, attracted by the fame the flowers and plants had given to the mission.

The supply of flowers proved utterly inadequate to the demand. Sick children in the ward begged for them, and a few wealthy persons who knew of the work that was being carried on sent occasional supplies from their greenhouses; but even this was not enough, and formal appeal was made to the public for flowers for the poor, and especially for the Sick Children's Mission and the hospital.

It was thus that the first Flower Mission of New York began its work. The appeal was generously answered from all sides. Sunday-school children especially were interested in hearing of the sick children who perhaps had never seen a flower, and they gathered wild ones or began little gardens on their own account. A receiving-room was soon a necessity, where all flowers were sent. A large table long enough and broad enough to hold the loose flowers and allow of sort-

ing them, shallow troughs for receiving the bouquets, plenty of string, and scissors, and a few chairs completed the furniture of the room.

The great difficulty comes with the winter months, when distributing work among the tenements ceases, and the young potted stock must be cared for. Most of the young plants are given as prizes to the children of the many Industrial Schools connected with the society, and a floral festival once a year brings them back again as evidence of the care bestowed. On that day the mothers come with the children, and the spacious audience-room is filled with a mass of green. The girls succeed best, and show their specimens with pride. Often a severe winter kills their pets, but this is much less common since the use of self-feeding stoves began, which even in the coldest nights keep the temperature above freezing-point.

Thousands of poor families now have their windows filled with beautiful plants. They have learned the art of propagating the hardiest kinds, and ivies, fuchsias, and geraniums flourish under their care. But there is always a lack of pots. Old tin cans with flaming labels, or small wooden boxes, take their place, but the plants can never thrive so well as in pots with proper drainage.

There are floral committees in many of the surrounding country towns, and there is growing interest in the work of flower missions. The season opens about the first of May with bouquets of wild flowers, and closes in November with gorgeous chrysanthemums.

Flowers come in all sorts of ways. Those who understand the work either make them in small bouquets or separate the varieties, laying them in flat baskets with layers of wet cotton batting between. Often they come in great bunches and must be sorted and made over. Railroads and express companies deliver them free, and each year the interest increases.

Distribution is the heaviest task. City missionaries, Bible readers, nurses, and druggists throughout the poor districts, all co-operate in the work, and last year saw the distribution of over a hundred thousand bouquets and bunches of flowers among the sick and the poor. Four hundred towns in the vicinity of the city are contributors, and Smith, Amherst, and Vassar Colleges also send flowers. Not only hospitals of all sorts, but the homes for the aged and infirm are now included in the work of distribution.

Some donors make a specialty of one flower. Pinks come in profusion from one well-known name; and an unknown contributor, registered as the "pansy-man," sends in thousands of his favourite flower; while from another source, in one year, came eighteen hundred pond-lilies. Fruit is distributed to some extent, but flowers seem most desired. Men in hospitals beg for pinks and look after the distributors with hungry eyes. Women prefer roses, and the children clutch at anything with colour and sweetness.

There are as many stories as flowers in this work. In one window of a rear tenement three geraniums bloom and show thrifty growth, which owe their life to the care of the three tots who daily take them to walk with a devotion which even the street Arabs respect. They march with them to Tompkins Square and sit in the sun till the pots are supposed to be charged with it. That they are giving themselves also a bath of healing and health does not suggest itself directly, but indirectly many a mother has learned that, if plants would thrive, sun and air and water must be had, and has in degree at least applied the lesson to the little human plants in her keeping.

In the general distribution all

classes are cared for. From the sick child in hospital ward or stifling tenement-house, to the sewing-girl working through the long summer days on the heavy woollen garments that must be ready for the fall and winter trade, there is always the sorrow of the poor and the bitter want that is so often part of the tragedy. Not till one has seen how pale faces light, and thin hands stretch eagerly for this bit of brightness and comfort, can there be much realizatian of what the Flower Mission really does and what it means to its thousands of beneficiaries.

The poorest know it best. There is a grim tenement-house on Roosevelt Street where a pretty child, with drunken father and hard-working, patient mother, lay day after day in the exhaustion of fever. Nothing could rouse him, and the mother said sorrowfully, "He'll go the way of all the rest, an' I'm not knowin' but he'll be better off."

A city missionary, bearing her load of bloom from country fields and meadows, brought in a bunch of buttercups and laid them in the wasted little hand, which closed upon them with sudden energy. The dim eyes opened wide, and the dry little lips smiled faintly as the child looked at the pretty yellow flowers. All that Monday he held them tight, clasping them closer, and his mother tried to take them and put them in water. When he fell asleep she set them in a broken cup close to him, and he reached for them as soon as he awoke. On Thursday the missionary, who came with fresh ones, found the withered stems still in the little hand.

"Sure I've done the best I could," said the mother, "an' kep' them in water whenever he'd give me the chance, but he won't hear to their bein' anywhere but just in his hand. They'll be the makin' of him, an' now he's willin' to eat, an' I'm thinkin', please God, he'll live after all."

The crippled children show the same delight, carrying the flowers to bed with them, and watching the distributors with eager eyes. Prisoners in gaol, men and women alike, stretch their hands through the bars for them, and there are women whose life has altered utterly under their influence.

One is "Long Sal," well known as thief, drunkard, fighter, and general disturber of the peace; a powerful creature nearly six feet tall and with muscles of a man, who fought and bit when arrested, and had left her mark on many a policeman. Over and over again she had been sent to the Island, emerging sometimes to a period of hard work which she knew well how to do, and then relapsing into old ways.

Into the Tombs one day came the city missionary with some tiny bouquets, a sprig of geranium and a bright verbena, and "Long Sal" looked at her wistfully. The missionary had not meant to give her one. Indeed there had been no thought that she would do anything but throw them aside contemptuously. But "Long Sal" eagerly took them and retreated to her cell, from which issued presently a call for the matron. This patient and much-enduring woman, who appeared in due time, looked with amazement hardly less than that of the missionary at the new expression on Sal's blear-eyed, sodden face.

"I used to have great luck with slips when I was a gal," said "Long Sal." "Gimme a bottle or something with water in it, and mor'n likely this bit o' geranium will live."

The matron brought it silently, fearing to add a word, and Sal tended her geranium with devotion, sending it out regularly by the keeper for air and a sunning. It prospered, and as it grew something grew with it. When Sal's day of release came she looked at the three new leaves on her slip as if each one were a talisman, and the matron said to her:

"When you are settled, Sal, and at work again, I will give you another plant."

Sal was silent, but as she walked away bearing the precious baby-geranium she cast back one look at the matron,—an inscrutable look that might mean a fixed intention not to settle down at all.

It is the truest things that carry often the most improbable sound with their telling, and so all are welcome to doubt the tale. But it stands on record that Sal, though yielding now and then to her old temptation of drink, remained faithful to whatever pledge she had made the geranium, which grows still, a great plant, every leaf cared for to the utmost by the woman who was once the terror of the Ward. She is not a saint even now, but she is no longer a terror, nor is she alone in the experience which bears witness to what power dwells in beauty, and how even what looks most helpless at present may through the ministry of nature in flowers be reached in ways of which man has not yet found out the knowledge.

GLADSTONE'S LATEST TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE.*

It is Mr. Gladstone's conviction, derived, he says, from long observation, that the influence of the negative or agnostic spirit of the day has affected statesmen, "the class engaged in political employment," to a comparatively small degree. "Persons who are habitually conversant with human motive, conduct, and concerns," he says, "are very much less borne down by scepticism than specialists of various kinds and those whose pursuits have associated them with the literature of fancy, with abstract speculation, or with the study, history, and framework of inanimate nature."

However this may be, it is certain that Mr. Gladstone himself is a shining illustration of a statesman who has been ever ready to champion the claims of the Christian religion, whether in reviewing a book like "Robert Elsmere," entering the lists with Professor Huxley, or crossing lances with Robert G. Ingersoll.

Mr. Gladstone does not find that there is any disposition on the part of the world to abate allegiance to the Bible. "Indeed," he exultantly exclaims, "it has been simultaneously with the undermining and disintegrating movement that the religion of Christ has assumed more visibly than ever a commanding position in the world." Dwelling upon this idea he contrasts the Bible with the other sacred writings of the world. Its claim to authority is absolute. It takes no notice whatever of these other writings. The God it proclaims is the only and the universal God.

"It is supremacy, not precedence," he says, "that we ask for the Bible; it is contrast, as well as resemblance, that we must feel compelled to insist on. The Bible is stamped with specialty of origin, and an immeasurable distance separates it from all competitors. He proceeds in the following words:

"The Christian creeds, like the Scriptures as Christians in general hold them, teach the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; but this doctrine of the Holy Trinity presupposes, and is based and built upon, the doctrine of the Unity. . .

"Not only did those Scriptures teach the unity of God, but they taught with an emphasis, persistency, and authority such as no other work of any period or authorship has equalled; and the doctrine of the New Testament on this subject is really no more than an echo from the doctrine of the Old. If this truth was thus taught by the Old Testament in the Law, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, to the Hebrew race, and that through a long course of centuries, while it was everywhere else at least and more commonly denied, we have only to take further into view the generally acknowledged truth, that it supplies the only foundation on which the fabric of a pure religion can be reared, in order to make good, as among the old sacred books of the world, not only the superior, but, so far as regards the very heart, root, and centre of divine truth, the exclusive claim of the Bible.

"I do not, indeed, deny . . that authentic traces of this majestic truth are to be found elsewhere in old books and old religions; but it is amid a mass of evil and

* From his Introduction to "The People's Bible History," reviewed on page 483.

ruinous accretions, which grew progressively around it, and but too rapidly stifled and suppressed it. This, then, does not alter the parallel and even more undeniable fact, that it is in all these cases traced rather than recorded, recorded rather than taught, and, if taught at all, taught with such utter lack of perspicuity, persistency, and authority as to deprive it of all motive power, to shut it out from practical religion, and to leave it, through the long and weary centuries, in the cold sleep of oblivion or under a storm of overwhelming denial."

In development of the same contrast between the Bible and other sacred books occurs the following striking passage:

"What may be held truly wonderful is that the Bible in a translated form seems not sensibly to lose its power. In Palestine, the Septuagint competed with the original Hebrew. In the English tongue, the authorized version bears, and has borne for centuries, the character of a powerful and splendid original. It has greatly contributed both to mould and to fix the form of the language. From Germany we hear a somewhat similar accent of Luther's Bible. In general, even a good translation is like the copy of some great picture. It does not readily go home to heart and mind. But who has ever felt, or has ever heard of anyone who felt, either in reading the English or other translations of the Bible, the comparative tameness and inefficiency which commonly attach to a change of vehicle between one tongue and another? Is it believed that the Epistles of St. Paul in English have seriously lost by submitting themselves to be represented in a version? At least it may be said with confidence that there are no grander passages in all English prose than some of the passages of those translated epistles. Such is the case of the Bible in its foreign dress. I am not competent to pronounce that it loses nothing. But it retains all its power to pierce the thoughts of the heart; it still remains sharper than a two-edged sword: it still divides bone and marrow. It does its work.

"We turn to the other Eastern books—what a contrast they represent! Certainly the same opportunities have not been afforded them of operating through a variety of tongues which have been given to the Holy Scriptures. But Confucius and the Koran were translated into Latin in the seventeenth century; and in English they have been accessible for more than one generation. They each assumed a German dress more than a century ago. The presentation of these books in the mass to the modern world is, of course, too recent to be dwelt upon. But the earlier facts show that, had these books been gifted with any of that energetic vitality which belongs to the Bible, a beginning of its manifestation would long ago have been made; whereas there is not a sign that any one of them is likely to exercise, beyond its own traditional borders, any sensible or widespread influence. They appear to sink into a *caput mortuum*, a dead letter. It is a sublime prerogative of the Holy Bible thus to reverse the curse of Babel. They, and they alone, supply the entire family of man with a medium both for their profoundest thoughts and for their most vivid sympathies which is alike available for all; and once more, in a certain and that no mean sense (so far, that is to say, as the work of language is concerned), they make the whole earth to be of one speech."

The following are the concluding words of Mr. Gladstone's recent article on the Bible:

"Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death, the Bible will be there, its several words how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this: amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the marketplace, where every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there too, even there, the still, small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.*

THERE are great centripetal forces at work in the world which are drawing the states, and nations, and churches, and peoples closer together. The time was when every tribe and clan was a very Ishmael – at war with every other. Later we have such federations as the Saxon Heptarchy, the Provinces of France, the Duchies and Grand Duchies of Germany. The progress of integration has gone on till we have a united Italy, the German Empire, an American Union, a federated Canada. An inevitable destiny, we think, is leading to the unifying of the British Empire, and, let us hope, the federation of all English-speaking peoples. We hear much of Pan-Slavism, Pan-Latinism and Pan-Teutonism. These are prophecies of Pan-Britonism.

In the volume under review Dr. Parkin points out not only the manifest advantages but the urgent need for the defence of the Empire, and especially of its outlying members, of such Federation. Our own country has witnessed the development within a generation from a string of disconnected colonies to a great federation, covering half a continent, knit together by commercial, political and social ties. Australia and South Africa are approaching such integration. These great sub-kingdoms are not isolated communities, but are closely connected by the silken bonds of commerce which are growing stronger every year.

Melbourne has grown in fifty years from a village of 1,000 inhabitants to a city of 500,000. Australian commerce now equals that of the United Kingdom of fifty years ago.

Of the 38,000 steamships which passed through the Suez Canal in 1891, seventy-eight per cent. were British and eighty-two per cent. of the tonnage; only three ships were American. The foreign commerce of the United Kingdom in 1837 was £210 000,000, and in fifty years it expanded to nearly £1,200,000,000. Canada's commercial navy now ranks fourth in the world. These facts create a more imperious necessity that Britannia shall still rule the waves. Her many colonies will furnish her with friends and allies, with harbours and coal depôts on every shore.

It was a significant fact that Australian volunteers and Canadian voyageurs toiled side by side on the Upper Nile on behalf of the Motherland. The bust of a Canadian premier and the memorial tablet of an Australian statesman are grouped with the tombs of Wellington and Nelson beneath the dome of St. Paul.

"To the Christian, the moralist, the philanthropist," says Dr. Parkin, "no inspiration could be greater than that which might well spring from observing the growing strength of the Empire, and from reflection that this immense energy might be turned in directions which would make for the world's good."

The sons of the United Empire Loyalists may well cherish the noble ideal for which their fathers suffered expatriation. "Most of them," says Mr. Lecky, "ended their days in poverty and exile, and, as the supporters of a beaten cause, history has paid but a scanty tribute to their memory, but they comprised some of the best and ablest men America has ever produced, and they were contending for an ideal which was, at least, as worthy as that for which Washington had fought."

The existence of French Canada is no bar to the federation of the Empire. It is the boast of Montalembert that the Frenchmen in Canada attained a liberty which the Frenchmen in France never knew. "A happier calamity," says Parkman, "never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by British arms."

The position of Australia presents equal cogent reasons in favour of federation. Its population is more purely British than that of any other country occupied by Anglo-Saxon people. Ninety-five per cent. of the inhabitants are of British origin. Nine-tenths of all its products it cannot use, and nine-tenths of all its needs it cannot raise. For the sale of its raw products it is absolutely dependent on free access to the British market. Some of the more bumptious colonists desire independence, but that would entail an enormous cost for defence without any adequate advantage.

British possessions in South Africa, which have already grown to continental dimensions, need the protection of the Empire. Between the years 1793 and 1797, when the French held the Isle of France and Bourbon, no less than

* "Imperial Federation, the Problem of National Unity." By GEORGE R. PARKIN, M.A., LL.D., with Map. London & New York: McMillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

2,266 British merchantmen were seized by French ships sallying from these stations, and this when Britain's trade with Australia and the East was trivial compared with its present proportions.

The fiscal policy of the federated Empire need not be greatly different from what it is now, although a British Zollverein is regarded by many as the true ideal. Trade follows the flag. The four millions of people in Australia take more British goods than the fifty millions of Germany or the sixty millions of the United States.

As to plans of federation these may largely be left to peaceful evolution when once the principle is adopted. Recently the influence of Canada, long ignored, has been felt in treaty-making both in Washington and in London. Sir Charles Tupper proposes that the members of the colonial cabinet be members of the Privy Council of England. With him agree Earl Gray, the Marquis of Lorne, W. E. Forster and others. Lord Thring suggests that the agents-general of the colonies should have positions akin to those of the ministers of foreign states.

Dr. Parkin suggests that conferences such as have taken place at Ottawa and Melbourne, bringing the statesmen and merchants of the colonies into closer touch and sympathy, should be more frequent. An Imperial penny postage, he urges, will be more to the nation than the strength of many ironclads in the stronger national sentiment, the deeper feeling of national unity which it would evoke. He urges also, discussion of the subject by chambers of commerce, workingmen's clubs, in the press, and especially the study of the history and geographical relations of this world-wide Empire in the schools and colleges.

"The cultivation of national sentiment in the minds of the young," he says, "on the basis of sound knowledge, historical, geographical and industrial, is not only a legitimate work, but a primary duty for the schools of the country. Especially is this true of countries where good government rests on the intelligence of the masses. Above all it is true for a nation which has the great birthright of free popular institutions, which has more than once stood as the bulwark of modern liberty, as it may have to stand again, which has traditions behind and prospects ahead fitted to fire the noblest and purest enthusiasm.

"By manifold agencies and influences, then, is the problem of British unity to be worked out. Our freedom, our national traditions, our institutions, our Anglo-Saxon civilization, are the common heritage of all. It is the business of all to labour for their maintenance and for their security."

Dr. Parkin will have a splendid opportunity, as the head of the Upper Canada College, to embody this noble ideal of British education. In the various periodicals under our charge we shall endeavour to promote the same broad patriotism—a loyalty not merely to our city, our province, or our Dominion, but to the broad Empire of which Canada forms nearly one-half, and to the Sovereign whom we love with no less ardent affection than any who in any land pray, "God Save the Queen."

In connection with Dr. Parkin's admirable book on this subject, we suggest the study of Professor Seeley's "Expansion of England," issued by the same publishers, and, for our junior readers, Adams' admirable little book on England's colonial dependencies, entitled "Around the World with the Union Jack."

CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

CHRISTMASTIDE is a time of cold,
Of weathers bleak and of winds ablow;
Never a flower—fold on fold
Of grace and beauty—tops the snow,
Or breaks the black and bitter mould.

And yet 'tis warm—for the chill and gloom
Glow with love and with childhood's glee;
And yet 'tis sweet—with the rich perfume
Of sacrifice and of charity.
Where are flowers more fair to see?

Christmastide, it is warm and sweet:
A whole world's heart at a Baby's feet!

UNSCIENTIFIC SCIENCE.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR ON THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. have published one of the most remarkable books this generation has seen. Its author, its theme, and its contents alike explain the prompt and extensive notice which it received in the press. It has been well said that there are only two subjects which enchain the attention of serious men—politics and religion; and here the leader of one great party in the House of Commons, a future Prime Minister of England, writes upon the subject of religion. In the work now before us the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour appears as one of the ablest apologists for the Christian religion since the days of Bishop Butler. This volume is entitled "The Foundations of Belief, being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology." It is very modest of Mr. Balfour to speak of this volume as consisting of notes. It is really a profound investigation of those preliminary presuppositions and prejudices which settle the attitude of men's minds in relation to the Bible before the distinctively biblical argument begins.

Sir William Hamilton was fond of asserting that no question came up in theology which had not previously come up in metaphysics. Mr. Balfour states the same truth when he says that "the decisive battles of theology are fought beyond its frontiers. It is not over purely religious controversies that the cause of religion is lost or won. The judgments we shall form upon its special problems are commonly settled for us by our general mode of looking at the universe; and this again, in so far as it is determined by arguments at all, is determined by arguments of so wide a scope that they can seldom be claimed as more nearly concerned with theology than with the philosophy of science or of ethics." His object, therefore, is not to discuss particular doctrines, but "to recommend a certain attitude of mind."

The irrational and unscientific attitude of mind which he attacks has been variously called agnosticism, positivism, and empiricism, but he prefers to describe all these phases of infidel thought by the word naturalism. He arraigns all those persons, educated and uneducated, who assert that "the only world of which we can have any real knowledge is that which is revealed to us through sense perception, and which is the subject-matter of the *natural sciences*."

In the first place he points out the ultimate inevitable consequence of naturalism as thus defined. It is fatal not only to religion, but to morals, to art, and to reason itself. The frost of this kind of scepticism, falsely called scientific, will kill our ideals both of conduct and of beauty, and will destroy philosophy. It will be "embarassing enough to morality, but absolutely ruinous to knowledge." Everything that is noble and morally good in us will be dwarfed and beggared; everything that distinguishes us intellectually and morally from the lower animals will be destroyed. When naturalism has brought forth its perfect fruit, truth, beauty and goodness will have become impossible absurdities.

In Mr. Balfour's own striking words, "If naturalism be true, or, rather, if it be the whole truth, then is morality but a bare catalogue of utilitarian precepts; beauty but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure; reason but the dim passage from one set of unthinking habits to another. All that gives dignity to life, all that gives value to effort, shrinks and fades under the pitiless glare of a creed like this." "The consciousness of freedom, the sense of responsibility, the authority of conscience, the beauty of holiness, the admiration for self-devotion, the sympathy with suffering—these, and all the train of beliefs and feelings from which spring noble deeds and generous ambitions," are "a poor jest," "a deliberate fraud," perpetrated by nature upon us in order to trick us into conduct which promotes the survival of the species to which we belong.

In brief, the attitude of mind which has been pressed upon this generation with such passionate zeal by such men as Mr. Mill, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer will, if it ultimately prevails—to quote once more the language of Mr. Balfour—"eat all nobility out of our conception of conduct and all worth out of our conception of life." It will, of course, be said by the illogical that many of those whose doctrine Mr. Balfour attacks are themselves beautiful examples of an intellectual and moral life. But, as Mr. Balfour at once shows, that signifies nothing. In his own striking words: "Their spiritual life is parasitic; it is sheltered by convictions which belong, not to them, but to the society of which they form a part.

It is nourished by processes in which they take no share. And when those convictions decay, and those processes come to an end, the alien life which they have maintained can scarcely be expected to outlast them." Happily, men — even those who profess to be scientific and philosophical—are illogical and inconsistent. Many living advocates of naturalism are immeasurably better than their creed, but their successors will not exhibit this noble inconsistency if the views they advocate prevail and the existing Christian environment disappears.

Mr. Balfour does not stop when he has shown the hideous immorality of naturalism. He goes on to prove that it is as unphilosophic, irrational, and unscientific as it is immoral. Nothing could be more impressive or entertaining than the skill, wit, and thoroughness with which Mr. Balfour uses the weapons of modern rationalism against itself. David cut off the head of the boastful and defiant Goliath with his own sword. Mr. Balfour has repeated that happy feat. He shows conclusively that every argument by which the modern infidel tries to prove the unreality or the instability of the Christian religion, may be used with tenfold greater effect against his own boasted science.

This section of the volume reminds us of the crushing dialectic and delicious humour with which Pascal shattered Jesuit morality in the Provincial Letters. Mr. Balfour completely riddles the enemy's position. He shows that those who argue so loudly about the superior certainty of scientific conclusions founded upon sense-perceptions, simply do not know what they are talking about. Scientific presuppositions, foregone-conclusions, and postulates, are as numerous as those made by the Christian, and are open to the gravest moral objections, while the Christian presumptions are justified by the practical and highest necessities of life.

We have probably had no volume since "Butler's Analogy," which has so clearly demonstrated that every objection which is made to Christianity is equally applicable to the dogmas of its enemies. All this, of course, does not prove the truth of the Christian religion, but, as Mr. Balfour properly says, it is "more than sufficient to neutralize the counter-presumption which has uncritically governed so much of the criticism directed in recent times against the historic claims of Christianity." We have no time to dwell upon the exquisite style, happy illustrations, and epigrammatic humour which enrich the work. We can only refer our readers to the book itself, while we devoutly rejoice that one of our most influential public men has the ability and disposition to give so crushing a blow to unscientific science and irrational philosophy. It is a truly significant sign that in England, at any rate, the extreme foolishness of agnosticism is being found out.—*The Methodist Times.*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

BORN at last! the great Messiah
Bringeth in the better day,
Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Lo! the star that leads the way!
So runs on the ancient story
Of the shepherds that strange night,
How they heard the quiring angels,
And beheld the wondrous light.

But the weary world still waiteth,
And the promise long delays;
Still the hope-star leadeth onward,
Over dark and dreary ways.
Oft the star itself shines dimly
From a sky that clouds obscure;
And the heavens lose their pity
For the crying of the poor.

The oppressor rides in triumph,
And the weak are in the dust.
Shall the evil always prosper?
Is it vain the hope we trust?
Peace comes not, but ever struggle,
Man his brother fighteth still,
In the yet far distant future
Lies the bright land of good-will.

But though long delayed, it cometh,
Heav'n is not born in a night,
Through the travail of the ages
Comes to birth the perfect right.
Never done, but always growing,
God unfolds His mighty plan,
Hark the far-off future shouteth
"Peace on earth, good-will to man!"

POLITICAL FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE.

SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, K.C.M.G., M.P.

THE tens of thousands who witnessed from within, the hundreds of thousands who witnessed from without, and the millions who have eagerly read of the stately and unique ceremonies by which the Imperial Institute has been inaugurated, were the genuine representatives of every part of our wonderful Empire.

The Queen and Empress, not less respected than beloved by more than four hundred million subjects, here received, with her son and heir-apparent, the willing homage of by far the largest national "party" of the human race; and these subjects truthfully pride themselves that under her crown they enjoy a freedom more secure, genuine, and well-ordered than the liberty, so often degenerating into license, which is the lot of citizens of the new-fashioned money-ridden republics.

Yet this very Empire, to which the Imperial Institute has become a necessity, was, in its present character, actually non-existent fifty years ago. It is a fact that the British Empire has appropriated three out of the four areas within the temperate zones not hitherto occupied by civilized man. North America, South Africa, and Australasia have fallen to the British; only South America remains for other colonizing races. In reclaiming for the uses of civilization these vast and fertile areas, the British race has found new opportunities and channels for the investment and creation of capital, the development of industries and commerce, and the employment of population both at home and abroad.

So gigantic and rapid a development of economic conditions has, not unnaturally, created a proportionate sentiment and pride of far-reaching effect. The national sentiment is now centred on the Imperial ascendency of the race, and throughout all classes the idea of a great united empire has taken such hold that the barest suspicion of treason to that idea suffices to hurl from power the most influential statesman.

The idea of the unity of the race and the integrity of its realms, at one time the ridiculed dream of theorists, at another the impracticable scheme of too-ardent politicans, has become the first article in the avowed creed of every public man. At the last general election there was not a candidate but spoke and wrote of his absolute intention to uphold the unity of the Empire.

Imperial Federation is the catchword that has seized upon popular favour, and its actual, or technical, meaning has been lost in the wider fact that the phrase is merely taken to represent this idea of the unity and integrity of our great Empire. Yet, for all thoughtful statesmen, the phrase is the source of much anxious pondering. The question is constantly propounded: What can be actually done? What real, tangible work can be undertaken that shall secure the substantial realization of this great idea?

The history of the mother country in the past contains the only reliable indications of the history of the future of that mother country and her numerous colonial offspring. That history is the tale of successive developments, of a series of growths and changes, usually of such slight comparative importance as almost to escape notice. British history affords no example of sudden, new reforms, no magnificent paper constitutions, no brand-new codes and institutions—it is only a record of perpetual growth.

So must it be with the consolidation of the various component parts of the Empire; with the realization of the idea and spirit of co-operation and unity; with the consummation of what is meant by the popular phrase, Imperial Federation.

Working for this great end is the one overwhelming political farce—the popular will. This may be guided and stimulated by the historian and the statesman; in the press and on the platform; in parliament and in private. But it can only grow to be an overwhelming force by reason of its being broad based upon the true economic necessities of the case.

Statistics clearly show that, while of the total imports into the United Kingdom one-tenth only is manufactures, of the exports no less than four-fifths consists of manufactures. On the other hand, while of the total imports into India and the colonies at least one-half is of manufactured articles, of the total exports nineteen-twentieths is made up of foods and raw materials.

Such leading facts indicate the true economic relations between England and her colonies, and afford very substantial reasons for the faith that the public has in the Empire, and the determination not to fritter away that Empire.—*Fortnightly Review.*

A NOTABLE SCHOLAR.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, who died in England recently, was a striking example of a type of Englishmen in whom are united the highest energy of character, great executive ability, and strong intellectual tastes. He rendered service of very high importance in three distinct departments—politics, the Army, and diplomacy. In all these fields his reputation was of a high order. He was also one of the best-known scholars of his time, dividing with his brother George a distinction which has made the name of Rawlinson illustrious the world over. Born in Oxfordshire, sons of an old-fashioned country squire, the two brothers, George and Henry, were destined, in the old-fashioned way, the older for the State and the younger for the Church. They were both sent to school at Ealing, and the younger, George, continued his education at Trinity College, Oxford, while Henry, the older, was sent off to Bombay to begin service in the Army. He was active, energetic, and faithful. He had the qualities which have made the English soldier a type of a good fighter and a brave man. He also had the dash which many young Englishmen have, and which bears evidence to the constant strain of heroism and adventure in the English blood. His famous ride of seventy-two miles from Poonah to Panwell sixty-two years ago was made in three hours and seventeen minutes. Not long after this exploit he was sent to Persia, where he spent six years familiarizing himself with many parts of the empire, rendering efficient service in reorganizing the army of the Shah, and, above all, making his name memorable by reason of his imperishable service to scholarship in deciphering the famous cuneiform inscriptions. It was characteristic of him that, four years after his famous ride. he was painfully, and at the peril of his life, spelling out cuneiform characters on the polished face of a rock between three and four hundred feet from the ground. Supported by a ladder resting on a narrow ledge at an elevation which would have made most people helpless by reason of giddiness, this daring young man slowly copied the inscriptions, unveiled the secret of the cuneiform characters, and gave a new historical science to the world. It was this feat which won for him the title of the "Father of Assyriology," and it is unnecessary to say that the work which has been done in this department is hardly second in importance to that in any other field of knowledge.

The man who had rendered this service to scholarship was, however, a man of action quite as much as a man of knowledge. At the end of six years he left Persia and became the British political agent at Kandahar, performing through the first Afghan war services to the English Government notable at once for their delicacy, their difficulty, and their danger. His name was constantly mentioned in the despatches from the field. But his heart was in his work as a scholar, and, putting aside an advance in position and salary, he took a humbler position at Bagdad in order to bring himself into contact with the material which he wished to study. Under the commission of the British Museum he superintended the excavations at Babylon and Nineveh which had been begun by Layard, and he copied and translated a great number of ancient inscriptions and sent them to England. In 1859, with the title of Major-General, he was sent to Teheran as British minister. In 1865, returning home, he entered Parliament. As a writer he was very much overshadowed by his brother, Professor George Rawlinson, but his book on "England and Russia in the East," in which he took the position that Herat, as the key of India, must always be kept safe from Russian occupation, holds a high place among books of its class. His London house was a museum of archæology, and to the end of his life Sir Henry was an enthusiastic student in a department which he had contributed so largely to create. So long as the English race breeds men of such temper and force its influence as a world-power will remain intact. — *The Outlook.*

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrong away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.
— *Whittier.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The South African Conference — the youngest of affiliated Conferences — numbers 41,735 members, an increase of 2,441 for the past year. If the members in juvenile classes were included the increase would be 4,145. There are 413 day-schools with 26,091 scholars, and 428 Sunday-schools with 28,500 scholars. There are ten industrial and training institutions, and among the candidates for the ministry were ten Europeans and two natives. There are 172 ministers, twenty of whom are supernumeraries, with twenty-eight on trial.

More than half a century ago the Rev. John Ayliff commenced a mission among the Fingoes. About a year ago a memorial church bearing his honoured name was dedicated. The church will seat one thousand persons, and among those present many were ordained ministers and other office-bearers, descendants of the original Fingo refugees.

A missionary who is on furlough in England, Rev. R. Balmer, has with him a few Hottentot boys from Africa. He is holding meetings to raise funds to extend his mission among the Hottentot children in Africa. The boys three years ago could not speak a word in English, but under his tuition they can both speak in our tongue and sing well. At one meeting, in Leeds, two thousand persons were present and were delighted.

The published results of the intermediate examinations show that the Methodist College, Belfast, again stands first of all Protestant boys' schools in Ireland. The girls' school takes fifth place among ladies' schools.

Rev. Richard Roberts, ex-president of Conference, has preached during forty-three years of his active ministry 11,438 times, or 266 times per annum, giving an average of five times a week. Mr. Roberts is seventy-two years of age and still possesses the most buoyant spirits.

Rev. J. H. Bateson, superintendent of the Army work in India, reports 23,745 members, being an increase of 2,131 over the previous year. Five years ago the membership was only 13,487. If the present rate of increase be maintained five years more, more than half of the soldiers in India will be total abstainers.

Dr. Stephenson, of the Children's Home, London, has had under his care during last year, 2,500 children, including 500 who have gone forth from the Home. He has also compiled a hymn-book containing 252 hymns for children's meetings, church festivals, hospital Sundays, etc.

An ordination service of missionaries was held recently, when four young men were ordained for British Honduras and Western Africa. All had spent some time at the Missionary College, Richmond.

Numerous meetings in promotion of Methodist union have been held in Australia. The last of which we have read was presided over by Chief Justice Wray, Lieutenant-Governor. Among others who took part we find the names of Sir John Madden, Governor of Victoria, and Mr. John S. Larke from Canada. The meeting was attended by two thousand persons and was most enthusiastic.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hurst surprised and pleased the Central Swedish Conference at the recent session in Chicago, by using the Swedish language in the opening services, at the communion services, and in the ordination of the deacons and elders on Conference Sunday. Bishop Hurst says that he spent fourteen days in Washington searching for a site for the university. The one selected cost $100,000, and is now worth $500,000; $300,000 has been secured for the endowment of professorships and the erection of buildings. One woman gave $100,000. A wealthy Catholic gave $12,000. A nephew of Pope Leo XIII., a labourer, whose children attend a Methodist Sunday-school, gave $10.

Dr. Hunt, one of the agents of the Book Concern, when addressing the Conferences which he visited, stated that $120,000 was donated from the profits of last year to the aged ministers. He also said that one-third of the religious

literature of the last century in the United States is published by the Book Concern.

The Board of Education disbursed during the last school year over $70,000 in 138 different schools, thus aiding 1,539 students of different nationalities. All aid is granted in the form of an easy loan, and it is gratifying to learn that the repayment of loans last year reached $7,940.82, a sum nearly twice as large as any previous year.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Hendrix writes from Japan that the great needs of the mission are a first-class church on a choice site in East Osaka, also a suitable building for the Lambeth Bible-Training and Industrial School in Kobé, and an endowment for Kwansei Gakuin, our noble college and theological school which has one of the best sites and buildings in Japan. The importance of these three objects cannot be easily estimated. The Conference proceedings were shared in most intelligently by the native preachers and laymen, who hail the early publication of the Discipline in Japanese. They promise to be diligent students of our economy.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Sunday-school Union Committee has made arrangements for scholars to be examined in their knowledge of the Scriptures, and the Connexional origin, history and polity.

The motto of the societies of Christian Endeavour for the connexional year is, "A Society in Every Church." The number of societies at present is about two hundred, an increase of between seventy and eighty during the year.

Primitive Methodist.

A local-preachers' manual is to be published.

Ministerial associations are established in every connexional district in England. Recently, the association in the North of England met in Bishop Auckland. The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Westcott, entertained two of the ministers at his residence, and spoke earnestly in favour of union.

The Connexional Orphanage is doing great good. Efforts are being made to establish a home in London for young men who drift thither from the country.

Great regret is felt throughout the Connexion that the state of the Missionary Fund prevents extension in Africa.

Rev. T. and Mrs. Stones have sailed to West Africa to take charge of the Aqua River Mission.

The African chief, Khama, who is visiting England for the purpose of conferring with the Government respecting excluding intoxicating liquors from his territories, has been entertained by the Missionary Committee and has given much valuable information respecting missions among his people.

Bible Christian Church.

The Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist denominations have agreed to co-operate together in the metropolis. Where one denomination has a church the other will avoid establishing a separate interest.

The Methodist Church.

Wesley College, Winnipeg, now in course of erection, will be an imposing edifice, and is the third of the denominational colleges in that city. The cost of the stone and brick work alone is $40,000, and the total cost will be $80,000. By the time these notes are printed the college will be opened.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, who held a successful course of meetings at Guelph, are now in the Maritime Provinces where, including a visit to Bermuda, they propose to remain during the winter months.

The new College Hall, in Newfoundland, has been formally opened by a grand inaugural concert.

The Conference in Newfoundland reported an increase of 975 members, and also an increase of 642 scholars in the Sunday-schools.

The Conferences in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland are making efforts to add $25,000 to the capital stock of the Supernumerary Fund, and have appointed Rev. C. H. Paisley agent to visit the circuits for this purpose.

Items.

Romanism is not increasing so rapidly as is often reported. There are a million less members in Great Britain than in 1841. There are only nine million in the United States. The strength of Popery is in its unity.

Thomy La Fou, a Roman Catholic coloured man, died in New Orleans and left an estate of $300,000. Over $200,000

was distributed among the educational and charitable institutions of the city. He provided for his own relatives and for the widows of a number of former friends. He gave $3,000 to the Methodist University of New Orleans, and also a block of ground and $5,000 in cash for the Methodist Old People's Home.

The wanton encroachment of France upon Madagascar renews the interest of the Christian world in the Malagasy and their queen. Like her predecessor, Queen Ranavanola III., she is a Christian, and Christianity is really the religion of the State. There are 1,200 congregations and over 1,000 schools in successful operation. The Jesuits are believed to be the cause of the late troubles. Like Tahiti, Madagascar is now a protectorate of France.

The centenary of the London Missionary Society was recently celebrated. The society is now largely supported by the Congregational body, though its founders were Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. When churches are formed as the result of missionary labour they can adopt whatever form of church government they may select. At the first meeting held one hundred years ago, fifteen ministers were present, but at the first centenary meeting, which was a breakfast gathering, one hundred and fifty were in attendance.

The children's gathering in connection with the Centenary was held in Exeter Hall, when more than three thousand were present. The hall was picturesquely decorated with banners, Chinese scrolls, and missionary emblems, while missionaries of both sexes and of many nationalities, attired in their gorgeous native robes, were seated on the platform. China sent nine, including three ladies, Madagascar six, India fifteen, Africa four, the South Seas three, and New Guinea and the West Indies two each. Salutations in various native tongues were frequently applauded; hymns in Hindustani, Chinese, and Malagasy were sung, and addresses were delivered by missionaries from various parts of the world.

Mrs. Spurgeon, of London, keeps up her work of supplying ministers of small means with good books. During 1894 8,403 volumes were distributed, mostly works by Mr. Spurgeon. She says that while recipients have been Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and Episcopalians, more applications have been received from the clergy of the latter Church than she could fill.

Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in one of the lowest parts of Edinburgh. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alley, surrounded by drunkenness, poverty and suffering. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the streets. The people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Samuel Laycock, of the Methodist New Connexion, died recently at Gateshead, England. During some of his latter years he lived in retirement. So long as health permitted he was a faithful, earnest minister of the New Testament. He was spared to the age of threescore years and ten.

Rev. Joseph Lee Fox travelled twenty-six years in the Methodist New Connexion, and retired at the last Conference. He was a man of considerable ability, and made many warm attachments. He selected Blyth, in the North of England, as his final earthly home. For three years he was minister there. Soon after his superannuation serious brain trouble affected him from which he never rallied. His father died from the same disease.

Rev. James Williamson, M.A., LL.D., of Queen's University, Kingston, died August 26th, aged eighty-nine. He was a native of Scotland and was educated for the ministry in the Church of Scotland. Since 1842 he was professor in Queen's. He was a man greatly beloved, and was of great service to the Presbyterian Church. He was by marriage brother-in-law to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, at whose funeral he delivered his last public address.

Rev. W. G. Pascoe, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, England, was recently called to his reward. He was a man of great purity of character and was made abundantly useful in all his circuits.

Rev. John Ridclift, of the Bible Christian Church, died in South Australia last July. He was a native of Devon, in which county he commenced his ministry and was instrumental in the salvation of many. In Australia he laboured as a pioneer, and laid the foundations of the Church broad and deep. He attained the age of seventy-five. One evening he retired to rest in his usual health and next morning "he was not, for God took him."

Book Notices.

The People's Bible History, Prepared in the Light of Recent Investigations by Some of the Foremost Thinkers in Europe and America. Illustrated copiously and beautifully, and accompanied by portraits of the several authors. Edited by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL.D., with an Introduction by Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P. 1,300 pp. 4to —9½ x 13½ inches, 200 engravings. Chicago: The Henry O. Shepard Company. Price in case, $15. Sold only by subscription.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the intense interest which is manifested in the Word of God. No book has ever been so widely read, so carefully studied, and so sharply criticised as the Bible. Around it for ages has been waged a strenuous war. But from every conflict it has emerged more than conqueror. It has been cast into the fiery furnace of hostile criticism and it has come forth without even the smell of fire upon its pages; for abiding in it, a perpetual presence, is the Spirit of the Living God. It has been the inspiration of all that is wisest and best and holiest in the laws and literature of mankind, and of the holy lives and happy deaths of believers in its sacred truths. No one has paid a more glowing tribute to this Book of books simply as a body of the world's noblest teaching, of its sublime poetry, its pure morality, its enthralling narrative, than Mr. Huxley, who cannot be accused of undue bias in its favour.

Yet this Book is far too little studied and known. Even those who study this Book in the Bible-class, or Sunday-school, or for private devotion, know far too little of its relations to the ancient races of mankind, of the manner in which it has been handed down from age to age, or of the light thrown upon its pages by that greatest of modern commentators, the spade of the explorer.

The design of this volume is to bring aid from every source for the better comprehension of the Word of God. For this purpose the ablest authorities in the whole range of biblical scholarship have been laid under tribute for the discussion of various phases of the comprehensive study and various periods of its history. While this method sacrifices somewhat unity of treatment it gains in wider range and more ample and more exhaustive discussion.

It is a curious example of the versatility and theological learning of Mr. Gladstone, ex-Premier of Great Britain, that he has found time to write a general introduction, prepared specially for this volume, of twenty-six quarto pages, setting forth the value of scriptural studies to the laity. From this remarkable treatise we give copious extracts on another page. We deem it a happy coincidence that we are able to present in the same number of this magazine such striking defence of Christian revelation from both the past and the prospective Premier of Great Britain.

Professor Sayce, of Oxford University, doubtless one of the greatest living authorities on the subject of Assyriology, contributes an article of forty pages on the literature of the Old Testament, and Dr. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, contributes seventy pages; Dr J. Monro Gibson, of London, eighty pages; Dr. Lorimer, general editor, one hundred and ten pages.

We have no reason to be ashamed of the Methodist contributions. Dr. Bristol, of Evanston, contributes seventy-five pages, and Professor Beet, of the Wesleyan College, Richmond, England, a valuable section on literature of the New Testament, and Professor Gregory, of Leipsic, one on the manuscripts of the New Testament. The most important section, we think, is that of one hundred and forty pages by Professor Wilkinson on the life of our Lord. The engravings are numerous and excellent, many of them full-page.

These are a few out of the many authors engaged on this work. Of this book Bishop Vincent says, "What Gladstone and Sayce have written expressly for its pages, giving the latest results of their largest knowledge, is enough to justify even the most cultivated people among us in the purchase of this admirable book, and the English ex-Premier and the eminent English archæologist are only two out of more than a dozen specialists who have contributed to the People's Bible History." Dr. J. L. Withrow, of Chicago, says, "Dr. Gregory, than whom we suppose there is no living linguist of higher reputation for New Testament scholarship, writes simply enough to interest a Sunday-school primary class."

The publishers issue a question-book of one hundred and twelve pages on the

contents of this Bible history, with page references. These books will form an apparatus for the study of the Scriptures such as we know not where else can be found.

The Higher Critics Criticised. A Study of the Pentateuch for Popular Reading, being an Enquiry into the Age of the so-called Books of Moses, with an Introductory Examination of Dr. Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." By RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D., with Preliminary Chapters on the Higher Criticism, and an Appendix concerning the Wonderful Law, by H. L. Hastings. Boston: H. L. Hastings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 450. Price, $1.50.

This title describes very fully the nature of this volume. Mr. Hastings, the publisher and author of about half the volume, has rendered invaluable service to the Church of Christ by his manful defence of the truth and zealous evangelism in the city of Boston. Dr. Kuenen is one of the most destructive of the so-called higher critics. He affirms that not one of the Psalms is from David's hand, although many of the eminent Hebrew scholars believe that he wrote from twenty to eighty of them. Kuenen is equally reckless in his conclusions as to the authorship of the Pentateuch. Dr. Stebbins, like William Spiers, whose book we reviewed last month, traverses these conclusions and vigorously maintains the conservative and orthodox point of view.

Mr. Hastings' treatment of the same subject is more popular in its character and is a vigorous defence of the "impregnable rock of Holy Scripture"—a refutation of many attacks upon its veracity, and an exposure of the shallow criticism on "the mistakes of Moses" by showing the mistakes of the critics and the historic corroboration of the world's great lawgiver.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD. New York: MacMillan & Co, Toronto: Toronto News Company.

This is rather a disappointing book. We expect something much better from the author of "Marcella" and "David Grieve." This is a sombre not to say gloomy narrative. It describes the vulgar theft of money from a squalid miser by his feather-headed niece. Its moral, if it has any, is its illustration of the benumbed influence of the drink habit on the conscience.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1896.

WE think that a glance at the announcement of the 43rd and 44th volumes of the MAGAZINE will indicate that it is the best we think we have ever made. The splendidly illustrated articles on "Britain's Keys of Empire," "Around the World with the Union Jack," and "The Greater Britain of the Southern Seas," with several papers on our own great Dominion, will give it a patriotic character that should appeal to the patronage of every loyal Canadian. The articles on "Every Day Life in Bible Lands" will throw much light on many passages of Holy Scripture. Its stories of the heroism and romance of missions, its character-studies of the men and women who have moulded history, its sketches of social and moral reform, and its papers on Popular Science will furnish instructive reading to all classes.

A feature of great attractiveness will be its admirable serial stories. One of these will be read with a special interest, "The Hand on the Helm," a tale of Irish life, of smugglers and Methodists, of true love and its trials, of Irish brogue, Irish humour, Irish pathos, and Irish piety. It will be illustrated with a score of engravings. "The Elder's Sin" describes the heroic character of the Covenanters of Scotland. "The Man Trap" is a strongly written temperance story, by the author of "Lost in London." "The Trials of Philip Strong," and "The New Socialism," by the author of "Philip Meyer's Scheme," are also powerfully written stories. The six chapters of "Hiram Golf's Religion; or, Shoemaker by the Grace of God," will inspire to braver doing and holier living. These stories purchased in book form would cost several times the price of the MAGAZINE for the entire year. We trust that each reader will renew promptly and endeavour to secure an additional subscription.

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EDITED BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

VOL. XLII. JULY, 1895. No. 1.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
In the Levant. Editor	3
Our Own Country	13
New Japan	20
The Triumph Song. Amy Parkinson	30
The Dominion of Canada—Its Extent and Resources. Rev. R. Wilson, D.D.	31
The Pirate. R. Walter Wright, B.D.	36
Jane Clement Jones. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.	37
John Wesley's Work and Influence. Rev. James W. Lee, D.D.	45
An Old Salt's Yarn. Rev. Joseph G. Angwin	48
My Father is the Husbandman. Mark Guy Pearse	51
Afterwards. Ian Maclaren	52
In Part. Annie Clarke	56
Airlie's Mission. Annie S. Swan	57
The House on the Beach. Julia McNair Wright	66
Rev. Dr. Thomson	75
Religious and Missionary Intelligence. Rev. E. Barrass, D.D.	77
Book Notices	80

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We would most earnestly request all pastors to help the sale of this book by bringing it to the attention of their choirs and congregations.

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"This is the best recent book on Japan that we have seen. Mr. Saunby was a successful missionary of our Church in that country for several years. He understands its history, its institutions, its people. He gives a graphic account of the land, its myths and traditions, its ancient condition and emergence into modern civilization, the advent of the Western trader and missionary, and the recent causes which have led to the wonderful national development which has astonished the world. The chapters on 'Daybreak,' and 'Sunrise in Sunrise Land,' are of marvellous inspiration—a sort of new 'Acts of the Apostles.' The book has numerous engravings and a very handsome symbolical cover."—Methodist Magazine.

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VOL. XLII. AUGUST, 1895. No. 2.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
In the Levant. Editor	83
Our Own Country	93
Canoeing on the Columbia. Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph.D.	101
The Story of Ashanti. Lucy Warden Brooking	107
Mexico in Transition. Francis Huston Wallace, M.A., D.D.	116
The Enthusiasm of God's Kingdom. "Ian Maclaren"	120
"There is but one Book"	125
Christianity and the Poor. Rev. Mark Guy Pearse	126
Service. Amy Parkinson	131
Christianity and Woman. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A.	132
The Church of the Future. Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., LL.D.	135
The Return of the Tide. John A. Freeman, B.A.	138
Pulpit and Press. John Cameron	141
Airlie's Mission. Annie S. Swan	144
The House on the Beach. Julia M'Nair Wright	148
Religious and Missionary Intelligence. Rev. E. Barrass, D.D.	156
Book Notices	160

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EDITED BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

VOL. XLII. SEPTEMBER, 1895. No. 3.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Savonarola, the Martyr Monk of Florence. Editor	163
Through Death to Life	177
City, Rice Swamp and Hill. Rev. Joseph G. Angwin	178
Wales in London. Rev. W. Harrison	187
In a Sledge through Famished Russia. E. W. Cares Brooke	191
"Unto the Desired Haven." Amy Parkinson	195
The Early English Drama. Editor	196
Am I my Brother's Keeper? The Ven. F. W. Farrar, D.D.	205
Florence Nightingale. Marie A. Belloc	211
The New Astronomy. J. E. Gore	216
Airlie's Mission. Annie S. Swan	219
The House on the Beach. Julia M'Nair Wright	226
The Coming of His Feet. Lyman Whitney Allen	236
Religious and Missionary Intelligence. Rev. E. Barrass, D.D.	237

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VOL. XLII. OCTOBER, 1895. No. 4.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ALASKA	243
THE SALVATION ARMY AT WORK. Edmund K. Alden	253
"YE ARE MY WITNESSES"	258
THE CONGO AND ITS MISSIONS. Adelina M. Teskey	259
POWER FOR VICTORY	264
THE NEW ASTRONOMY	265
MISSION WORK IN LABRADOR. Rev. J. Newman	270
METHODISM: A LAYMAN'S MOVEMENT. Rev. E. A. Schell, D.D.	280
RETROSPECT	284
INCOMPLETENESS. James Clarence Harvey	284
THE MINISTER'S WIFE. R. Murray Gilchrist	285
WHY JIM DIDN'T GO TO THE SHOW. J. Edwin Fletcher	289
"ALL'S WELL"	294
AIRLIE'S MISSION. Annie S. Swan	295
THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH. Julia M'Nair Wright	303
IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND. Editor	314
RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE. Rev. E. Barrass, D.D.	316
BOOK NOTICES	319

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VOL. XLII. NOVEMBER, 1895. No. 5.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Every-Day Life in Bible Lands. Editor	323
Night. Annie Clarke	331
The British and Foreign Bible Society. W. J. Gordon	332
Onward. Marian Norma Brock	339
Forty Years Among the Eskimo. Rev. Charles H. Paisley, M.A.	340
Retrospection. Amy Parkinson	345
Hypnotism. F. Tracy, B.A., Ph.D.	346
A Day in the Asylum for Insane. Ezra Hurlburt Stafford, M.B.	351
James Clerk Maxwell. C. A. Chant, B.A.	361
The House on the Beach. Julia M'Nair Wright	366
Why? Amy Parkinson	378
The Elder's Sin. Amelia E. Barr	379
The Honey of God's Word. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.	392
The Great Dominion	394
Religious and Missionary Intelligence. Rev. E. Barrass, D.D.	396
The Missionary Board	397
Book Notices	399

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